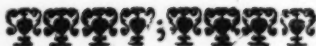


GONDIBERT:  
AN HEROICK  
POEM;

WRITTEN BY  
Sir *WILLIAM D'AVENANT*.



LONDON,  
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to be sold at his Shop at the sign of the An-  
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## ERRATA.

**I**N the PREFACE, pag. 23. line 22, for  
*seven, v. six.*

<i>Page</i>	<i>Stanza</i>	<i>Line</i>	<i>Errata</i>	<i>Mend.</i>
2	9	1	for <i>Lusty,</i>	Lasting.
5	28	1	for <i>Time</i>	Time.
58	76	3	for <i>Thirids</i>	Thrids.
64	34	2	for <i>ibis,</i>	His.
70	80	1	for <i>cease,</i>	Seise.
153	8	3	for <i>Beedles,</i>	Needles
161	67	3	for <i>how,</i>	whom.
172	34	4	for <i>morn,</i>	Moon.
219	96	4	for <i>lose,</i>	Loose.
226	41	8	for <i>weak,</i>	ourwea- (kes.







T H E  
A U T H O R ' S  
P R E F A C E

*To his much honour'd Friend*

M<sup>r</sup> H O B S.

S I R,

**S**INCE you have done me the honour to allow this Poem a daily examination as it was writing, I will presume, now it hath attain'd more length, to give you a longer trouble; that you may yield me as great advantages by censuring the Method, as by judging the Numbers and the Matter. And because you shall pass through this New Building with more ease to your disquisition, I will acquaint you what care I took of my materials, ere I began to work.

But first give me leave (remembering with what difficulty the world can shew any Heroick Poem, that in a perfect glass of Nature gives us a familiar and easie view of our selves) to take notice of those quarrels, which the Living have with the Dead: and I will (according as all times have applied their reverence) begin with *Namer*, who, though he seems to me standing upon the Poets famous hill, like the eminent Sea-mark, by which they have in

former Ages steer'd; and though he ought not to be removed from that eminence, lest Posterity should presumptuously mistake their course; yet some (sharply observing how his Successours have proceeded no farther than a perfection of imitating him) say, that as Sea-marks are chiefly usefull to Coasters, and serve not those who have the ambition of Discoverers, that love to sayl in untry'd Seas; so he hath rather prov'd a Guide for those, whose satisfied Wit will not venture beyond the track of others; than to them, who affect a new and remote way of thinking; who esteem it a deficiency and meanness of mind, to stay and depend upon the authority of example.

Some there are, that object that even in the likelyhoods of Story (and Story where ever it seems most likely, grows most pleasant) he doth too frequently intermixe such Fables, as are objects lifted above the Eyes of Nature; and as he often interrogates his Muse, not as his rational Spirit but as a *Familiar*, separated from his body, so her replies bring him where he spends time in immortal conversation; whilst supernaturally he doth often advance his men to the quality of Gods, and depose his Gods to the condition of men.

His Successour to fame, (and consequently to censure) is *Virgil*; whose toyls nor virtue cannot free him from the peevishness (or rather curiosity) of divers Readers. He is upbraided by some (who perhaps are affected Antiquaries, and make priority of time the measure of excellence) for gaining his renown by the imitation of *Hom r*: Whilst others (no less bold with that ancient Guide) say, He hath so often led him into Heaven and Hell, till by conversation with Gods and Ghosts, he sometimes deprives us of those natural probabilities in Story, which are instructive to humane life: And others affirm (if it be not irreverence to record their opinion) That even in Wit, he seems deficient by many omissions; as if he had design'd a penance of gravity to himself and to posterity: And by their observing that continued gravity, me thinks they look upon him,

him, as on a Musitian composing of Anthems; whose excellence consists more in the solemnity, than in the fancy; and upon the body of his Work, as on the body of a Giant, whose force hath more of strength, than quickness, and of patience than activity.

But these bold Censurers are in danger of so many Enemies, as I shall wisely shrink from them; and onely observe, That if any Disciples of unimitable *Virgil* can prove so formal, as to esteem Wit (as if it were levity) an imputation to the Heroick Muse (by which malevolent word, *Wit*, they would disgrace her extraordinary heights) yet if those grave Judges will be held wise, they must endure the fate of Wise men; who always have but few of their society; for many more than consist of their number (perhaps not having the fullness to be of it) are taken with those bold flights, and think, 'tis with the Muse (whose noble Quarry is men) as with the Eagle, who when he soars high, stoops more prosperously, and is most certain of his prey. And surely Poets (whose business should represent the Worlds true image often to our view) are not less prudent than Painters, who when they draw Landscaps, entertain not the Eye wholly with even Prospect; and a continued Flats but (for variety) terminate the sight with lofty Hills, whose obscure heads are sometimes in the clouds.

*Lucan*, who chose to write the greatest actions that ever were allowed to be true (which for fear of contemporary witnesses, oblig'd him to a very close attendance upon Fame) did not observe that such an enterprize rather becom'd an Historian, than a Poet: for wise Poets think it more worthy to seek out truth in the Passions, than to record the truth of Actions; and practise to describe Mankind, just as we are persuaded or guided by instinct, not particular persons, as they are lifted, or levell'd by the force of Fate, it being nobler to contemplate the general History of Nature, than a selected Diary of Fortune: And Painters are no more than Historians, when they draw eminent persons (though they term that drawing to the life) but when

by assembling divers figures in a larger volume, they draw Passions (though they term it but Story) then they increase in dignity and become Poets.

I have been thus hardy to call him to account for the choice of his Argument, not meerly as it was Story, but because the actions he recorded were so eminent, and so near his time, that he could not assist Truth with such ornaments as Poets, for usefull pleasure, have allowed her, lest the fained complection might render the true suspected. And now I will leave to others the presumption of measuring his Hyperboles, by whose space and height they maliciously take the dimension of wit; and so mistake him in his boyling Youth (which had marvellous forces) as we distelish Wine, when fuming in the Lee.

*Statius* (with whom we may conclude the old Heroicks) is as accomprable to some for his obligations to *Virgil*, as *Virgil* is to others for what he owes to *Homer*; and more closely than *Virgil* waits on *Homer*, doth *Statius* attend *Virgil*, and follows him there also where Nature never comes, even into Heaven and Hell: and therefore he cannot escape such as approve the wisdom of the best Dramaticks; who in representation of examples, believe they prevail most on our manners, when they lay the Scene at home in their own Countrey; so much they avoid those remote Regions of Heaven and Hell: as if the People (whom they make civil by an easie communication with reason (and familiar reason is that which is call'd the civility of the Stage) were become more discreet than to have their eyes perswaded by the descending of Gods in gay Clouds, and more manly, than to be frighted with the rising of Ghosts in Smoke.

*Tasso* (who reviv'd the Heroick flame after it was many Ages quench'd) is held both in time and merit, the first of the Moderns; an honour by which he gains not much; because the number he excells must needs be few, which affords but one fit to succeed him; for I will yield to their opinion, who permit not *Ariosto*, nor *Du Bartas* in this eminent rank of the Heroicks: rather than to make way by

by their admission for *Dante*, *Marino*, and others. *Tasso's* honour too is chiefly allow'd him, where he most endeavours to make *Virgil* his Pattern: And again, when we consider from whom *Virgil's* Ignit is derived, we may observe how rarely humane excellence is found; for Heroick Poets (which, if it exact in it self, yields not to any other humane work) flow'd but in few, and even those streams descended but from one Grecian Spring, and 'tis with Original Poems, as with the Original Pieces of Painters, whose Copies abate the excessive price of the first Hand.

BUT *Tasso*, though he came late into the world, must have his share in that Critical War, which never ceases amongst the Learned; and he seems most unfortunate, because his errors, which are deriv'd from the Ancients when examin'd, grow in a great degree excusable in them, and by being his, admit no pardon, Such as are his Council assembled in Heaven, his Witches Expeditions through the Air, and enchanted Woods inhabited with Ghosts. For though the elder Poets (which were then the sacred Priests) fed the World with supernatural Tales, and so compounded the Religion, of Pleasure and Myserie, (two Ingredients which never fail'd to work upon the People) whilst for the eternity of their Offices (more refin'd by education) they surely intended no such vain provision. Yet a Christian Poet, whose Religion little needs the aids of Invention, hath less occasion to imitate such Fables, as meanly illustrate a probable Heaven, by the fashion and dignity of Courts; and make a resemblance of Hell, out of the Dreams of frighted Women, by which they continue and increase the melancholy mistakes of the People.

*Spenser* may stand here as the last of this short File of Heroick Poets; Men, whose intellectuals were of so great a making, (though some have thought them lyable to those few Censures we have mentioned) as perhaps they will in worthy memory out-last, even Makers of Laws, and Founders of Empires, and all but such as must therefore live equally with them, because they have recorded their names;

## The Preface

and consequently with their own hands led them to the Temple of Fame. And since we have dar'd to remember those exceptions which the Curious have against them, it will not be expected I should forget what is objected against *Spencer*; whose obsolete Language we are constrain'd to mention, though it be grown the most vulgar accusation that is laid to his charge.

Language (which is the only Creature of Man's creation) hath like a Plant, seasons of flourishing and decay; like Plants is remov'd from one soyl to another, and by being so transplanted, doth often gather vigour and increase. But as it is false Inbandrie to graft old branches upon young stocks: so we may wonder that our Language (not long before his time created out of a confusion of others, & then beginning to flourish like a new Plant) should (as helps to its increase) receive from his hand, new grafts of old wither'd words. But this vulgar exception, shall only have the vulgar excuse; which is, that the unlucky choice of his *Stanza*, hath by repetition of Rhime, brought him to the necessity of many exploded words.

If we proceed from his Language to his Argument, we must observe with others, that his noble and most artfull hands deserv'd to be employ'd upon matter of a more natural, and therefore of a more usefull kind. His allegorical Story (by many held defective in the connexion) resembling (me thinks) a continuance of extraordinarie Dreams; such as excellent Poets, and Painters, by being over-studious, may have in the beginning of Feavers; And those moral Visions are just of so much use to humane application, as painted History, when with the countenance of lights, it is represented in Scenes, by which we are much less informed than by actions on the Stage.

Thus, Sir, I have (perhaps) taken pains to make you think me malicious, in observing how far the Curious have look'd into the errors of others; Errors which the natural humour of imitation hath made so like in all (even from *Homer* to *Spencer*) as the accusations against the first appear

appeal but little more than repetition in every proof against the rest: and comparing the resemblance of error in persons of one generation, to that which is in those of another age; we may find it exceeds not any where, notoriously, the ordinary proportion. Such limits to the progress of every thing (even of worthiness as well as defect) doth imitation give: for whilest we imitate others, we can no more excel them, than he that says by others Maps can make a new discovery: and to Imitation, Nature (which is the onely visible power, and operation of God) perhaps doth needfully encline us, to keep us from excesses. For though every man be capable of worthiness and unworthiness (as they are defined by Opinion) yet no man is built strong enough to bear the extremities of either, without unloading himself upon others shoulders, even to the weariness of many. If courage be worthiness, yet where it is over-grown into extremes, it becomes as wilde and hurtfull as ambition; and so what was ever need for protection, grows to be abhor'd for oppression: If Learning (which is not Knowledge, but a continu'd Sayling by fantastick and uncertain winds towards it) be worthiness, yet it hath bounds in all Philosophers; and Nature that measur'd those bounds, seems not so partial, as to allow it in any one a much larger excecise than in another: as if in our fleshly building, she consider'd the furniture and the room, alike, and together: for as the compass of Diadems commonly fits the whole succession of those Kings that wear them; so throughout the whole World, a very few inches may distinguish the circumference of the heads of their Subjects: Nor need we repine that Nature hath not some Favorites, to whom she doth dispence this Treasure, Knowledge, with a prodigious Liberality. For as there is no one that can be said vastly to exceed all mankind; so divers that have in learning transcended all in some one Province, have corrupted many with that great quantity of false gold; and the authority of their stronger Science hath often serv'd to distract, or pervert their weaker disciples.

And

And as the qualities which are term'd good, are bound-  
ed, so are the bad; and likewise limited, as well as gotten  
by imitation; for amongst those that are extraordinary,  
either by birth or brain (for with the usual pride of Poets,  
I pass by common crowds, as negligently as Princes move  
from throngs, that are not their own Subjects) we cannot  
find any one so egregious (admitting cruelty and avarice  
for the chiefest evils; and errors in government or do-  
ctrine, to be the greatest errors) but that divers of former  
or succeeding times may enter the scales with them, and  
make the Ballance even; though the passion of Historians  
would impose the contrary on our belief; who in dispraise  
of evil Princes, are often as unjust and excessive, as the com-  
mon People: for there was never any Monarch so cruel,  
but he had living subjects; nor so avaricious, but that his  
Subjects were richer than himself; nor ever any disease in  
government so extremely infectious, as to make universal  
Anarchy, or any error in Doctrine so strong by the Main-  
tenance, but that Truth (though it wrestled with her offen-  
d, and in many places) hath at some season, and on some  
ground, made her advantages and successes apparent:  
Therefore we may conclude, that Nature, for the safety of  
mankind, hath as well (by dulling and stopping our pro-  
gress with the constant humour of imitation) given limits  
to courage and to learning, to wickedness and to error, as  
it hath ordain'd the shelves before the shore, to restrain the  
rage and excesses of the Sea.

But I feel (Sir) that I am falling into the dangerous Fit  
of a hot Writer; for in stead of performing the promise  
which begins this Preface, and doth oblige me (after I  
had given you the judgement of some upon others) to pre-  
sent my self to your censure, I am wandering after new  
thoughts: but I shall ask your pardon, and return to my  
undertaking.

My Argument I resolv'd should consist of Christian per-  
sons; for since Religion doth generally beget, and govern  
manners, I thought the example of their actions would  
prevail



prevail most upon our own, by being deriv'd from the same doctrine and authority; as the particular Sects educated by Philosophers, were diligent and pliant to the dictates and fashions of such as deriv'd themselves from the same Master; but lazy and froward to those who convers'd in other Schools: Yet all these Sects pretended to the same beauty, *Virtue*; though each did court her more fondly, when she was dress'd at their own homes, by the hands of their acquaintance: And so Subjects bred under the Laws of a Prince (though Laws differ not much in Morality, or privilege throughout the civil World; being every where made for direction of Life, more than for sentences of Death) will rather die near that Prince, defending those they have bin taught, than live by taking new from another.

These were partly the reasons why I chose a Story of such Persons as profess'd Christian Religion; but I ought to have been more inclin'd to it, because the Principles of our Religion conduce more to explicable virtue, to plain demonstrative justice, and even to Honour (if Virtue the Mother of Honour be voluntary, and active in the dark, so as she need not Laws to compel her, nor look for witnesses to proclaim her) than any other Religion that e're assembled men to Divine Worship. For that of the *Jews* doth still consist in a fullen separation of themselves from the rest of humane flesh, which is a fantastical pride of their own cleanness, and an uncivil disdain of the imagined contagiousness of others, and at this day, their canonizing in Tribes, and shyness of alliance with neighbours, deserves not the term of mutual love, but rather seems a bestial melancholy of herding in their own Walks. That of the *Ethnicks*, like this of *Mahomet*, consisted in the vain pride of Empire, and never enjoyn'd a Jewish separation, but drew all Nations together; yet not as their companions of the same species, but as slaves to a Yoke: Their sanctity was Honour, and their Honour onely an impudent courage, or dexterity in destroying. But Christian Religion hath the innocence of Village neighbour-hood, and did an-

anciently in its poliricks rather promote the interest of Mankind than of States; and rather of all States than of one; for particular endeavours onely in behalf of our own homes, are signs of a narrow moral education, not of the vast kindness of Christian Religion, which likewise ordain'd as well an universal communion of bosoms, as a community of Wealth. Such is Christian Religion in the precepts, and was once so in the practice. But I resolv'd my Poem should represent those of a former Age, perceiving 'tis with the servants of Christ, as with other servants under temporal power, who with all cleanness, and even with officious diligence perform their duty in their Masters sight, but still as he grows longer absent, become more slothfull, unclean and false. And this, who ever compares the present with the Primitive times, may too palpably discern.

When I consider'd the actions which I meant to describe, (those inferring the persons) I was again perswaded rather to chuse those of a former Age, than the present; & in a Century so far remov'd, as might preserve me from their improper examinations, who know not the requisites of a Poem, nor how much pleasure they lose (and even the pleasures of Heroick Poesie are not unprofitable) who take away the liberty of a Poet, and fetter his feet in the shackles of an Historian: For why should a Poet doubt in Story to mend the intrigues of Fortune by more delightfull conveyances of probable fictions, because austere Historians have enter'd into bond to truth? an obligation which were in Poets, as foolish and unnecessary as is the bondage of false Martyrs, who lye in chains for a mistaken opinion: but by this I would imply, that Truth narrative and past, is the Idol of Historians, (who worship a dead thing) and truth operative, and by effects continually alive, is the Mistress of Poets, who hath not her existence in matter, but in reason.

I was likewise more willing to derive my Theme from elder times, as thinking it no little mark of skilfulness to comply with the common Infirmary; for men (even of the  
best

best education) discover their eyes to be weak, when they look upon the glory of virtue (which is great actions) and rather endure it at distance than near; being more apt to believe, and love the renown of Predecessors, than of Contemporaries, whose deeds excelling theirs in their own sight, seem to upbraid them, and are not reverenc'd as examples of Virtue, but envi'd as the favours of Fortune: But to make great Actions credible, is the principal Art of Poets; who though they allow the utilitie of Fictions, should not (by altering and subliming Storie) make use of their privilege to the detriment of the Reader; whose incredulitie (when things are not represented in proportion) doth much allay the relish of his pitié, hope, joy, and other Passions: for we may descend to compare the deceptions in Poesie to those of them that profess dexteritie of Hand, which resembles Conjuring, and to such we come not with the intention of *Lawyers* to examine the evidence of Facts, but are content (if we like the carriage of their feigned motion) to pay for being well deceiv'd.

As in the choise of time, so of place, I have comply'd with the weakness of the generalitie of men; who think the best objects of their own countrey so little to the size of those abroad, as if they were shew'd them by the wrong end of a Prospective: For man (continuing the appetites of his first Childhood, till he arrive at his second which is more froward) must be quieted with something that he thinks excellent, which he may call his own; but when he sees the like in other places (not staying to compare them) wrangles at all he has. This leads us to observe the craftiness of the *Comicks*, who are onely willing when they describe humour (and humour is the drunkenness of a Nation which no sleep can cure) to lay the Scene in their own countrey; as knowing we are (like the Son of *Noah*) so little distasted to behold each others shame, that we delight to see even that of a Father: yet when they would set forth greatness and excellent virtue, (which is the Theme of *Tragedie*) publickly to the people; they wisely (to avoid the

the quarrels of neighbourly envie) remove the Scene from home. And by their example I travell'd too; and *Italie* (which was once the Stage of the World) I have made the Theatre, where I shew in either Sex, some patterns of humane life, that are (perhaps) fit to be follow'd.

Having told you why I took the actions that should be my Argument from men of our own Religion, and given you reasons for the choyce of the time and place design'd for those actions; I must next acquaint you with the Schools where they were bred; not meaning the Schools where they took their Religion, but Moralitie; for I know Religion is universally rather inherited than taught: and the most effectual Schools of Moralitie are Courts and Camps: Yet towards the first, the people are unquier through envie; and towards the other through fear; and always jealous of both for Injustice, which is the natural scandal cast upon authoritie and great force. They look upon the outward glory or blaze of Courts, as wild Beasts in dark nights stare on their Hunters Torches; but though the expences of Courts (whereby they shine) is that consuming glory in which the people think their libertie is wasted (for wealth is their libertie and lov'd by them even to jealousie (being themselves a courser sort of Princes, apter to take than to pay) yet Courts (I mean all abstracts of the multitude; either by King, or Assemblies) are not the Schools where men are bred to oppression, but the Temples where sometimes Oppressours take sanctuarie; a safetrie which our reason must allow them. For the ancient laws of Sanctuarie (derived from God) provided chiefly for actions that proceeded from necessitie; and who can imagine less than a necessitie of oppressing the people, since they are never willing either to buy their Peace, or to pay for War?

Not are Camps the Schools of wicked Destroyers, more than the *Unns of Court* (being the Nurserie of Judges) are the Schools of Murderers; for as Judges are avengers of private men against private Robbers; so are Armies the avengers

vengers of the Publiick against publick Invaders, either civil or forreign: and Invaders are Robbers, though more in countenance than those of the High-way, because of their number. Nor is there other difference between Armies when they move towards Sieges or Battell, and Judges moving in their Circuit (during the danger of extraordinary malefactors) with the guards of the Countie; but that the latter is a less Army, and of less Discipline. If any man can yet doubt of the necessarie use of Armies, let him studie that which was anciently call'd a Monster, the Multitude, (for Wolves are commonly harmless when they are met alone, but very uncivil in Herds) and he will not find that all his kindred by *Adam* are so tame and gentle, as those Lovers that were bred in *Arcadia*: or to reform his opinion, let him ask why (during the utmost age of Historie) Cities have been at the charge of defensive Walls, and why Fortification hath been practis'd so long, till it is grown an Art?

I may now believe I have usefully taken from Courts and Camps, the patterns of such as will be fit to be imitated by the most necessary men; and the most necessary men are those who become principal by prerogative of blood, (which is seldum unassisted with education) or by greatness of mind, which in exact definition is Virtue. The common Crowd (of whom we are hopeles) we desert, being rather to be corrected by laws (where precept is accompanied with punishment) than to be taught by Poesie; for few have arriv'd at the skill of *Orpheus*, or at his good fortune, whom we may suppose to have met with extraordinary Grecian Beasts, when so succesfully he reclaim'd them with his Harp. Nor is it needfull that Heroick Poesie should be levell'd to the reach of Common men: for if the examples it presents prevail upon their Chiefs, the delight of Imitation (which we hope we have prov'd to be as effectual to good as to evil) will rectifie by the rules, which those Chiefs establish of their own lives, the lives of all that behold them; for the example of life, doth as much surpass the force of Precept, as Life doth exceed Death. In

In the choice of these Objects (which are as Sea-marks to direct the dangerous voyage of life) I thought fit to follow the rule of Coasting Maps, where the Shelves and Rocks are describ'd as well as the safe Channel; the care being equal how to avoid as to proceed: and the Characters of men (whose passions are to be eschew'd) I have deriv'd from the distempers of Love or Ambition: for Love and Ambition are too often the raging Feavers of great minds. Yet Ambition (if the vulgar acception of the word were corrected) would signifie no more than an extraordinary lifting of the feet in the rough ways of Honour, over the impediments of Fortunes, and hath a warmth (till it be chaf'd into a Fever) which is necessary for every virtuous breast: for good men are guiltie of too little appetite to greatness, and it either proceeds from that they call contentedness (but contentedness, when examin'd, doth mean something of Laziness as well as Moderation) or from some melancholy precept of the Cloyster; where they would make life (for which the world was onely made) more unpleasant than Death: as if Nature, the Vicegerent of God (who in providing delightfull varieties, which virtuous greatness can best possess, or assure peaceably to others, implicitly commanded the use of them) should in the necessities of life (life being her chief business) though in her whole reign she never committed one error, need the counsel of Fryars, whose solitude makes them no more fit for such direction, than Prisoners long fetter'd are for a race.

In saying this, I onely awaken such retir'd men, as evaporate their strength of mind by close and long thinkings; and would every where separate the Soul from the Bodie, ere we are dead, by perswading us (though they were both created and have been long companions together) that the preferment of the one must meerly consist in deserting the other, teaching us to court the Grave, as if during the whole lease of life, we were like Moles to live under ground; or as if long and well dying, were the certain

certain means to live in Heaven: Yet Reason (which though the most profitable Talent God hath given us, some Divines would have Philosophers to bury in the Napkin, and not put it to use) perswade us, that the painfull activeness of Virtue (for Faith on which some wholly depend, seems but a contemplative boast till the effects of it grow exemplary by action) will more probably acquire everlasting dignities. And surely if these severe Masters (who though obscure in Cells, take it ill if their very opinions rule not all abroad) did give good men leave to be industrious in getting a Share of governing the world, the Multitudes (which are but Tenants to a few Monarchs) would endure that subjection which God hath decreed them, with better order, and more ease; for the world is only ill govern'd, because the wicked take more pains to get authority, than the virtuous; for the virtuous are often preach'd into retirement; which is to the publick as unprofitable as their sleep; and the erroneousness of such lazy rest, let Philosophers judge; since Nature (of whose body man thinks himself the chiefest member) hath not any where, at any time, been respited from action (in her, call'd motion) by which she universally preserves and makes Life. Thus much of Ambition which should have succeeded something I was saying of Love.

Love; in the interpretation of the Envious, is Softness; in the Wicked, good men suspect it for Lust; and in the Good, some spiritual men have given it the name of Charity. And these are but terms to this which seems a more consider'd definition; that indefinite Love is Lust; and Lust when it is determin'd to one, is Love; This definition too but intrudes it self on what I was about to say, which is (and spoken with sobriety though like a *Lay-man*) that Love is the most acceptable imposition of Nature, the cause and preservation of Life, and the very healthfulness, of the Mind, as well as of the Body; but Lust (our raging Fever) is more dangerous in Cities, than the Calenture in Ships.

Now (Sir) I again ask you pardon, for I have again digressed; my immediate business being to tell you, That the distempers of Love and Ambition are the onely Characters I design'd to expose as objects of sorrow: and my purpose was also to assure you, that I never meant to prostitute Wickedness in the Images of low and contemptible people, as if I expected the meanest of the multitude for my Readers (since onely the Rabble is seen at common executions) nor intended to raise inquiry to that height of horror, till it might seem the fury of something worse than a beast. In order to the first I believe the *SPARTANS* (who to deter their children from drunkenness, custom'd their Slaves to vomit before them) did by such fulsom examples, rather teach them to disdain the Slaves, than to loath Wine, for Men seldom take notice of the vice in abject persons, especially where necessity constrains it. And in observation of the second, I have thought, that those horrid spectacles (when the latter race of *Gladicators* made up the excesses of Romane feasts) did more induce the Guests to detest the cruelty of mankind, than increase their courage by beholding such an impudent scorn of Life.

I have now given you the accompt of such provisions as I made for this new Building; and you may be so please (having examin'd the substance) to take a view of the form; and observe if I have methodically and with discretion, dispos'd of the materials, which with some curiosity I have collected: I cannot discern by any help from reading, or learned men, (who have been to me the best and briefest Indexes of Books) that any Nation hath in representation of great actions (either by *Heroicks* or *Dramaticks*) digested Story into so pleasant and instructive a method as the English by their *Dramas*: and by that regular species (though narratively and not in Dialogue) I have drawn the body of an Heroick Poem: In which I did not onely observe the Symmetrie (proportioning five Books to five *Acts*, and *Canto's* to *Scenes*, (the *Scenes* having their number ever govern'd by occasion) but all the *Shadowings*,

happy



happy strokes, secret graces, and even the drapery (which together make the second beauty) I have (I hope) exactly follow'd: and those compositions of second beauty, I observe in the *Drama* to be the under-walks, interweaving, or correspondence of lesser design in *Scenes*, nor the great motion of the main plot, and coherence of the *Acts*.

The first *Act* is the general preparative, by rendering the chiefest characters of persons, and ending with something that looks like an obscure promise of design. The second begins with an introduction of new persons, to finish all the characters, and ends with some little performance of that design which was promis'd at the parting of the first *Act*. The third makes a visible correspondence in the under-walks (or lesser intrigues) of persons; and ends with an ample turn of the main design, and expectation of a new. The fourth (ever having occasion to be the longest) gives a notorious turn to all the under-walks, and a counter-turn to that main design which chang'd in the third. The fifth begins with an entire diversion of the main, and dependant Plots; then makes the general correspondence of the persons more discernable, and ends with an easing untying of those particular knots, which made a contexture of the whole; leaving such satisfaction of probabilities with the Spectator, as may persuade him that neither Fortune in the fate of the Persons, nor the Writer in the Representation, have been unnatural or exorbitant. To these *Meanders* of the English Stage I have cut out the Walks of my Poem; which in this description may seem intricate and tedious; but will, I hope (when men take pains to visit what they have heard describ'd) appear to them as pleasant as a summer passage on a crooked River, where going about, and turning back, is as delightful as the delays of parting Lovers.

In placing the Argument (as a *Proem*) before every *Act*, I have not wholly follow'd the example of the Moderns; but averred it from that purpose to which I found it frequently us'd: for it hath been intended by others, as

the contents of the Chapter, or as a Bill of Fare at a Venetian Feast; which is not brought before the meat to raise an expectation, but to satisfy the longing curiosity of the Guests. And that which I have call'd my Argument, is only meant as an assistance to the Readers memory, by containing brief hints, such, as if all the Arguments were successively read, would make him easily remember the mutual dependancies of the general design; yet each rather mentions every person acting, than their actions: But he is very unskillfull that by Narratives before an Historical Poem, prevents expectation; for so he comes to have as little success over the Reader (whom the Writer should surprize, and as it were keep prisoner for a time) as he hath on his Enemies, who commanding a party out to take them (and commonly Readers are justly Enemies to Writers) imparts openly the design ere he begins the action: Or he may be said to be as unluckily officious as he that leads a wooing to a Mistress, one that already hath newly enjoy'd her.

I shall say a little, why I have chosen my inter-woven *Stanza* of four, though I am not oblig'd to excuse the choice; for numbers in Verse must, like distinct kinds of Musick, be expos'd to the uncertain and different taste of several Ears. Yet I may declare, that I believ'd it would be more pleasant to the Reader, in a Work of length, to give this respite or pause, between every *Stanza* (having endeavour'd that each should contain a period) than to run him out of breath with continu'd *Couplets*. Nor doth alternate Rhyme by any lowliness of cadence, make the sound less Heroick, but rather adapt it to a plain and stately composing of Musick; and the brevity of the *Stanza* renders it less subtle to the Composer, and more easie to the Singer; which in *stilo recitativo*, when the Story is long, is chiefly requisite. And this was indeed (if I shall not betray vanity in my Confession) the reason that prevail'd most towards my choice of this *Stanza*, and my division of the main work into *Canto's*, every *Canto* including a sufficient

sufficient accomplishment of some worthy design or action; for I had so much heat (which you, Sir, may call pride, since pride may be allow'd in *Pegasus*, if it be a praise to other Horses) as to presume they might (like the Works of *Homer* ere they were joyn'd together, and made a Volume by the Athenian King) be sung at Village-feasts; though not to Monarchs after Victory, nor to Armies before battel. For so (as an inspiration of glory into the one, and of valour into the other) did *Homer's* Spirit, long after his bodies rest, wander in musick about *Greece*.

Thus you have the *Model* of what I have already built, or shall hereafter joyn to the same frame. If I be accus'd of Innovation, or to have transgress'd against the method of the Ancients; I shall think my self secure in believing, that a Poet who hath wrought with his own instruments at a new design, is no more answerable for disobedience to Predecessours, than *Law-makers* are lyable to those old Laws which themselves have repealed.

Having describ'd the outward frame, the large rooms within, the lesser conveyances, and now the furniture; it were orderly to let you examine the matter of which that furniture is made: But though every Owner who hath the Vanity to shew his ornament, or Hangings, must endure the curiosity, and censure of him that beholds them; yet I shall not give you the trouble of enquiring what is, but tell you of what I design'd their substance; which is, *Wit*: And *Wit* is the laborious, and the lucky resultances of Thought, having towards its excellence (as we say of the Strokes of Painting) as well a happiness as care. It is a Web consisting of the subt'lest threds; and like that of the *Spider*, is considerately woven out of our selves; for a *Spider* may be said to consider, not onely respecting his solemnness and tacit posture (like a grave Scout in ambush for his Enemy) but because all things done, are either from consideration, or chance; and the work of Chance are accomplishments of an instant, having commonly a dissimilitude; but hers are the works of time, and have their contextures alike.

*Wit* is not onely the luck and labour, but also the dexterity of thought, rounding the world, like the Sun, with unimaginable motion; and bringing swiftly home to the memorie, universal surveys. It is the Soules Powder, which when suppress'd (as forbidden from flying upward) blows up the restraint, and loseth all force in a farther ascension towards Heaven (the region of God) and yet by nature is much less able to make any inquisition downward towards Hell, the Cel of the Devil; but breaks through all about it (as far as the utmost it can reach) removes, uncovers, makes way for Light, where Darkness was inclos'd, till great bodies are more examinable by being scatter'd into parcels; and till all that find its strength (but most of mankind are strangers to *Wit*, as *Indians* are to *Powder*) worship it for the effects, as deriv'd from the Deitie. It is in Divines, Humilitie, Exemplariness and Moderation; in States-men, Gravitie, Vigilance, Benign Complacencie, Secrecie, Parience and Dispatch; in Leaders of Armies, Valor, Painfulness, Temperance, Bountie, Dexterity in Punishing and Rewarding, and a sacred Certitude of Promise: It is in Poets, a full comprehension of all recited in all these; and an abilitie to bring those comprehensions into action, when they shall so far forget the true measure of what is of greatest consequence to humanitie, (which are things righteous, pleasant and usefull) as to think the delights of Greatness equal to that of Poesie; or the Chiefs of any Profession more necessary to the world, than excellent Poets. Lastly, though *Wit* be not the envie of ignorant Men, 'tis often of evil States-men, and of all such imperfect great spirits, as have it in a less degree than Poets: for though no man envies the excellencie of that, which in no proportion he ever tasted, (as men cannot be said to envie the condition of Angels) yet we may say the Devil envies the Supremacie of God, because he was in some degree partaker of his glory.

That which is not, yet is accounted, *Wit*, I will but slightly remember; which seems very incident to imperfect youth,

youth, and sickly age; Young men (as if they were not quite deliver'd from Childhood, whose first exercise is Language) imagine it consists in the Musick of Words, and believe they are made wise by refining their speech, above the vulgar Dialect; which is a mistake almost as great as that of the people, who think Orators, (which is a title that crowns at riper years those that have practis'd the dexterity of tongue) the ablest men; who are indeed so much more unapt for governing, as they are more fit for Sedition: and it may be said of them as of the Witches of Norway, who can sell a Storm for a Dollar, which for Ten Thousand they cannot allay. From the esteem of speaking they proceed to the admiration of what are commonly call'd *Conceits*, things that sound like the knacks or toys of ordinary *Epigrammatists*; and from thence, after more conversation and varietie of objects, grow up to some force of *Fancies*. Yet even then, like young Hawks, they stray and flie far off, using their libertie as if they would nere return to the Lure; and often go at check, ere they can make a stedie view, and know their game.

Old men, that have forgot their first Childhood and are returning to their second, think it lies in *agnominations*, and in a kind of an alike tinkling of words; or else in a grave telling of wonderfull things, or in comparing of times without a discover'd partialitie; which they perform so ill by favouring the past, that, as 'tis observ'd, if the bodies of men should grow less, though but an unmeasurable proportion in Seven years, yet reckoning from the *Flood*, they would not remain in the Stature of Frogs; So if States and particular persons had impair'd in government, and increas'd in wickedness proportionably to what Old men affirm they have done, from their own infancy to their age; all publick Policie had been long since Confusion, and the congregated World would not suffice now to people a Village.

The last thing they suppose to be *Wit*, is their bitter Morals, when they almost declare themselves Enemies to

Youth & Beautie; by which severitie they seem cruel as Herod when he surpris'd the sleeping Children of *Bethlem*: for Youth is so far from warring Enemies, that it is mortally its own; so unpractis'd, that it is everywhere cosen'd more than a stranger among *Jews*; & hath an infirmity of sight more hurtfull than Blindness to Blind men; for though it cannot chuse the way it scorns to be led. And Beautie, though many call themselves her Friends, hath few but such as are false to her: Though the World sets her in a Throne, yet all about her (even her gravest Counsellors) are Traytors, though not in conspiracie, yet in their distinct designs; and to make her certain not onely of distress but ruin, she is ever pursu'd by her most cruel enemy, the great Destroyer, *Time*. But I will proceed no farther upon old men, nor in recording mistakes; lest finding so many more, than there be Verities, we might believe we walk in as great obscurity as the Egyptians when Darkness was their Plague. Nor will I presume to call the matter of which the Ornaments or Substantial parts of this Poem are compos'd, *mine*; but onely tell you my endeavour was, in bringing Truth (too often absent) home to mens bosoms, to lead her through unfrequented and new ways, and from the most remote Shades; by representing Nature, though not in an affected, yet in an usual dress.

'Tis now fit, after I have given you so long a survey of the Building, to render you some accompt of the Builder, that you may know by what time, pains, and assistants I have proceeded, or may hereafter finish my work: and in this I shall take occasion to accuse, and condemn, as papers unworthy of light, all those hastie digestions of thought which were published in my Youth; a sentence not pronounc'd out of melancholly rigour, but from a cheerfull obedience to the just authoritie, of experience: For that grave Mistress of the World, *Experience* (in whose profitable School, those before the Floud stay'd long, but we like wanton children come thither late, yet too soon are call'd out of it, and fetch'd home by Death) hath taught me,

me, that the engenderings of unripe age become abortive, and deform'd; and that after obtaining more years, those must needs prophesie with ill success, who make use of their Visions in Wine: That when the ancient Poets were valu'd as Prophets, they were long and painfull in watching the correspondence of Causes, ere they presum'd to foretel effects: and th't 'tis a high presumption to entertain a Nation (who are Poets standing Guest, and require Monarchical respect) with hastie provisions; as if a Poet might imitate a familiar dispatch of Faulconers, mount his *Pegasus*, unhood his *Muse*, and with a few flights boast he hath provided a feast for a Prince. Such positing upon *Pegasus* I have long since forborn; and during my Journey in this Work, have mov'd with a slow pace; that I might make my surveys as one that travelled not bring home the names, but the proportion, and nature of things: and in this I am made wise by two great examples; for the friends of *Virgil* acknowledge he was many years in doing honour to *Aeneas* (still contracting at night into a closer force, the abundance of his morning strengths) and *Statius* rather seems to boast, than blush, when he confesses he was twice Seven in renouncing the War between *Argos* and *Thebes*.

Next to the usefulness of Time (which here implies ripe age) I believ'd pains most requisite to this undertaking: for though painfulness in Poets (according to the usual negligence of our Nation in Examining, and their diligence to censure) seems always to discover a want of natural force, and is traduc'd, as if Poetic concern'd the World no more than Dancing; whose onely grace is the quickness and facilitie of motion; and whose perfection is not of such publick consequence, that any man can merit much by attaining it with long labour; yet let them consider, and they will find (nor can I stay long ere I convince them in the important use of Poetic) the natural force of a Poet more apparent, by but confessing that great forces

all great labour in managing, than by an arrogant braving the World, when he enters the field with his undisciplin'd first thoughts: For a wise Poet, like a wise General, will not shew his strengths till they are in exact government and order, which are not the postures of chance, but proceed from Vigilance and Labour.

Yet to such painfull Poets some upbraid the want of extemporary fury, or rather *inspiration*, a dangerous word, which many have of late successfullly us'd; and *inspiration* is a spiritual Fire, deriv'd from the ancient Ethnick Poets, who then, as they were Priests, were States-men too, and probably lov'd dominion; and as their well dissembling of Inspiration begot them reverence then, equal to that which was paid to Laws; so these, who now profess the same fury, may perhaps by such authentick example pretend authority over the people; It being not unreasonable to imagine, they rather imitate the Greek Poets, than the Hebrew Prophets, since the later were inspir'd for the use of others; and these, like the former, prophesie for themselves. But though the ancient Poets are excus'd, as knowing the weak constitution of those Deities from whom they took their Priesthood; and the frequent necessitie of dissembling for the ease of Government: yet these (who also from the chief to the meanest are States-men and Priests, but have not the luck to be Poets) should not assume such saucie familiaritie with a true God.

From the time and labour requir'd to my Poem, let me proceed to my Assistants; by which I shall not so much attest my own weakness, as discover the difficulties and greatness of such a work: For when Solomon made use of his Neighbours towards his Building, he lost no reputation, nor by demanding those aids was thought a lesser Prince; but rather publish'd his Wisdom in rightly understanding the vast extent of his enterprise: Who likewise with as much glorie made use of Fellers of Wood, and Hewers of Stone, as of learned Architects: Nor have I restrain'd to be oblig'd to men of any Science, as well mechanical



nical as liberal: Nor when Memorie (from that various and plentiful stock, with which all observers are furnish'd, that have had diversitie of life) presented me by chance with any figure, did I lay it aside as useless, because at that instant I was not skilfull to manage it artfully? but I have staid and recorded such objects, till by consulting with right Masters I have dispos'd of them without mistake; It being no more shame to get Learning at that very time, and from the same Text; when, and by which, we instruct others; than for a froward Scout, discovering the Enemy, to save his own life at a pass, where he then reaches his Partie to escape.

In remembring mine own helps, I have consider'd those which others in the same necessitie have taken; and find that Writers (contrarie to my inclination) are apter to be beholding to Books, than to Men; not onely as the first are more in their possessions (being more constant Companions than dearest friends) but because they commonly make such use of treasure found in Books, as of other treasure belonging to the Dead, and hidden under ground; for they dispose of both with great secrecie, defacing the shape or images of the one, as much as of the other, through fear of having the original of their stealth or abundance discover'd. And the next cause why Writers are more in Libraries than in company, is, that Books are easily open'd, and learned men are usually shut up, by a froward or envious humour of retention, or else unfold themselves, so as we may read more of their weakness and vanitie, than Wisdom; imitating the Holy-day-custom in great Cities, where the shops of Chaundrie, and slight wares, are familiarly open, but those of solid and staple merchandise are proudly lock'd up.

Nor indeed can it be expected that all great Doctors are of so benign a nature, as to take pains in gaining treasure (of which Knowledge is the greatest) with intent to enrich others so easily, as if they stood every where with their Pockets spread, & ready to be pickt: nor can we read of any

Father,

Father, who so far and secretly adopted his Son to a Book of his own writing, as that his Son might be thought Author of that written Wit, as much as his Father was Author of him: Nor of any Husband that to his darling Wife would so far surrender his Wisdom, as that in publique, he could endure to let her use his Dictates, as if she would have others think her wiser than himself. By this remembrance of that usual parsimony in owners of Wit, towards such as would make use of their plenty, I lament the fortune of others, and may wish the Reader to congratulate mine; For I have found Friends as ready as Books, to regulate my conceptions, or make them more correct, easie and apparent. But though I am become so wise, by knowing my self, as to believe the thoughts of divers transcend the best which I have written; yet I have admitted from no man any change of my Design, nor very seldom of my sense: For I resolv'd to have this Poem subsist and continue throughout with the same complexion and spirit; though it appear but like a plain Family, of a neighbourly alliance, who marry into the same moderate quality and garb, and are fearfull of introducing strangers of greater rank, lest the shining presence of such, might seem to upbraid, and put all about them out of countenance.

And now, Sir, that the Reader may (whom Writers are said to court, draw in, and keep with artifice, so shy men grow of Books) believe me worthy of him, I cannot forbear to thank you in publick, for examining, correcting, and allowing this Poem in parcels ere it arriv'd at the contexture: by which you have perform'd the just degrees of proceeding with Poets; who during the gayery and wantonness of the Muse, are but as children to Philosophers (though of some Giant race) whose first thoughts (wilde, and roaming far off) must be brought home, watch'd, and interrogated, and after they are made more regular, be encourag'd and prais'd for doing well, that they may delight in aiming at perfection. By such a Method the Muse is taught to become Master of her own, and others strength:  
and

and who is he so learn'd (how proud soever with being cherish'd in the bosom of Fame) that can hope, (when through the several ways of Science, he seeks Nature in her hidden walks) to make his Journey short, unless he call you to be his Guide? and who so guided can suspect his safety, even when he travels through the Enemy's Country? for such is the vast field of Learning, where the Learned (though not numerous enough to be an Army) lye as small Parties, maliciously in Ambush, to destroy all new Men that look into their Quarters. And from such, you, and those you lead, are secure; because you move not by common Maps, but have painfully made your own Prospect; and travel now like the Sun, not to inform your self, but enlighten the world.

And likewise, when by the strict survey and Government that hath been had over this Poem, I shall think to govern the Reader (who though he be noble, may perhaps judge of supream Power like a very Commoner, and rather approve authority, when it is in many, than in one) I must acquaint him, that you had not alone the trouble of establishing and destroying; but enjoy'd your intervals and ease by Two Colleagues: Two that are worthy to follow you into the Closets of Printes; if the knowledge of Men past, (of whom Books are the remaining minds) or of the present (of whom Conversation is the usefull and lawfull Spie) may make up such greatness, as is fit for great Courts: or if the rays that proceed from the Poetick Planet, be not a little too strong for the sight of modern Monarchs; who now are too seldom taught in their youth, like Eaglets to fortifie their eyes by often soaring near the Sun. And though this be here but my testimony, it is too late for any of you to disclaim it; for since you have made it valid by giving yours of *GONDIBERT* under your hands, you must be content to be us'd by me, as Princes are by their prefer'd Subjects; who in the very act of taking honour, return it to the Giver; as benefits receiv'd by the creature, manifest the power, and redound to the glory of the Creator.

I am now, Sir, (to your great comfort, that have been thus ill, and long diverted) arriv'd at my last consideration, which is to satisfy those who may enquire why I have taken so much pains to become an Authour? Or why any man stays so long sweating at the fire of Invention, to dress the food of the Minde, when Readers have so imperfect Stomachs, as they either devour Books with over hasty Digestion, or grow to loath them from a surfeit. And why I more especially made my task an Heroick Poem? I shall involve the two first Questions in one; as submitting to be concern'd amongst the generality of Writers; whose Enemies being many, and now mine, we must joyn forces to oppose them.

Men are chiefly provok'd to the toyl of compiling Books, by love of Fame, and often by officiousness of Conscience, but seldom with expectation of Riches: for those that spend time in writing to instruct others, may finde leisure to inform themselves, how mean the provisions are which busie and studious minds can make for their own sedentary bodies: And Learned men (to whom the rest of the world are but Infants) have the same foolish affection in nourishing others minds, as Pelicans in feeding their young; which is at the expence of the very substance of Life. 'Tis then apparent they proceed by the instigation of Fame, or Conscience; and I believe many are perswaded by the first (of which I am One) and some are commanded by the second. Nor is the desire of Fame so vain as divers have rigidly imagin'd; Fame being (when belonging to the Living) that which is more gravely call'd, a steady and necessary reputation; and without it, hereditary Power, or acquir'd greatness can never quietly govern the World. 'Tis of the dead a musical glory, in which God, the Authour of excellent goodness, vouchsafes to take a continual share; For the remember'd virtues of Great men are chiefly such of his works (mention'd by King David) as perpetually praise him: and the good fame of the Dead prevails by example, much more than the reputation of the

'the Living, because the later is always suspected by our Envy; but the other is cheerfully allow'd, and religiously admir'd: for Admiration (whose Eyes are ever weak, stands still, and at gaze upon great things acted far off; but when they are near, walks slightly away as from familiar objects. Fame is to our Sons a solid Inheritance, and not usefull to remote Posterity; and to our Reason, as the first, though but a little taste of Eternity.

Those that write by the command of Conscience (thinking themselves able to instruct others, and consequently oblig'd to it) grow commonly the most voluminous; because the pressures of Conscience are so incessant, that he is never satisfied with doing enough: for such as be newly made the Captives of God (many appearing so to themselves, when they first begin to wear the Fetters of Conscience) are like common slaves, when newly taken; who terrified with a fancy of the severity of absolute Masters, abuse their diligence out of fear, and do ill, rather than appear idle. And this may be the cause why Libraries are more than double lin'd with Spiritual Books, or Tracts of Morality; the later being the Spiritual Counsels of *Lay-men*; and the newest of such great volumes (being usually but transcriptions or translations) differ so much from the Ancients, as later days from those of old; which difference is no more than an alteration of names by removing the *Ethicks* to make way for the *Saints*. These are the effects of their labours, who are provok'd to become Authors, meerly out of Conscience; and Conscience we may again averre to be often so unskillfull and timorous, that it seldom gives a wise and steady account of God; but grows jealous of him as of an Adversary, and is after melancholy visions like a fearful Scout, after he hath ill survey'd the Enemy, who then makes incongruous, long, and terrible Tales.

Having confess'd that the desire of Fame made me a Writer; I must declare, why in my riper age I chose to gain it more especially by an Heroical Poem; and the

Heroick, being by most allow'd to be the most beautifull of Poems, I shall not need to decide the quarrels of Poets about Degrees of Excellence in Poetrie: But 'tis not amiss ere I avow the usefulness of the Science in general (which was the cause of my undertaking) to remember the value it had from the greatest and most worthy spirits in all Ages: for I will not abstain (though it may give me the reputation but of common reading) to mention, that *Pisistratus*, (though a Tyrant) liv'd with the praise, and dy'd with the blessing of all Greece, for gathering the scatter'd limbs of *Homer's* Works into a Body: and that great *Alexander* by publickly conversing with it, attain'd the universal opinion of Wit; the same of such inward forces conducing as much to his Conquests, as his Armies abroad: That the *Athenian* Prisoners were thought worthy of life and liberty for singing the Tragedies of *Euripides*: That *Thebes* was sav'd from destruction by the Victors reverence to the memory of *Pindar*: That the elder *Scipio*, (who govern'd all the civil world) lay continually in the bosom of *Ennius*: That the great *Numantius* and *Laelius* (no less renown'd) were openly proud when the Romans believ'd they assisted *Terence* in his Comedies: That *Augustus* (to whom the mysteries of the universal Empire were more familiar, than domestick Dominion to Modern Kings) made *Virgil* the partner of his joys, and would have divided his businesses with *Horace*: And that *Lucan* was the fear and envy of *Nero*. If we approach nearer our own times, we may adde the triumphal Entry which the Papacy gave to *Petrarch*, and how much *Tasso* is still the glory and delight of *Italie*.

But as in this hasty Muster of Poets, and listing their confederates, I shall by omitting many, deprive them of that pay which is due from Fame; so I may now by the opinion of some Divines (whom notwithstanding I will reverence in all their distinct habits and fashions of the mind) be held partial, and too bold, by adding to the first number (though I range them upon holy ground; and aside)

Moses, David, and Salomon, for their Songs, Psalms, and Anthems; the Second being the acknowledg'd Favorite of God, whom he had gain'd by excellent Praises in sacred Poësie. And I fear (since Poësie is the clearest light, by which they find the soul who seek it) that Poets have in their fluent kindness diverted from the right use, and spent too much of that spiritual talent in the honour of mortal Princes: for divine Praise (when in the high perfection, as in Poets, and onely in them) is so much the uttermost and whole of Religious worship, that all other parts of Devotion serve but to make it up.

89  
Praise, in Devotion fit for mighty Minds;  
The differing world's agreeing Sacrifice,  
where Heaven divided Faiths united finds;  
But Pray's in various discord upward flies.

Gondibert  
lib. 2. Cap.  
16. 6.

90  
For Pray's the Ocean is, where diversly  
Men steer their course, each to a severall coast;  
where all our Int'rests so discordant be,  
That half beguins by which the rest are lost.

91  
By Penitence when we our selves forsake,  
'Tis but in wise design on pious Heaven;  
In Praise we nobly give what God may take,  
And are without a Beggars blush forgiven.

92  
Its utmost force, like Powder's, is unknown;  
And though weak Kings excess of Praise may fear,  
Yet when 'tis here, like Powder dangerous grown,  
Heaven's Vault receives what would the Palace tear.

After this contemplation, how acceptable the voice of Poësie hath been to God, we may (by descending from Heaven

Heaven to Earth) consider how usefull it is to Men; and among Men, Divines are the chief, because ordain'd to temper the rage of humane power by spiritual menaces, as by sudden and strange threatenings madness is frighted into Reason; and they are sent hither as Liegers from God, to conserve in stedfast motion the slippery joynts of Government; and to perswade an amity in divided Nations: therefore to Divines I first address my self; and presume to ask them, why, ever since their dominion was first allow'd, at the great change of Religions, (though ours more than any inculcates obedience, as an easie Medicine to cool the impatient and raging world into a quiet rest) mankind hath been more unruly than before? it being visible that Empire decreas'd with the increase of Christianity; and that one weak Prince did anciently suffice to govern many strong Nations: but now one little Province is too hard for their own wise King; and a small Republick hath Seventy years maintain'd their Revolt to the disquiet of many Monarchs. Or if Divines reply, we cannot expect the good effects of their Office, because their spiritual Dominion is not allow'd as absolute, then it may be ask'd them more severely, why 'tis not allow'd? for where ever there hath been great degrees of power, (which hath been often and long in the Church) it discovers (though worldly vicissitude be objected as an excuse) that the managers of such power, since they endeavour'd not to enlarge it, believ'd the increase unrighteous; or were in acting, or contriving that endeavour, either negligent or weak: For Power, like the hasty Vine, climbs up apace to the Supporters; but if not skilfully attended and dress'd, in stead of spreading and bearing fruit, grows high and naked; and then (like empty title) being soon useles to others, becomes neglected, and unable to support it self.

But if Divines have fail'd in governing Princes (that is, of being entirely believ'd by them) yet they might obliquely have rul'd them, in ruling the Peoples by whom of late, Princes have been govern'd; and they might probably



hly rule the People, because the heads of the Church (where ever Christianity is preach'd) are Tetrarchs of Time; of which they command the fourth Division; for so no less the Sabbaths, and Days of Saints amount; and during those days of spiritual triumph, Pulpits are Thrones; and the people oblig'd to open their Ears, and let in the ordinances and commands of Preachers; who likewise are not without some little Regency throughout the rest of the Year; for then they may converse with the Laity, from whom they have commonly such respect (and respect soon opens the door to persuasion) as shews their Congregations not deaf in those holy seasons, when speaking predominates.

But notwithstanding these advantages, the Pulpit hath little prevail'd; for the world is in all Regions revers'd, or shaken by disobedience, an Engine with which the great Angels (for such were the Devils, and had faculties much more sublim'd than Men) believ'd they could disorder Heaven. And it is not want of capacity in the lower Auditory that makes Doctrine so unsuccessful; for the people are not simple, since the Gentrie (Men of strongest education) lack sufficient defence against them, and are hourly surpriz'd in (their common Ambushes) their Shops: For on sacred Days they walk gravely and sadly from Temples, as if they had newly buried their sinful Fathers; at night sleep as if they never needed forgiveness; and rise with the next Sun, to lie in wait for the Noble, and the Studious. And though these quiet Conseners are amongst the People, esteem'd their steady Men; yet they honour the courage, and more active parts of such disobedient Spirits, as disdain thus tamely to deceive, attempt bravely to rob the State; and the State they believe (though the Helm were held by Apostles) would always consist of such Arch-robbers, as who ever strips them, but waves the tedious satisfaction which the Laity expect from Laws, and comes a shorter way to his own.

Thus unapt for obedience (in the condition of Beasts

whose appetite is Liberry, and their Liberry a license of Lust) the People have often been, since a long, and notorious power hath continued with Divines; whom though with reverence we accuse for mistaken lenity, yet are we not so cruel, to expect they should behave themselves to Sinners like fierce *Phinebas*, or preach with their Swords drawn, to kill all they cannot perswade: But our meaning is to shew how much their Christian meekness hath deceived them in taming this wild monster, the People; and a little to rebuke them for neglecting the assistance of Poets; and for upbraiding the Ethnicks, because the Poets manag'd their Religion; as if Religion could walk more prosperously abroad, than when Morality (respectfully, and bare-headed as her Usher) prepares the way: it being no less true, that during the dominion of Poesie, a willing and peacefull obedience, to Superiours becalm'd the world; then that obedience, like the marriage yoke, is a restraint more needfull and advantagious than liberty; and hath the same reward of pleasant quietness, which it anciently had, when *Adam*, till his disobedience, enjoyed Paradise. Such are the effects of sacred Poesie, which charms the People with harmonious Precepts; and whose aid Divines should not disdain, since their Lord (the Saviour of the World) vouchsaf'd to deliver his Doctrine in Parabolical Fictions.

Those that be of next importance are Leaders of Armies; and such I measure not by the suffrages of the People, who give them respect as Indians worship the evil Spirit, rather for fear of harm, than for affection; but esteem them as the painfull Protectours and Enlargers of Empire; by whom it actively moves, and such active motion of Empire is as necessary as the motion of the Sea, where all things would putrifie, and infect one another, if the Element were quiet: so is it with mens minds on shore, when that Element of greatness and honour, *Empire*, stands still; of which the largeness is likewise as needfull, as the vastness of the Sea: For God ordain'd not huge Empire as

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proportionable to the Bodies, but to the Minds of Men; and the Minds of Men are more monstrous, and require more space for agitation, and the hunting of others, than the bodies of Whales. But he that believes men such moderate Sheep, as that many are peacefully contain'd in a narrow Fold, may be better inform'd in *America*, where little Kings never enjoy a harmless neighbourhood, unless protect'd defensively amongst themselves, by an Emperour that hath wide possessions, and priority over them, (as in some few places) but when restrain'd in narrow dominion, where no body commands and hinders their nature, they quarrel like Cocks in a Pit; & the Sun in a days travel there, sees more battels (but not of consequence, because their Kings though many, are little) than in *Europe* in a Year.

To Leaders of Armies, as to very necessary Men (whose Office requires the uttermost aids of Art and Nature, and rescues the sword of Justice, when 'tis wrested from supreme Power by Commotion) I am now address'd, and must put them in mind (though not upbraidingly) how much their Mighty Predecessours were anciently oblig'd to Poets; whose Songs (recording the praises of Conduct and Valour) were esteem'd the chiefest rewards of Victory; And since Nature hath made us prone to Imitation (by which we equal the best or the worst) how much those Images of Action prevail upon our minds, which are delightfully drawn by Poets? For the greatest of the Grecian Captains have confess'd, that their Counsels have been made wise, and their Courages warm by *Homer*; and since Praise is a pleasure which God hath invited, and with which he often vouchsaf'd to be pleas'd when it was sent him by his own Poet; why is it not lawfull for virtuous men to be cherish'd, and magnify'd with hearing their Vigilance, Valour, and good Fortune (the latter being more the immediate gift of Heaven, because the effect of an unknown Cause) commended and made eternal in Poetic? But perhaps the Art of praising Armies into great and instant action, by singing their former deeds (an Art with

which the Ancients made *Empire* so large) is too subtle for modern *Leaders*; who as they cannot reach the heights of *Poësie*, must be content with a narrow space of Dominion: and narrow Dominion breeds evil, peevish, and vexatious minds, and a National self-opinion, like simple Jewish arrogance; and the Jews were extraordinarie proud in a very little Countrey: For men in contracted governments are but a kind of Prisoners; and Prisoners by long restraint grow wicked, malicious to all abroad, and foolish esteemers of themselves; as if they had wrong in not enjoying every thing which they can onely see out of Windows.

Our last application is to *States-men*, and makers of *Laws*; who may be reasonably reduc'd to one; since the second differ no more from the first, than Judges (the Copies of *Law-makers*) differ from their Originals: For Judges, like all bold Interpreters, by often altering the Text, make it quite new; and *States-men* (who differ not from *Law-makers* in the act, but in the manner of doing) make new *Laws* presumptuously without the consent of the people; but *Legislators* more civilly seem to whistle to the Beast, and stroak him into the Yoak: and in the Yoak of State, the people (with too much pampering) grow soon unruly and draw awrie; Yet *States-men* and *Judges* (whose business is Governing, and the thing to be Govern'd is the People) have amongst us (we being more proud and mistaken than any other famous Nation) look'd gravely upon *Poëtrie*, and with a negligence that betray'd a Northerly ignorance; as if they believ'd they could perform the work without it. But Poets (who with wise diligence studie the People, and have in all ages by an insensible influence govern'd their manners) may justly smile when they perceive that *Divines*, *Leaders of Armies*, *States-men* & *Judges*, think *Religion*, the *Sword*, or (which is unwritten *Law*, and a secret Confederacie of Chiefs) *Policie*, or *Law* (which is written, but seldom rightly read) can give without the help of the *Muses*, a long and quiet satisfaction in government: For *Religion* is to the wicked and faithless (who

(who are many) a jurisdiction against which they readily rebel; because it rules severely, yet promisseth no worldly recompence for obedience; obedience being by every humane Power invited with assurances of visible advantage. The good (who are but few) need not the power of Religion to make them better, the power of Religion proceeding from her threatnings, which though mean weapons, are fitly us'd, since she hath none but base Enemies. We may observe too, that all Virtuous men are so taken up with the rewards of Heaven, that they live as if out of the World; and no government receives assistance from any man merely as he is good; but as that goodness is active in temporal things.

The *Sword* is in the hand of *Justice* no guard to Government, but then when *Justice* hath an Army for her own defence; and Armies, if they were not pervertible by Faction, yet are to Common-wealths like Kings Physicians to poor Patients, who buy the cure of their disorder'd bodies at so high a rate, that they may be said to change their Sicknels for Famine. *Police* (I mean of the Living, not of the Dead; the one being the last rules or designs governing the Instant, the other those laws that began Empire) is as mortal as *Statesmen* themselves: whose incessant labours make that Hellick seaver of the mind, which insensibly dispatches the Bodie: and when we trace *Statesmen* through all the Histories of Courts, we find their Inventions so unnecessary to those that succeed at the Helm, or so much envi'd as they scarce last in authoritie till the Inventors are buried: and change of Designs in *Statesmen* (their designs being the weapons by which States are defended) grows as destructive to Government, as a continual change of various weapons into Armies; which must receive with ruin any sudden assault, when want of practice makes unactiveness. We cannot urge that the ambition of *Statesmen* (who are obnoxious to the people) doth much disorder Government; because the peoples anger, by a perpetual coming in of new Oppressours is so diverted in con-

sidering those whom their Eyes but lately left, as they have not time enough to rise for the Publick: and evil successors to power are in the troubled stream of State, like succeeding Tides in Rivers, where the Mud of the former is hidden by the filth of the last.

Laws, if very ancient, grow as doubtfull and difficult as Letters on buried Marble, which onely Antiquaries read; but if not Old, they want that reverence which is therefore paid to the virtues of Ancestors, because their crimes come not to our remembrance; and yet great men must be long dead whose ills are forgotten. If Laws be New, they must be made either by very Angels, or by Men that have some vices; and those being seen make their Virtues suspected; for the People no more esteem able men, whose defects they know, (though but errors incident to Humanitie) than an Enemy values a strong Army having experience of their Errors. And new Laws are held but the projects of necessitous Power, new Nets spread to intrangle Us; the Old being accounted too many, since most are believ'd to be made for Forfeitures: and such letting of blood (though intended by Law-makers for our health) is to the People always out of Season: for those that love life with too much Passion (and Money is the Life-blood of the People) ever fear a Consumption. But be Law-makers as able as Nature or Experience (which is the best Art) can make them; yet though I will not yield the Wicked to be wiser than the Virtuous, I may say, offences are too hard for the Laws, as some Beasts are too wily for their Hunters; and that Vice over-grows Virtue, as much as Weeds grow faster than Medicinable Herbs: or rather that Sin, like the fruitfull slime of *Nilus*, doth increase into so many various shapes of Serpents (whose walks and retreats are winding and unknown) that even *Justice*, (the painfull pursuer of Mischief) is become wearie, and amaz'd.

After these meditations, we think Government resembles a Ship, where though *Divines*, *Leaders of Armies*, *States-men*, and *Judges* are the trusted Pilots: yet it moves  
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by the means of winds, as uncertain as the breath of Opinion; and is laden with the People; a Freight much looser, and more dangerous than any other living Stowages, being as troublesome in fair weather, as Horses in a Storm. And how can these Pilots stedily maintain their course to the Land of Peace and Plentie, since they are often divided at the Helm? For *Divines* (when they consider great *Chiefs*) suppose Armies to be sent from God for a temporary Plague, not for continual Jurisdiction; and that Gods extream punishments (of which Armies be the most violent) are ordain'd to have no more lastingness than extreams in Nature. They think (when they consider *States-men*) Policie hath nothing of the Dove, and being all Serpent, is more dangerous than the dangers it pretends to prevent: and that out-witting (by falshood and corruption) adverse States, or the People (though the People be often the greater enemie and more perillous being nearest) is but giving reputation to Sin, and that to maintain the Publick by politick evils, is a base prostitution of Religion, and the prostitution of Religion is that unpardonable whordom, which so much anger'd the Prophets. They think *Law* nothing but the Bible forcibly usurp'd by covetous Lawyers, and disguis'd in a Paraphrase more obscure than the Text; and that 'tis onely want of just reverence to Religion, which doth expose us to the charges and vexations of *Law*.

The *Leaders of Armies* accuse *Divines*, for unwisely raising the War of the World by opposite Doctrine, and for being more indiscreet in thinking to appease it by persuasion; forgetting that the dispatchfull ending of War is blows; and that the natural region for Disputes, when Nations are engag'd (though by Religion) is the Field of Battle, not Schools and Academies; which they believe (by their restless controversies) less civil than Camps; as intestine Quarrel is held more barbarous than foreign War. They think *States-men* to them (unless dignifi'd with militarie Office) but mean Spies, that like *African Foxes* (who attend on *Lions*, ranging before and about for their

valiant prey) shrink back till the danger be subdu'd, and then with insatiate hunger come in for a share: Yet sometimes with the Eye of Envie (which enlarges objects like a multiplying glass) they behold these *States-men*, and think them immense as *Whales*; the motion of whose vast bodies can in a peacefull calm trouble the Ocean till it boyls. After a little hastie wonder, they consider them again with disdain of their low constraints at Court; where they must patiently endure the little follies of such small Favourites as wait even near the wisest Thrones; so fantastically weak seem Monarchs in the sickness of Care (a fever in the head) when for the humorous pleasure of Diversitie, they descend from purple Beds, and seek their ease upon the ground. These great *Leaders* say also, that *Law* moves slowly as with fetter'd feet, and is too tedious in redress of wrongs; whilst in Armies *Justice* seems to ride post, and overtakes Offenders ere the contagion of crimes can infect others: and though in Courts and Cities great men fence often with her, and with a forcive sleight put by her sword; yet when she retires to *Camps*, she is in a posture not onely to punish the offences of particular Greatness, but of injurious Nations.

*States-men* look on *Divines* as men whose long solitude and Meditations on Heaven hath made them Strangers upon Earth: and 'tis acquaintance with the World, and knowledge of Man that makes abilities of Ruling: for though it may be said that a sufficient belief of Doctrine would beget Obedience (which is the uttermost design of Governing) yet since diversitie of Doctrine doth distract all Auditors, and makes them doubtfully dispose their obedience (even towards spiritual powers, on which many would have the temporal depend) therefore *States-men* think themselves more fit to manage *Empire*, than *Divines*, whose usefulness consists in persuasion; and persuasion is the last medicine (being the most desperate) which *States-men* apply to the distemper of the People: for their distemper is madness, and madness is best cur'd with terror.



rouer and force: They think that *Leaders of Armies* are to great Empire, as great Rivers to the continent; which make an easie access of such benefits as the Metropolis (the seat of Power) would else at vast distances with difficultie reach: yet often like proud Rivers when they swell, they destroy more by once overflowing their borders at home, than they have in long time acquir'd from abroad: They are to little Empire like the Sea to low Islands, by nature a defence from Forreigners, but by accident, when they rage, a deluge to their own shores. And at all seasons *States-men* believe them more dangerous to Government than themselves: for the popularitie of *States-men* is not so frequent as that of *Generals*; or if by rare sufficiencie of Art it be gain'd; yet the force of crowds in Cities, compar'd to the validitie of men of Arms, and discipline, would appear like a great number of Sheep to a few Wolves, rather a cause of Comfort than of Terroar. They think that chief *Ministers of Law* by unskillfull integritie, or love of popularity (which shews the Mind, as meanly born as bred) so earnestly pursue the protection of the Peoples right, that they neglect publick Interest; & though the Peoples right and publick Interest be the same, yet usually by the People, the Ministers of Law mean private men, and by the other the State; and so the State and the People are divided, as we may say a man is divided within himself, when Reason and passion (and Passion is folly) dispute about consequent actions; and if we were call'd to assist at such intestine War, we must side with Reason, according to our durie, by the Law of Nature; and Natures Law, though not written in Stone (as was the Law of Religion) hath taken deep impression in the Heart of Man, which is harder than marble of Mount-Sinai.

Chief *Ministers of Law*, think, *Divines* in government should like the *Penal Statutes*, be choicely, and but seldom us'd; for as those Statutes are rigorously inquisitive after venial faults, (punishing our  
very

very manners and weak constitution, as well as insolent appetite; so Divines (that are made vehement with contemplating the dignitie of the Offended, (which is God) more than the frailtie of the Offender) govern as if men could be made Angels, ere they come to Heaven.

Great *Ministers of Law* think likewise that *Leaders of Armies* are like ill Physicians; onely fit for desperate cures, whose boldness calls in the assistance of Fortune, during the fears and troubles of Art; Yet the health they give to a distemper'd State is not more accidental, than the preservation of it is uncertain; because they often grow vain with success, and encourage a restor'd State to such hazards, as shew like irregularitie of life in other recover'd bodies; such as the cautious and ancient gravitie of *Law* dissuaded: For *Law* (whose temperate design is safetie) rather prevents by constancie of Medicine (like a continu'd Diet) diseases in the bodie politick, than depends after a permitted Sicknes upon the chance of recoverie. They think *States-men* strive to be as much Judges of *Law* as themselves; being chief Ministers of *Law*, are Judges of the People, and that even good *States-men* pervert the *Law* more than evil Judges: For *Law* was anciently meant a defensive Armour, and the People took it as from the Magazine of Justice, to keep them safe from each others violence; but *Sates-men* use it as offensive Arms, with which in forraging to get relief for Supream Power, they often wound the Publick.

Thus we have first observ'd the Four chief aids of Government, (*Religion, Arms, Policie, and Law*) defectively appli'd, and then we have found them weak by an emulous war amongst themselves: it follows next, we should introduce to strengthen those principal aids (stil making the People our direct object) some collateral help; which I will safely presume to consist in Poesie.

We have observ'd that the People since the latter time of Christian Religion, are more unquiet than in former Ages;

Ages; so disobedient and fierce, as if they would shake off the ancient imputation of being Beasts, by shewing their Masters they know their own strength: and we shall not erre by supposing that this conjunction of four-fold Power hath fail'd in the effects of authority by a mis-application; for it hath rather endeavour'd to prevail upon their bodies, than their minds; forgetting that the martial art of constraining is the best, which assaults the weaker part, and the weakest part of the people is their minds; for want of that which is the minds onely strength, *Education*; but their Bodies are strong by continual labour; for Labour is the Education of the Body. Yet when I mention the mis-application of force, I should have said, they have not onely fail'd by that, but by a main error; Because the subject on which they should work, is the Mind; and the Mind can never be constrain'd, though it may be gain'd by perswasion: And since Perswasion is the principal instrument, which can bring to fashion the brittle and mis-shapen mettall of the Mind, none are so fit to this important work as Poets; whose art is moie than any, enabled with a voluntary, and chearfull assistance of Nature; and whose operations are as restless, secret, easie and subtile, as is the influence of Planets.

I must not forget (lest I be prevented by the vigilance of the Reader) that I have profess'd not to represent the beauty of Virtue in my Poem, with hope to perswade common men; and I have said, that *Divines* have fail'd in discharging their share of Government, by depending upon the effects of perswasion; and that States-men in managing the people, rely not upon the perswasion of Divines, but upon force. In my despair of reducing the minds of Common men, I have not confest any weakness of Poesie in the general Science; but rather infer'd the particular strength of the Heroick; which hath a force that over-matches the infancy of such minds as are enabled by degrees of Education; but there are lesser forces in other kinds of Poesie, by which they may train and prepare their

their understandings; and Princes and Nobles being re-  
form'd and made Angelical by the Heroicks, will be pre-  
dominant lights, which the people cannot chuse but use for  
direction; as Glow-worms take in, and keep the Suns beamm  
till they shine, and make day to themselves.

In saying that *Divines* have vainly hop'd to continue  
the peace of Government by perswasion; I have imply'd  
such perswasions as are accompanied with threatnings, and  
seconded by force; which are the perswasions of Pulpits;  
where is presented to the obstinate, Hell after Death; and  
the civil Magistrate during life constrains such obedience  
as the Church doth ordain. But the perswasions of Poetrie,  
instead of menaces, are Harmonious and Delightfull Insi-  
tuations, and never any constraint; unless the ravishment  
of Reason, may be call'd Force. And such Force (con-  
trary to that which *Divines*, *Commanders*, *States-men* and  
*Lawyers* use) begets such obedience as is never weary or  
griev'd.

In declaring that *States-men* think not the State wholly  
secure by such manners as are bred from the perswasions of  
*Divines*, but more willingly make Government rely upon  
military force, I have neither concluded that Poets are  
unprofitable, nor that *States-men* think so; for the wis-  
dom of Poets, would first make the Images of Virtue so a-  
nimable, that her beholders should not be able to look off  
(rather gently and delightfully infusing, than inculcating  
Precepts) and then when the mind is conquer'd, like a wil-  
ling Bride, Force should so behave it self, as noble Hus-  
bands use their power; that is, by letting their Wives see  
the Dignity and Privilege of our Sex (which is the Hus-  
bands harmless conquest of Peace) continually maintain'd  
to hinder Disobedience, rather than rigorously impose Du-  
ty. But to such an easie government, neither the People  
which are subjects to Kings and States) nor Wives which  
are subject to Husbands) can peaceably yield, unless they  
are first conquer'd by Virtue; and the Conquests of Virtue  
be never easie, but where her forces are commanded by  
Poets.

It may be objected, that the education of the Peoples minds (from whence virtuous Manners are deriv'd) by the several kinds of Poësie (of which the *Dramatick* hath been in all Ages very successfull) is opposite to the receiv'd opinion, that the people ought to be continu'd in ignorance; a Maxim sounding like the little subtilty of one that is a States-man onely by Birth or Beard, and merits not his place by much thinking: For Ignorance is rude, scornful, jealous, obstinate, and proud; these being exactly the ingredients of which Disobedience is made; and Obedience proceeds from ample consideration; of which knowledge consists; and knowledge will soon put into one Scale the weight of oppression, and in the other, the heavie burden which Disobedience lays on us in the effects of civil War: & then even Tyranny will seem much lighter, when the hand of supream Power binds up our Load, and lays it artfully on us, than Disobedience (the Parent of Confusion) when we all load one another; in which every one irregularly increases his fellows burdens, to lessen his own.

Others may object that Poësie on our Stage, or the Heroick in Musick (for so the latter was anciently us'd) is prejudicial to a State; as begetting Levity, and giving the people too great a diversion by pleasure and mirth. To these (if they be worthy of satisfaction) I reply, That whoever in Government endeavours to make the people serious and grave, (which are attributes that may become the peoples *Representatives*, but not the people) doth practise a new way to enlarge the State, by making every Subject a *States-man*: and he that means to govern so mournfully (as it were, without any Musick in his Dominion) must lay but light burdens on his Subjects; or else he wants the ordinary wisdom of those, who to their Beasts, that are much loaden whistle all the day to encourage their Travel. For that supream Power which expects a firm obedience in those, who are not us'd to rejoycing, but live sadly, as if they were still preparing for the funeral of Peace, hath  
little

little skill in contriving the lastingness of Government, which is the principal work of Art; And less hath that Power consider'd Nature; as if such new austeritie did seem to tax, even her, for want of gravity, in bringing in the Spring so merrily with a musical variety of Birds; And such sullen power doth forget, that Battels (the most solemn and serious business of Death) are begun with Trumpets and Fifes; and anciently were continu'd with more diversity of Musicks. And that the Grecian Laws (Laws being the gravest endeavour of humane Councils, for the ease of Life) were long before the days of *Lycurgus* (to make them more pleasant to memory) publish'd in Verse: And that the wise *Athenians* (dividing into three Parts the publick Revenue) expended one in Plays and Shows, to divert the people from meeting to consult of their Rulers merit, and the defects of Government: And that the *Romans* had not so long continu'd their Empire, but for the same diversions, at a vaster charge.

Again it may be objected, that the Precepts of Christian Religion are sufficient towards our regulation, by appointment of manners, and towards the ease of Life, by imposing obedience; so that the moral assistance of Poesie, is but vainly intruded. To this I may answer, That as no man should suspect the sufficiency of Religion by its insuccessfulness; so if the insuccessfulness be confess'd, we shall as little disparage Religion, by bringing in more aids when 'tis in action, as a General dishonours himself by endeavouring with more of his own Forces, to make sure an attempt that hath a while miscarried: For Poesie, which (like contracted *Essences* seems the utmost strength and activity of Nature) is as all good Arts, subservient to Religion; all marching under the same Banner, though of less discipline and esteem. And as Poesie is the best Expositor of Nature (Nature being mysterious to such as use not to consider) so Nature is the best Interpreter of God; and more cannot be said of Religion. And when the Judges of Religion (which are the Chiefs of the Church) neglect

neglect the help of Moralists in reforming the people, (and Poets are of all Moralists the most usefull) they give a sentence against the Law of Nature: For Nature performs all things by correspondent aids and harmony. And 'tis injurious not to think Poets the most usefull Moralists; for as Poesie is adorn'd and sublim'd by Musick, which makes it more pleasant and acceptable; so morality is sweetned and made more amiable by Poesie. And the Austerity of some Divines may be the cause why Religion hath not more prevail'd upon the manners of Men: for great Doctors should rather comply with things that please (as the wise Apostle did with Ceremonies) than lose a Profelyte. And even Honour (taught by moral Philosophers, but more delightfully infus'd by Poets) will appear (notwithstanding the sad severity of some latter Divines) no unsafe Guid towards Piety: for it is as wary and nice as *Conscience*, though more chearfull and couragious. And however Honour be more pleasing to flesh and bloud, because in this World it finds applause; yet 'tis not so mercenarie as Piety: for Piety (being of all her expectations inwardly assur'd) expects a reward in Heaven, to which all earthly payments compar'd, are but Shaddows, and Sand.

And it appears that Poesie hath for its natural prevailings over the Understandings of Men (sometimes making her conquests with easie plainness, like Native country Beauty) been very successfull in the most grave and important occasions, that the necessities of States or Mankind have produc'd. For it may be said that *Demosthenes* sav'd the *Athenians* by the Fable or Parable of the Dogs and Wolves, in answer to King *Philip's* Proposition; And that *Menenius Agrippa* sav'd the Senate, if not *Rome*, by that of the Belly, and the Hands: and that even our Saviour was pleas'd (as the most prevalent way of Doctrine) wholly to use such kind of Parables in his converting, or saving of Souls; it being written, *without a Parable spake he not to them*. And had not the learned Apostle thought the wisdom of Poets worthy his remembrance. and instructive,

not only to Heathens, but to Christians, he had not cited *Epimenides* to the *Cretans*, as well as *Aratus* to the *Athenians*.

I cannot also be ignorant that divers (whose conscientious Melancholy amazes and discourages others Devotion) will accuse Poets as the admirers of Beauty; and Inventors, or Provokers of that which by way of aspersions they call *Love*. But such, in their first accusation seem to look carelessly and unthankfully upon the wonderful works of God; or else through low education, or age, become incomperent Judges of what is the chief of his works upon Earth. And Poets, when they praise Beauty, are at least as lawfully thankfull to God, as when they praise Seas, Woods, Rivers, or any other parts that make up a prospect of the world. Nor can it be imagin'd but that Poets in praising them, praise wholly the Maker; and so in praising Beauty: For that Woman who believes she is prais'd when her beauty is commended, may as well suppose that Poets thinks she created her self: And he that praises the inward beauty of Women, which is their Virtue, doth more perform his duty than before: for our envious silence in not approving, and so encouraging what is good, is the cause that vice is more in fashion and countenance than Virtue. But when Poets praise that which is not beauty, or the mind which is not virtuous, they erre through their mistake; or by flattery; and flattery is a crime so much prosperous in others who are companions to greatness, that it may be held in Poets rather kindness than design.

They who accuse Poets as provokers of Love, are Enemies to Nature; and all affronts to Nature are offences to God, as insolencies to all subordinate officers of the Crown are rudenesses to the King. *Love* (in the most obnoxious interpretation) is Natures Preparative to her greatest work, which is the making of *Life*. And since the leverest Divines of these latter times have not been asham'd publicly to command and define the most secret duties, and entertainments of Love in the Married; why should not Poets



Poets civilly endeavour to make a Friendship between the Guests before they meet, by teaching them to dignifie each other with the utmost of estimation. And Marriage in Mankind were as rude and unprepar'd as the hasty elections of other Creatures, but for acquaintance, and conversation before it: and that must be an acquaintance of Minds, not of bodies; and of the Mind, Poetic is the most natural and delightfull Interpreter.

When neither Religion (which is our art towards God) nor Nature (which is Gods first Law to Man; though by Man least study'd) nor when Reason (which is Nature, and made art by Experience) can by the enemies of Poetic be sufficiently urg'd against it, then some (whose forwardness will not let them quit an evil cause) plead written Authority. And though such authority be a Weapon, which even in the War of Religion, distress'd disputers take up, as their last shift; yet here we would protest against it, but that we find it makes a false defence, and leaves the Enemy more open. This Authority (which is but single too) is from *Plato*; and him some have maliciously quoted; as if in his feign'd Common-wealth he had banish'd all Poets. But *Plato* says nothing against Poets in general; and in his particular quarrel (which is to *Homer*, and *Hesiod*) only condemns such errors as we mention'd in the beginning of this *Preface*, when we look'd upon the Ancients. And those errors consist in their abasing Religion, by representing the Gods in evil proportion, and their *Heroes* with as unequal Characters; and so brought Vices into fashion, by intermixing them with the virtues of great persons. Yet even during this divine anger of *Plato*, he concludes not against Poetic, but the Poems then most in request: For these be the words of his Law: *If any Man (having ability to imitate what he pleases) imitate in his Poems both good and evil, let him be revered, as a sacred, admirable, and pleasant Person: but be it likewise known, he must have no place in our Common-wealth.* And yet before his banishment he allows him, the honour of a *Diadem*, and

*Sweet Odour to anoint his Head:* And afterwards says, *Let us make use of more profitable, though more severe; and less pleasant Poets, who can imitate that which is for the honour and benefit of the Common-wealth.* But those who make use of this just indignation of *Plato* to the unjust scandal of *Poetic*, have the common craft of False Witnesses, enlarging every circumstance, when it may hurt, and concealing all things that may defend him they oppose. For they will not remember how much the Scholar of *Plato* (who like an absolute Monarch over Arts, hath almost silenc'd his Master throughout the Schools of *Europe*) labours to make *Poesie* universally current, by giving Laws to the Science: Nor will they take notice, in what dignity it continu'd whilst the *Greeks* kept their dominion, or Language; and how much the *Romans* cherish'd even the publick repetition of *Verses*: Nor will they vouchsafe to observe (though *Juvenal* take care to record it) how gladly all *Rome* (during that exercise) ran to the voice of *Statius*.

Thus having taken measure (though hastily) of the extent of those great Professions that in Government contribute to the necessities, ease, and lawfull pleasures of Men; and finding *Poesie* as usefull now, as the Ancients found it towards perfection and happiness; I will, Sir, (unless with these Two Books you return me a discouragement) cheerfully proceed: and though a little time would make way for the Third, and make it fit for the Press, I am resolv'd rather to hazard the inconvenience which expectation breeds, (for divers with no ill satisfaction have had a taste of *Gondibert*) than endure that violent envy which assaults all Writers whilst they live; though their Papers be but fill'd with very negligent and ordinary thoughts: and therefore I delay the publication of any part of the Poem, till I can send it you from *America*; whither I now speedily prepare; having the folly to hope, that when I am in another World (though not in the common sense of dying) I shall find my Readers (even the Poets of the

the present Age ) as temperate, and benign, as we are all to the Dead, whose remote excellence cannot hinder our reputation. And now, Sir, to end with the Allegory which I have so long continu'd, I shall, (after all this busie vanitie in shewing and describing my new Building) with great quietness, being almost as weary as your self, bring you to the Back-door, that you may make no review but in my absence; and steal hastily from you, as one who is asham'd of all the trouble you have receiv'd from,

(SIR)

Your most humble, and most

affectionate Servant

From the Louvre  
in Paris, Janua-  
ry 2. 1650.

WILL. DAVENANT.

D 3

THE

THE  
ANSWER  
OF  
Mr. HOBBS  
TO  
S<sup>r</sup>. WILL. D'AVENANT'S  
PREFACE  
before GONDIBERT.

S<sup>r</sup>. I R,

**I**F to commend your Poem, I should onely say ( in general Terms) that in the choice of your Argument, the disposition of the parts, the maintenance of the Characters of your Persons, the dignitie and vigour of your expression, you have performed all the parts of various experience, readie memorie, clear judgement, swift and well govern'd fancie, though it were enough for the truth, it were too little for the weight and credit of my testimonie. For I lie open to two Exceptions, one of an incompetent, the other of a corrupted Witness. Incompetent, because I am not a Poet; and corrupted with the Honour done me by your Preface. The former obliges me to say something (by the way) of the Nature and Differences of Poesie.

As Philosophers have divided the Universe ( their subject) into three Regions, *Celestial*, *Aërial*, and *Terrestrial*; so the Poets, ( whose work it is by imitating humane life, in delightfull and measur'd lines, to avert men from vice, and incline them to virtuous and honourable actions) have lodg'd themselves in the three Regions of mankind, *Court*, *Citie*,

*Citie*, and *Country*, correspondent in some proportion, to those three Regions of the World. For there is in Princes, and men of conspicuous power (anciently call'd *Heroes*) a lustre and influence upon the rest of men, resembling that of the Heavens, and an insincereness, inconstancie, and troublesome humour of those that dwell in populous Cities, like the mobilitie, blustering, and impuritie of the Air, and a plainness, and (though dul) yet a nutritive facultie in rural people, that endures a comparison with the Earth they labour.

From hence have proceeded three sorts of Poesie, *Heroique*, *Scommatique*, and *Pastoral*. Every one of these is distinguished again in the manner of *Representation*, which sometimes is *Narrative*, wherein the Poet himself relateth; and sometimes *Dramatique*, as when the persons are every one adorned and brought upon the Theatre, to speak and act their own parts. There is therefore neither more nor less than six sorts of Poesie. For the *Heroique Poem Narrative* (such as is yours) is call'd *Epique Poem*; The *Heroique Poem Dramatique*, is *Tragedie*. The *Scommatique Narrative*, is *Satyre*; *Dramatique* is *Comedie*. The *Pastoral Narrative*, is called simply *Pastoral* (anciently *Bucolique*) the same *Dramatique*, *Pastoral Comedie*. The Figure therefore of an *Epique Poem*, and of a *Tragedie*, ought to be the same, for they differ no more but in that they are pronounced by one, or many persons. Which I insert to justify the figure of yours, consisting of five books divided into Songs, or Cantoes, as five Acts divided into Scenes has ever been the approved figure of a *Tragedie*.

They that take [for Poesie whatsoever is writ in Verse, will think this Division imperfect, and call in Sonets, Epigrams, Eclogues, and the like pieces (which are but *Epilayes*, and parts of an entire Poem) and reckon *Empedocles* and *Lucretius* (natural Philosophers) for Poets, and the moral precepts of *Phocylides Theognis*, and the Quatrains of *Pyrrach*, and the Historie of *Lucan*, and others of that kind amongst Poems; bestowing on such Writers for honour,

the name of Poets, rather than of Historians, or Philosophers. But the subject of a Poem, is the manners of men, not natural causes; manners presented, not dictated; and manners feigned (as the name of Poësie imports) not found in men. They that give enterance to Fictions writ in Prose, erre not so much, but they erre: For Prose requiteth delightfulness, not onely of fiction, but of stile; in which if Prose contend with Verse, it is with disadvantage and (as it were) on foot against the strength and wings of *Pegasus*.

For Verse amongst the *Greeks* was appropriated anciently to the service of their Gods, and was the Holy stile; the stile of the Oracles; the stile of the Laws; and the stile of Men that publicly recommended to their Gods, the vows and thanks of the people; which was done in their holy songs called Hymns; and the composers of them were called Prophets and Priests before the name of Poet was known. When afterwards the majestie of that stile was observed, The Poets chose it as best becoming their high invention. And for the Antiquitie of Verse, it is greater than the antiquitie of Letters. For it is certain, *Cadmus* was the first that (from *Phanicia*, a Countrey that neighboureth *Judea*) brought the use of Letters into *Greece*. But the service of the Gods, and the Laws (which by measured Sounds were easily committed to the memorie) had been long time in use, before the arrival of *Cadmus* there.

There is besides the grace of stile, another cause why the ancient Poets chose to write in measured language, which is this. There Poems were made at first with intention to have them sung, as well Epick as Dramatick (which custom hath been long time laid aside, but began to be revived in part, of late years in *Italie*) and could not be made commensurable to the Voice or Instruments, in Prose; the ways and motions whereof are so uncertain and undistinguished, (like the way and motion of a Ship in the Sea) as not onely to discompose the best Composers, but also to disapoint sometimes the most attentive Reader, and put him to hunt counter for the sense. It was therefore  
necessarie

necessary for Poets in those times, to write in Verse.

The Verse which the *Greeks*, and *Latines* (considering the nature of their own languages) found by experience most grave, and for an Epique Poem most decent, was their *Hexameter*; a Verse limited, not onely in the length of the line, but also in the quantitie of the syllables. In stead of which we use the line of ten Syllables, recompensing the neglect of their quantitie, with the diligence of Rime. And this measure is so proper for an Heroique Poem, as without some loss of gravitie and dignitie, it was never changed. A longer is not far from ill Prose, and a shorter, is a kind of whisking (you know) like the unlacing, rather than the singing of a Muse. In an Epigram or a Sonnet, a man may vary his measures, and seek glorie from a needles difficultie, as he that contrived Verses into the form of an Organ, a Hatchet, an Egg, an Altar, and a pair of Wings; but in so great and noble a work as is an Epique Poem, for a man to obstruct his own way with unprofitable difficulties, is great imprudence. So likewise to chuse a needles and difficult correspondence of Rime, is but a difficult toy, and forces a man sometimes for the stopping of a chink, to say somewhat he did never think; I cannot therefore but very much approve your *Stanza*, where in the syllables in every Verse are ten, and the Rime Alternate.

For the choice of your Subject, you have sufficiently justified your self in your Preface. But because I have observed in *Virgil*, that the Honour done to *Annus* and his companions, has so bright a reflection upon *Augustus Caesar*, and other great *Romans* of that time, as a man may suspect him not constantly possessed with the noble spirit of those his *Heroes*, and believe you are not acquainted with any great man of the race of *Gondibert*, I adde to your Justification the puritie of your purpose, in having no other motive of your labour, but to adorn Virtue, and procure her Lovers; than which there cannot be a worthier design, and more becoming noble Poetrie.

In

In that you make so small account of the example of almost all the approved Poets, ancient and modern; who thought fit in the beginning, and sometimes also in the progress of their Poems, to invoke a Muse, or some other Deitie, that should dictate to them, or assist them in their writings; they that take not the laws of Art, from any reason of their own, but from the fashion of precedent times, will perhaps accuse your singularity. For my part, I neither subscribe to their accusation, nor yet condemn that Heathen custom, otherwise than as accessarie to their false Religion. For their Poets were their Divines; had the name of Prophets, Exercised amongst the People a kind of spiritual Authoritie; would be thought to speak by a Divine spirit; have their works which they writ in Verse (the Divine stile) pass for the Word of God, and not of man; and to be hearkened to with reverence. Do not our Divines (excepting the stile) do the same, and by us that are of the same Religion cannot justly be reprehended for it? Besides, in the use of the spiritual calling of Divines, there is danger sometimes to be feared, from want of skill, such as is reported of unskilfull Conjurers, that mistaking the rites and ceremonious points of their art, call up such spirits, as they cannot at their pleasure allay again, by whom storms are raised that overthrow buildings, and are the cause of miserable wracks at Sea. Unskilfull Divines do oftentimes the like; For when they call unseasonably for Zeal, there appears a spirit of Cruelty; and by the like error instead of Truth, they raise Discord; instead of Wisdom, Fraud; instead of Reformation, Tumult; and Controversie instead of Religion. Whereas in the Heathen Poets, at least in those whose works have lasted to the time we are in, there are none of those indiscretions to be found, that tended to subversion, or disturbance of the Commonwealths wherein they lived. But why a Christian should think it an ornament to his Poem; either to profane the true God, or invoke a false one, I can imagin no cause, but a reasonless imitation of Custom, of a foolish custom;

by



by which a man enabled to speak wisely from the principles of nature, and his own meditation, loves rather to be thought to speak by inspiration, like a Bag-pipe.

Time and Education begets Experience; Experience begets Memories; Memories begets Judgement, and Fancie; Judgement begets the Strength and Structure; and Fancie begets the Ornaments of a Poem. The Ancients therefore fabled not absurdly, in making Memory the Mother of the Muses. For Memory is the World (though not really, yet so as in a Looking-glass) in which the Judgement, the severer Sister busieth her self in a grave and rigid examination of all the parts of Nature, and in registering by Letters their order, causes, uses, differences, and resemblances; Whereby the Fancie, when any work of Art is to be performed, finding her materials at hand and prepared for use, and needs no more than a swift motion over them, that what she wants, and is there to be had, may not lie too long unespied. So that when she seemeth to fly from one *Indies* to the other, and from Heaven to Earth, and to penetrate into the hardest matter, and obscurest places, into the future, and into her self, and all this in a point of time, the voyage is not very great, her self being all she seeks; and her wonderfull celeritie, consisteth not so much in motion, as in copious Imagery discreetly ordered, and perfectly registered in the Memory; which most men under the name of Philosophie have a glimpse of, and is pretended to by many that grossly mistaking her, embrace contention in her place. But so far forth as the Fancie of man, has traced the ways of true Philosophie, so far it hath produced very marvellous effects to the benefit of mankind. All that is beautifull or defensible in building, or marvellous in Engines and Instruments of motion; whatsoever commoditie men receive from the observations of the Heavens, from the description of the Earth, from the account of Time, from walking on the Seas; and whatsoever distinguisheth the Civilitie of *Europe*, from the Barbaritie of the *American* savages

savages, is the workmanship of Fancy, but guided by the Precepts of true Philosophie. But where these precepts fail, as they have hitherto failed in the doctrine of moral Virtue, there the Architect (*Fancy*) must take the Philosophers part upon her self. He therefore that undertakes an Heroick Poem (which is to exhibit a venerable and amiable Image of Heroick virtue) must not onely be the Poet, to place and connect, but also the Philosopher, to furnish and square his matter; that is, to make both Body and Soul, colour and shadow of his Poem out of his own Store: Which, how well you have performed I am now considering.

Observing how few the persons be you introduce in the beginning, and how in the course of the actions of these (the number increasing) after several confluences, they run all at last into the two principal streams of your Poem, *Gondibert* and *Oswald*, me thinks the Fable is not much unlike the Theater. For so, from several and far distant Sources, do the lesser Brooks of *Lombardy*, flowing into one another, fall all at last into the two main Rivers, the *Po* and the *Adige*. It hath the same resemblance also with a mans veins, which proceeding from different parts, after the like concurrence, insert themselves at last into the two principal veins of the body. But when I considered that also the actions of men, which singly are inconsiderable, after many junctures, grow at last either into one great protecting power, or into destroying factions, I could not but approve the structure of your Poem, which ought to be no other than such, as an imitation of humane life requireth.

In the Streams themselves I find nothing but settled Valour, clean Honour, calm Counsel, learned Diversion, and pure Love: save onely a torrent or two of Ambition, which (though a fault) has somewhat Heroick in it, and therefore must have place in an Heroick Poem. To shew the Reader in what place he shall find every excellent picture

of

of Virtue you have drawn, is too long. And to shew him one, is to prejudice the rest; yet I cannot forbear to point him to the Description of Love in the person of *Biriba*, in the seventh *Canto* of the second Book. There has nothing been said of that Subject neither by the Ancient nor Modern Poets comparable to it. Poets are painters: I would fain see another painter draw so true, perfect and natural a Love to the Life, and make use of nothing but pure Lines, without the help of any the least uncomely shadow, as you have done. But let it be read as a piece by it self, for in the almost equal height of the whole, the eminence of parts is Lost.

There are some that are not pleased with fiction, unless it be bold; not onely to exceed the *work*, but also the *possibility* of Nature: they would have impenetrable Armours, Inchaned Castles, Invulnerable Bodies, Iron Men, Flying Horses, and a thousand other such things, which are easily feigned by them that dare. Against such I defend you (without assenting to those that condemn either *Homer* or *Virgil*) by dissenting onely from those that think the Beauty of a Poem consisteth in the exorbitancy of the fiction. For as truth is the bound of Historical, so the Resemblance of truth is the utmost limit of Poetical Liberty. In old time amongst the Heathen such strange fictions, and Metamorphoses, were not so remote from the Articles of their Faith, as they are now from ours, and therefore were not so unpleasant. Beyond the actual works of Nature a Poet may now go; but beyond the conceived possibility of Nature, never. I can allow a Geographer to make in the Sea, a Fish or a Ship, which by the scale of his Map would be two or three hundred mile long, and think it done for ornament, because it is done without the precincts of his undertaking; but when he paints an *Elephant* so, I presently apprehend it as ignorance, and a plain confession of *Terra incognita*.

As the description of Great Men and Great Actions, is the constant design of a Poet; so the descriptions of worthy cir-

circumstances are necessary accessions to a Poem, and being well performed, are the Jewels and most precious ornaments of Poësie. Such in *Virgil* are the Funeral games of *Anchises*, The duel of *Aeneas* and *Turnus*, &c. and such in yours are *The Hunting*, *The Battel*, *The Cuius Mourning*, *The Funeral*, *The House of Atragon*, *The Library and the Temple*, equal to his, or those of *Homer* whom he imitated.

There remains now no more to be considered but the Expression, in which consisteth the countenance and colour of a beautifull Muse; and is given her by the Poet out of his own provision, or is borrowed from others. That which he hath of his own, is nothing but experience and knowledge of Nature; and specially humane nature; and is the true and natural Colour. But that which is taken out of Books (the ordinary boxes of Counterfeit Complexion) shews well or ill, as it hath more or less resemblance with the natural, and are not to be used (without examination) unadvisedly. For in him that professes the imitation of Nature (as all Poets do) what greater fault can there be, than to bewray an ignorance of Nature in his Poem; especially having a liberty allowed him, if he meet with any thing he cannot master, to leave it out?

That which giveth a Poem the true and natural Colour consisteth in two things, which are; *To know well*, that is, to have images of Nature in the memory distinct and clear; and *To know much*. A sign of the first is perspicuity, property, and decency, which delight all sorts of men, either by instructing the ignorant, or soothing the learned in their knowledge. A sign of the latter is novelty of expression, and pleaseth by excitation of the mind; for novelty causeth admiration, and admiration curiosity, which is a delightful appetite of knowledge.

There be so many words in use at this day in the English Tongue, that, though of magnifick sound, yet (like the windy blisters of a troubled water) have no sense at all; and so many others that lose their meaning, by being ill coupled, that it is a hard matter to avoid them; for ha-

ving

ving been obtruded upon youth in the Schools ( by such as make it, I think, their business there ( as 'tis exprest by the best Poet )

Gondi- *With terms to charm the weak and pose the wist,*  
bert.Lib. they grow up with them, and gaining reputati-  
1.Cant.5 on with the ignorant, are not easily shaken off.

To this palpable darkness, I may also adde the ambitious obscurity of expressing more than is perfectly conceived; or perfect conception in fewer words than it requires. Which Expressions, though they have had the honour to be called strong lines, are indeed no better than Riddles, and not onely to the Reader, but also (after a little time) to the Writer himself dark and troublesome.

To the property of Expression I referre, that clearness of memory, by which a Poet when he hath once introduced any person whatsoever, speaking in his Poem, maintaineth in him to the end the same character he gave him in the beginning. The variation whereof, is a change of pace, that argues the Poet tired.

Of the Indecencies of an Heroick Poem, the most remarkable are those that shew disproportion either between the persons and their actions, or between the manners of the Poet and the Poem. Of the first kind, is the uncomeliness of representing in great persons the inhumane vice of Cruelty, or the sordid vice of Lust and Drunkenness. To such parts as those the ancient approved Poets, thought it fit to suborn, nor the persons of men, but of monsters and beastly Giants, such as *Polyphemus*, *Cacus*, and the *Centaur*s. For it is supposed a Muse, when she is invoked to sing a song of that nature, should maidenly advise the Poet, to let such persons to sing their own vices upon the Stage; for it is not so unseemly in a *Tragedy*. Of the same kind it is to represent scurrility, or any action or language that moveth much laughter. The delight of an *Epique* Poem consisteth not in mirth, but admiration. Mirth and Laughter is proper to *Comedie* and *Satyre*. Great persons that have their minds employed on great designs, have not  
leisure

leasure enough to laugh, and are pleased with the contemplation of their own power and virtues, so as they need not the infirmities and vices of other men, to recommend themselves to their own favour by comparison, as all men do when they laugh. Of the second kind, where the disproportion is between the Poet, and the persons of his Poem, one is in the Dialect of the Inferiour sort of people, which is always different from the language of the Court. Another is to derive the Illustration of any thing, from such Metaphors or Comparisons as cannot come into mens thoughts, but by mean conversation, and experience of humble or evil Arts, which the person of an *Epique* Poem, cannot be thought acquainted with.

From *Knowing much*, proceedeth the admirable variety and novelty of Metaphors and Similitudes, which are not possible to be lighted on, in the compass of a narrow knowledge. And the want whereof compelleth a Writer to expressions that are either defac'd by time, or sullied with vulgar or long use. For the phrases of Poetrie, as the airs of musick with often hearing become insipide, the Reader having no more sense of their force, than our Flesh is sensible of the bones that sustain it. As the sense we have of bodies, consisteth in change and variety of impression, so also does the sense of language in the variety and changeable use of words. I mean not in the affectation of words newly brought home from travel, but in new (and withal significant) translation to our purposes, of those that be already received; and in far fetcht (but withal apt, instructive and comly) similitudes.

Having thus (I hope) avoided the first Exception, against the incompetency of my Judgement, I am but little moved with the second, which is of being bribed by the honour you have done me, by attributing in your Preface somewhat to my Judgement. For I have used your Judgement no less in many things of mine, which coming to light will thereby appear the better. And so you have your bribe again.

Having

Having thus made way for the admission of my Testimony, I give it briefly thus ; I never yet saw Poem, that had so much Shape of Art, health of Morality, and vigour and beauty of Expression, as this of yours. And but for the clamour of the multitude, that hide their Envy of the present, under a Reverence of Antiquity, I should say further, that it would last as long as either the *Aeneid*, or *Iliad*, but for one Disadvantage, and the Disadvantage is this : The languages of the *Greeks* and *Romans* (by their Colonies and Conquests) have put off flesh and blood, and are become immutable, which none of the modern tongues are like to be. I honour Antiquity, but that which is commonly called *Old time*, is *Young time*. The glory of Antiquity is due, not to the Dead, but to the Aged.

And now, whilst I think on't, give me leave with a short discord to sweeten the Harmony of the approaching close. I have nothing to object against your Poem ; but dissent onely from something in your Preface, founding to the prejudice of Age. 'Tis commonly said, that old Age is a return to childhood. Which me thinks you insist on so long, as if you desired it should be believed. That is the note I mean to shake a little. That saying, meant onely of the weakness of body, was wrested to the weakness of mind, by froward children, weary of the controulment of their parents, masters, and other admonitions. Secondly, the dotage and childishness they ascribe to Age, is never the effect of Time, but sometimes of the excesses of youth, and not a returning to, but a continual stay with childhood. For they that wanting the curiosity of furnishing their memories with the rarities of Nature in their youth, and pass their time in making provision onely for their ease, and sensual delight, are children still, at what years soever ; as they that coming into a populous Citie, never going out of their Inn, are strangers still, how long soever they have been there. Thirdly, there is no reason for any man to think himself wiser to day than yesterday,

Monday, which does not equally convince he shall be wiser to-morrow than to-day.

Fourthly, you will be forced to change your opinion hereafter when you are old; and in the mean time you discredit all I have said before in your commendation, because I am old already. But no more of this.

I believe (Sir) you have seen a curious kind of perspective, where, he that looks through a short hollow pipe, upon a picture containing divers figures, sees none of those that are there painted, but some one person made up of their parts; conveyed to the eye by the artificial cutting of a glass. I find in my imagination an effect not unlike it from your Poem. The virtues you distribute there amongst so many noble persons, represent (in the reading) the image but of one mans virtue to my fancy, which is your own; and that so deeply imprinted, as to stay for ever there, and govern all the rest of my thoughts and affections, in the way of honouring and serving you, to the utmost of my power, that am

(SIR)

*Your most humble and  
obedient Servant,*

Paris, January  
10. 1630.

**THO. HOBS.**

**TO**



TO  
**S<sup>r</sup> WILL. D'AVENANT,**  
 Upon his two first Books of  
**GONDIBERT,**  
*Finish'd before his Voyage to*  
**A M E R I C A.**

**T**HUS the wise Nightingale that leaves her home;  
 Her native Wood, when Storms and Winter come;  
 Pursuing constantly the cheerfull Spring  
 To forreign Groves does her old Musick bring:

The drooping Hebrews banish'd Harps upstrung  
 At Babylon, upon the willows hung;  
 Yours sounds aloud, and tells us you excell  
 No less in Courage, than in Singing well;  
 Whilst unconcern'd you let your Countrey know;  
 They have improv'ish'd themselves, not you;  
 Who with the Muses help can mock those Fates  
 Which threaten Kingdoms, and disorder States.

So Ovid, when from Cæsar's rage he fled,  
 The Roman Muse to Pontus with him led;  
 Where he so sung, that we through Pities Glasse;  
 See Nero milder than Augustus was.  
 Hereafter such in thy behalf shall be  
 Th'indulgent censure of Posteritie.  
 To banish those who with such art can sing,  
 Is a rude crime which its own Curse does bring:  
 Ages to come shall ne'r know how they fought,  
 Nor how to Love their present Youth be taught.

**This is thy self.** Now to thy matchless Book,  
Wherein those few that can with Judgement look,  
May find old Love in pure fresh Language told,  
Like new stamp'd Coyn made out of Angel-gold.  
Such truth or Love as th' antique world did know,  
In such a style as Courts may boast of now.  
Which no bold tales of Gods or Monsters swell,  
But humane Passions, such as with us dwell.  
Man is thy theme, his Virtue or his Rage  
Drawn to the life in each elaborate Page.  
Mars nor Bellona are not named here;  
But such a Gondibert as both might fear.  
Venus had here, and Hebe been out-shin'd  
By thy bright Birtha, and thy Rhodalind.  
Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds  
Betwixt thy Worthies and the Grecian Gods.  
Whose Deities in vain had here come down,  
Where Mortal Beautie wears the Sovereign Crown;  
Such as of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood  
(Though not resisted) may be understood.

ED. WALLER.

TO



T O  
S<sup>r</sup> WIL. D'AVENANT,  
*Upon his two first Books of*  
GONDIBERT,  
*Finish'd before his Voyage to*  
AMERICA.

**M**E thinks Heroick Poesie till now,  
Like some fantastick Fairy-land did show;  
Gods, Devils, Nymphs, Witches, and Giants race,  
And all but Man, in Mans best work had place.  
Thou like some worthy Knight, with sacred Arms  
Dost drive the Monsters thence, and end the Charms:  
In stead of those, dost Men and Manners plant,  
The things which that rich Soyl did chiefly want.  
But even thy Mortals do their Gods excell,  
Taught by thy Muse to Fight and Love so well.

By farat hands whilest present Empires fall,  
Thine from the grave past Monarchies recal.  
So much more thanks from humane kind does merit  
The Poets fury, than the Zelots Spirit.  
And from the grave thou mak'st this Empire rise,  
Not like some dreadfull Ghost t'affright our Eyes,  
But with more beauty and triumphant state,  
Than when it crown'd at proud Verona sate.  
So will our God re-build Mans perish'd frame,  
And raise him up much better, yet the same:

So God-like Poets do past things rehearse,  
Not change, but heighten Nature with their Verse,  
With shame me thinks great Italie must see  
Her Conquerors call'd to life again by thee;  
Call'd by such powerfull Arts, that ancient Rome  
May blush no less to see her Wit overcome.  
Some men their Fancies like their Faiths derive;  
And count all ill but that which Rome does give;  
The marks of Old and Catholick would find;  
To the same Chair would Truth and Fiction bind.  
Thou in these beaten paths disdain'st to tread,  
And scorn'st to live by robbing of the Dead.  
Since Time does all things change, thou think'st not fit  
This latter Age should see all new, but Wit.  
Thy Fancie, like a Flame, her way does make,  
And leaves bright tracks for following Pens to take.  
Sure 'twas this noble boldness of the Muse  
Did thy desire, to seek new Worlds, infuse;  
And ne'r did Heaven so much a Voyage bless,  
If thou canst Plant but there with like success.

AB. COWLEY.

GON.



# GONDIBERT.

## The First Book.

### CANTO the First.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

Old ARIBERT'S great race, and greater mind  
Is sung, with the renown of RHODALIND,  
Prince OSWALD is compar'd to GONDIBERT,  
And justly each distinguish'd by desert:  
whose Armies are in Fame's fair Field drawn forth,  
To shew by discipline their Leaders worth.

**O**F all the Lombards, by their Trophies known,  
Who fought Fame soon, and had her favour long;  
King Aribert best seem'd to fill the Throne,  
And bred most bus'ness for Heroick Song.

2.  
From early Childhoods promising estate,  
Up to performing Manhood, till he grew  
To failing Age, he Agent was to Fate,  
And did to Nations Peace or War renew.

3.  
War was his studi'd Art, War, which the bad  
Condemn, because even then it does them awe  
When with their number lin'd, and purple clad,  
And to the good more needfull is than Law.

4.  
To conquer Tumult, Nature's suddain force,  
War, Arts delib'rate strength, was first devis'd;  
Cruel to those whose rage has no remorse,  
Lest civil pow'r should be by Throngs surpris'd.

5.  
The feeble Law rescues but doubtfully  
From the Oppressours single Arm our right;  
Till to its pow'r the wise wars help apply;  
Which soberly does Mans loose rage unite.

6.  
Yet since on all War never needfull was,  
Wise *Aribert* did keep the People sure  
By Laws from lesser dangers; for the Laws  
Them from themselves, and not from pow'r secure.

7.  
Else Conquerours, by making Laws, orecome  
Their own gain'd pow'r, and leave mens furie free;  
Who growing deaf to pow'r, the Laws grow dumb;  
Sinte none can plead where all may Judges be.

8.  
Prais'd was this King for war, the Laws broad shield;  
And for acknowledg'd Laws, the art of Peace;  
Happy in all which Heav'n to Kings does yield,  
But a successour when his cares shall cease.

9.  
For no Male Pledge, to give a lustie name,  
Sprung from his bed, yet Heav'n to him allow'd  
One of the gentler sex, whose Storie Fame  
Has made my Song, to make the *Lombards* proud.

10.  
Recorded *Rhodolind*! whose high renown  
Who miss in Books, not luckily have read;  
Or vex'd by living beauties of their own  
Have shunn'd the wise Records of Lovers dead.

11.

Her Fathers prosp'rous Palace was the Sphear  
Where she to all with Heav'nly order mov'd;  
Made rigid virtue so benign appear,  
That 'twas without Religion's help below'd.

12.

Her looks like Empire shew'd, great above pride;  
Since pride ill counterfeits excessive height;  
But Nature publish'd what she fain would hide;  
Who for her deeds, not beantie, lov'd the light.

13.

To make her lowly minds appearance less,  
She us'd some outward greatness for disguise;  
Esteem'd as pride the Cloist'ral lowliness,  
And thought them proud who even the proud despise.

14.

Her Father (in the winter of his age)  
Was like that stormie season grow'd grown;  
Whom so her springs fresh presence did assuage,  
That he her sweetness tasted as his own.

15.

The pow'r that with his stooping age declin'd,  
In her transplanted, by remove increas'd;  
Which doubly back in homage she resign'd;  
Till pow'rs decay, the Thrones worst sickness, ceas'd.

16.

Oppressours big with pride, when she appear'd  
Blush'd, and believ'd their greatness counterfeits;  
The lowly thought they them in vain had fear'd;  
Found virtue harmless, and nought else so great.

17.

Her mind (scarce to her feeble sex of kin)  
Did as her birth, her right to Empire show;  
Seem'd careless outward when employ'd within;  
Her speech, like lovers watch'd, was kind and low.

18.

She shew'd that her soft sex contains strong minds,  
 Such as evap'rates through the courser Male,  
 As through coarse stone Elizar passage finds,  
 Which scarce through finer Chrystal can exhale.

19.

Her beantie (not her own but Nature's pride)  
 Should I describe; from every Lovers eye  
 All Beauties this original must hide,  
 Or like scorn'd Copies be themselves laid by

20.

Be by their Poets Shunn'd, whom beantie feeds,  
 Who beantie like hy'd witnessles protest,  
 Officiously averring more than needs,  
 And make us so the needfull truth suspect,

21.

And since fond Lovers (who disciples be  
 To Poets) think in their own loves they find  
 More beantie than yet Time did ever see,  
 Time's Curtain I will draw ore Rhodolind,

22.

Left shewing her, each see how much he errs,  
 Doubt since their own have left, that they have none;  
 Believe their Poets perjur'd Flatterers,  
 And then all Modern Maids would be undone.

23.

In pitie that, her beatty's just renown  
 I wave for publick Peace, and will declare  
 To whom the King design'd her with his Crown;  
 Which is his last and most unquiet care.

24.

If in alliance he does greatness prize,  
 His Mind grown wearie, need not travel far;  
 If greatness be compos'd of Victories,  
 He has at home many that Victors are.



an Heroick Poem.

3

25.  
Many whom blest success did often grace  
In Fields where they have seeds of Empire sown;  
And hope to make, since born of princely race,  
Even her (the harvest of those toyls) their own.

26.  
And of those Victors Two are chiefly fam'd,  
To whom the rest their proudest hopes resign;  
Though young, were in their Fathers batrels nam'd,  
And both are of the Lombards-Royal Line.

27.  
Oswald the great, and greater Gondibert!  
Both from successfull conqu'ring Fathers sprang;  
Whom both examples made of War's high art,  
And far out-wrought their patterns being young.

28.  
Yet for full fame (as Trine Fam's Judge reports)  
Much to Duke Gondibert Prince Oswald yields;  
Was less in mightie mysteries of Courts,  
In peacefull Cities, and in fighting Fields.

29.  
In Court Prince Oswald costly was and gay,  
Finer than near vain Kings their Fav'rites are;  
Out-shin'd bright Fav'rites on their Nuptial day,  
Yet were his Eyes dark with ambitious care.

30.  
Duke Gondibert was still more gravely dled,  
But yet his looks familiar were and clear;  
As if with ill to others never sed,  
Nor tow'rd himself could others practise fear.

31.  
The Prince, could Porpoise-like in Tempests play,  
And in Court-storms on ship-wrack'd Greatness feed;  
Not frighted with their fate when cast away,  
But to their glorious hazzards durst succeed.

<sup>32.</sup>  
 The Duke would lasting calms to Courts assure,  
 As pleasant Gardens we defend from winds;  
 For he who bus'ness would from Storms procure,  
 Soon his affairs above his mannage finds.

<sup>33.</sup>  
*Oswald* in Throngs the abject People sought  
 With humble looks; who still too late will know  
 They are Ambitions Quarrie, and soon caught  
 When the aspiring Eagle stoops so low.

<sup>34.</sup>  
 The Duke did these by stedic Virtue gain;  
 Which they in action more than precept tast;  
 Deeds shew the Good, and those who goodness feign  
 By such even through their vizards are out-fac't.

<sup>35.</sup>  
*Oswald* in war was worthily renown'd;  
 Though gay in Courts, courly in Camps could live;  
 Judg'd danger soon, and first was in it found;  
 Could toil to gain what he with ease did give.

<sup>36.</sup>  
 Yet toils and dangers through ambition lov'd;  
 Which does in war the name of Virtue own;  
 But quits that name when from the war remov'd,  
 As Rivers theirs when from their Channels gon.

<sup>37.</sup>  
 The Duke (as restless as his fame in war)  
 With martial toil could *Oswald* wearie make;  
 And calmly do what he with rage did dare,  
 And give so much as he might deign to take.

<sup>38.</sup>  
 Him as their Founder Cities did adore;  
 The Court he knew to steer in storms of State;  
 In Field a Batrel lost he could restore,  
 And after force the Victors to their Fate.

39.

In Camps now chiefly liv'd, where he did aim  
At graver glory than Ambition breeds;  
Designs that yet this story must not name,  
Which with our *Lombard* Authours pace proceeds.

40.

The King adopts this Duke in secret thought  
To wed the Nations wealth, his onely child,  
Whom *Oswald* as reward of merit sought,  
With Hope, Ambition's common bait, beguild.

41.

This as his souls chief secret was unknown,  
Left *Oswald* that his proudest Army led  
Should force possession ere his hopes were gone,  
Who could not rest but in the royal bed.

42.

The Duke discern'd not that the King design'd  
To chuse him Heir of all his victories;  
Nor guess'd that for his love fair *Rhodolind*  
Made sleep of late a stranger to her Eyes.

43.

Yet sadly it is sung that she in shades,  
Mildly as mourning Doves love's sorrows felt;  
Whilst in her secret tears her freshness fades  
As Roses silently in *Lymbecks* melt.

44.

But who could know her love, whose jealous shame  
Deny'd her Eyes the knowledge of her glass;  
Who blushing thought Nature her self too blame  
By whom Men guess of Maids more than the face.

45.

Yet judge not that this Duke (though from his sight  
With Maids first fears she did her passion hide)  
Did need love's flame for his directing light,  
But rather wants Ambition for his Guide.

46.

Love's fire he carry'd, but no more in view  
 Than vital heat which kept his heart still warm;  
 This Maids in *Oswald* as love's Beacon knew;  
 The publick flame to bid them flie from harm.

47.

Yet since this Duke could love, we may admire  
 Why love ne'r rais'd his thoughts to *Rhodolind*;  
 But those forget that earthly flames aspire,  
 Whilst Heavenly beams; which purer are, descend.

48.

As yet to none could he peculiar prove,  
 But like an universal Influence  
 (For such and so sufficient was his love)  
 To all the Sex he did his heart dispence.

49.

But *Oswald* never knew love's ancient Laws,  
 The aw that Beauty does in lovers breed,  
 Those short-breath'd fears and paleness it does cause  
 When in a doubtfull Brow their doom they read.

50.

Not *Rhodolind* (whom then all Men as one  
 Did celebrate, as with confed'rate Eyes)  
 Could he affect but shining in her Throne;  
 Blindly a Throne did more than beauty prize.

51.

He by his Sister did his hopes prefer;  
 A beauteous pleader who victorious was  
 O're *Rhodolind*, and could subdue her Ear  
 In all requests but this unpleasant cause.

52.

*Gartha*, whose bolder beauty was in strength  
 And fulness plac'd, but such as all must like;  
 Her spreading stature tallness was, not length,  
 And whilst sharp beauties pierce, hers seem'd to strike.  
 Such

*an Heroick Poem.*

9

53.  
Such goodly presence ancient Poets grace,  
Whose songs the worlds first manliness declare;  
To Princes Beds teach carefulness of Race;  
Which now store Courts, that us'd to store the war.

54.  
Such was the palace of her Mind, a Prince  
Who proudly there, and still unquiescive lives;  
And sleep (domestick ev'ry where) from thence,  
To make Ambition room, unwisely drives.

55.  
Of manly force was this her watchfull mind,  
And fit in Empire to direct and sway;  
If she the temper had of *Rhadalind*,  
Who knew that Gold is currant with alloy.

56.  
As Kings (oft slaves to others hopes and skill)  
Are urg'd to war to load their slaves with spoils;  
So *Oswald* was push'd up Ambition's hill,  
And so some urg'd the Duke to martial toils.

57.  
And these who for their own great cause so high  
Would lift their Lords Two prosp'rous Armies, are  
Return'd from far to fruitfull *Lombardy*,  
And paid with rest, the best reward of War.

58.  
The old near *Brescia* lay, scarce warm'd with Tents;  
For though from danger safe, yet Armies then  
Their posture kept 'gainst warring Elements,  
And hardoes learn'd against more warring Men.

59.  
Near *Bergamo* encamp'd the younger were,  
Whom to the Franks distress the Duke had led;  
The other *Oswald's* lucky Ensigns bear,  
Which lately stood when proud *Ozzano* fled.

These

60.

These that attend Duke Gondibert's renown  
 Where Youth, whom from his Fathers Camp he chose,  
 And them betimes transplanted to his own;  
 Where each the Planters care and judgement shows.

61.

All hardy Youth, from valiant Fathers sprung;  
 Whom perfect honour he so highly taught,  
 That th' Aged fetch'd examples from the young,  
 And hid the vain experience which they brought.

62.

They danger met diverted less with fears  
 Than now the dead would be if here again,  
 After they know the price brave dying bears;  
 And by their sinless rest find life was vain.

63.

Temp'rate in what does needy life preserve,  
 As those whose Bodies wait upon their Minds;  
 Chaste as those Minds which not their Bodies serve,  
 Ready as Pilots wak'd with sudden Winds.

64.

Speechless in diligence, as if they were  
 Nightly to close surprize and Ambush bred;  
 Their wounds yet smarting mercifull they are,  
 And soon from victory to pitie led.

65.

When a great Captive they in fight had ta'ne,  
 (Whom in a Filial duty some fair Maid  
 Visits, and would by tears his Freedom gain)  
 How soon his Victors were his Captives made?

66.

For though the Duke taught rigid Discipline,  
 He let them beauty thus at distance know;  
 As Priests discover some especial Shrine,  
 Which none must touch, yet all may to it bow.

When

67.

When thus as Suitors mourning Virgins pails  
Through their clean camp, themselves in form they draw  
That they with Martial reverence may grace  
Beaury, the Stranger, which they seldom saw.

68.

They vayl'd their Ensigns as it by did move ;  
Whilst inward (as from Native Conscience ) all  
Worship'd the Poets Darling Godhead, Love,  
Which grave Philosophers did Nature call.

69.

Nor there could Maids of Captive Syres despair ;  
But made all Captives by their beaury free ;  
Beaury and Valour native Jewels are ,  
And as each others onely price agree.

70.

Such was the Duke's young Camp near Bergamo ;  
But these near Brescia whom fierce Oswald led ,  
Their Science to his famous Father owe ,  
And have his Son ( though now their Leadet ) bred.

71.

This rev'rend Army was for age renown'd ;  
Which long through frequent dangers follow'd Time ;  
Their many Trophies gain'd with many a wound ,  
And Fames last Hill, did with first vigour climb.

72.

But here the learned Lombard whom I trace  
My forward Pen by slower Method stays ;  
Lest I should them (less heeding time and place  
Than common Poets) out of season praise.

73.

Think onely then (couldst thou both Camps discern)  
That these would seem grave Authours of the war ,  
Met civilly to teach who e're will learn ,  
And those their young and civil Students are.

74.

But painful virtue of the war ne'er pays  
 Itself with consciousness of being good,  
 Though Cloyster-virtue may believe even praise  
 A salary which there should be withstood.

75.

For many here (whose virtues active heat  
 Concur not with cold virtue which does dwell  
 In lazy Cells) are virtuous to be great,  
 And as in pains so would in pow'r excell.

76.

And Oswald's Faction urg'd him to aspire  
 That by his height they higher might ascend;  
 The Dukes to glorious Thrones access desire,  
 But at more awfull distance did attend.

77.

The royal *Rhadalind* is now the Prize  
 By which these Camps would make their merit known;  
 And think their Gen'als but their Deputies  
 Who must for them by Proxy wed the Crown.

78.

From foreign Fields (with toying conquest tyr'd,  
 And groaning under spoils) came home to rest;  
 But now they are with emulation fir'd,  
 And for that pow'r they should obey, contest.

79.

Ah how perverse and froward is Mankind!  
 Faction in Courts does us to rage excite;  
 The Rich in Cities we litigious find,  
 And in the Field th'Ambitious make us fight.

80.

And fatally (as if even souls were made  
 Of warring Elements as Bodies are)  
 Our Reason our Religion does invade,  
 Till from the Schools to Camps it carry war.

C A N.



## CANTO the Second.

## The ARGUMENT.

The hunting which did yearly celebrate  
 The LOMBARDS glory, and the VANDALES Fate,  
 The Hunters prais'd how true to love they are,  
 How calm in Peace, and Tempest-like in war.  
 The Stag is by the num'rous chase subdu'd,  
 And strat his Hunters are as hard pursu'd.

1.

**S**MALL are the seeds Fate does unheeded sow  
 Of slight beginnings to important ends;  
 Whilst wonder (which does best our reverence show  
 To Heav'n) all Reason's sight in gazing spends.

2.

For from a Days brief pleasure did proceed  
 (A day grown black in Lombard Histories)  
 Such lasting griefs as thou shalt weep to read,  
 Though even thine own sad love had drain'd thine eyes.

3.

In a fair Forrest near Verona's Plain,  
 Fresh as if Nature's Youth chose there a shade,  
 The Duke with many Lovers in his Train,  
 (Loyal, and young) a solemn hunting made.

4.

Much was his Train enlarg'd by their resort  
 Who much his Grandfire lov'd, and hither came  
 To celebrate this Day with annual sport,  
 On which by battel here he earn'd his Fame.

5.

And many of these noble Hunters bore  
 Command amongst the Youth at Bergamo;  
 Whose Bathers gather'd here the wreath they wore,  
 When in this Forrest they interr'd the Foe.

6.

Count *Hurguil*, a Youth of high descent,  
Was list'd here, and in the Story great;  
He follow'd Honour when tow'rd's Death it went;  
Fierce in a charge but temp'rate in retreat.

7.

His wondrous beauty which the world approv'd  
He blushing hid, and now no more would own  
(Since he the Dukes unequal'd Sister lov'd)  
Than an old wreath when newly overthrown.

8.

And she, *Orna* the shy! Did seem in life  
So bashfull too to have her beauty shown,  
As I may doubt her shade with Fame at strife,  
That in these vicious times would make it known.

9.

Not less in publick voice was *Arnold* here;  
He that on *Tuscan* Tombs his Trophies rais'd;  
And now loves pow'r so willingly did bear,  
That even his arbitrary reign he prais'd.

10.

*Laura*, the Duke's fair Niece inthrall'd his heart;  
Who was in Court the publick morning Glass,  
Where those who would reduce Nature to art,  
Practis'd by dress the conquests of the Face.

11.

And here was *Hugo* whom Duke *Gondibert*  
For stout and stedfast kindness did approve;  
Of stature small, but was all over heart,  
And though unhappy all that heart was love.

12.

In gentle sonnets he for *Laura* pin'd;  
Soft as the murmures of a weeping spring;  
Which ruthless she did as those murmures mind;  
So ere their death sick Swans unheeded sing.

Yet

13.

Yet whilst the *Arnold* favour'd, he so griev'd  
As loyal Subjects quietly bemoan  
Their Yoke, but raise no war to be reliev'd,  
Nor through the envy'd Fav'rite wound the Throne.

14.

Young *Golto* next these Rivals we may name,  
Whose manhood dawn'd early as Summer light;  
As sure and soon did his fair day proclaim,  
And was no less the joy of publick fight.

15.

If Loves just pow'r he did not early see,  
Some small excuse we may his error give;  
Since few (though learn'd) know yet blest Love to be  
That secret vital heat by which we live:

16.

But such it is; and though we may be thought  
To have in Childhood life, ere Love we know,  
Yet life is useles till by reason taught,  
And Love and Reason up together grow.

17.

Nor more, the Old shew they out-live their Love,  
If when their Love's decay'd, some signs they give  
Of life, because we see them pain'd and move,  
Then Snakes, long cut, by torment shew they live.

18.

If we call living, Life, when Love is gone,  
We then to Souls (Gods coyn) vain rev'rence pay;  
Since Reason (which is Love, and his best known  
And currant Image) Age has worn away.

19.

And I that Love and Reason thus unite,  
May, if I old Philosophers controul,  
Confirm the new by some new Poets light;  
Who finding Love, thinks he has found the Soul.

20.

From *Golto*, to whom Love yet tasteless seem'd,  
 We to ripe *Tybalt* are by order led;  
*Tybalt*, who Love and Valour both esteem'd,  
 And he alike from eithers wounds had bled.

21.

Publick his valour was, but not his love,  
 One fill'd the world, the other he contain'd;  
 Yet quietly alike in both did move,  
 Of that ne'r boasted, nor of this complain'd.

22.

With these (whose special names Verse shall preserve)  
 Many to this recorded hunting came;  
 Whose worth authentick mention did deserve,  
 But from Time's deluge few are sav'd by Fame.

23.

Now like a Giant Lover rose the Sun!  
 From th' Ocean Queen, fine in his fires and great;  
 Seem'd all the Morn for shew, for strength at Noon;  
 As if last Night she had not quench'd his heat!

24.

And the Sun's Servants who his rising wait,  
 His Pensioners (for so all Lovers are,  
 And all maintain'd by him at a high rate  
 With daily Fire) now for the Chace prepare.

25.

All were like Hunters clad in chearfull green,  
 Young Natures Livery, and each at strife  
 Who most adorn'd in favours should be seen,  
 Wrought kindly by the Lady of his life.

26.

These Martial Favours on their Waists they wear,  
 On which (for now they Conquest celebrate)  
 In an imbroider'd History appear  
 Like life, the vanquish'd in their scars and fate.

And

27.

And on these Belts (wrought with their Ladies care)  
Hung Semyers of *Akons* trusty steel;  
Goodly to see, and he who durst compare  
Those Ladies Eyes, might soon their temper feel.

28.

Cheerd as the woods (where new wak'd *Qmires* they meet)  
Are all; and now dispose their choice Relays  
Of Horse and Hounds, each like each other fleet;  
Which best when with themselves compar'd we praise;

29.

To them old Forrests Spies, the Harbourners  
With haste approach, wet as still weeping Nighr,  
Or Deer that mourn their growth of head with tears,  
When the defenceless weight does hinder flight.

30.

And Dogs, such whose cold secrecy was ment  
By Nature for surprize, on these attend;  
Wile temp'rate Lime-Hounds that proclaim no scent;  
Nor harb'ring will their Mouths in boasting spend.

31.

Yet vainlier far than Traitours boast their prize  
(On which their vehemence vast rates does lay,  
Since in that worth their treasons credit lies)  
These Harbrers praise that which they now betray.

32.

Boast they have lodg'd a Stag, that all the Race  
Out-runs of *Croton* Horse, or *Regian* Hounds;  
A Stag made long, since Royal in the Chace,  
If Kings can honour give by giving wounds.

33.

For *Aribert* had pierc'd him at a Bay,  
Yet scap'd he by the vigour of his Head;  
And many a Summer since has won the day,  
And often left his *Regian* Foll'ws dead.

34.

His spacious Beam (that even the Rights out-grew)  
 From Antlar to his Troch had all allow'd  
 By which his age the aged Woodmen knew;  
 Who more than he were of that beauty proud.

35.

Now each Relay a sev'ral Station finds,  
 Ere the triumphant Train the Cops surrounds;  
 Relays of Horse, long breath'd as winter winds,  
 And their deep Cannon Mouth'd experienc'd Hounds.

36.

The Hunts-men (Busily concern'd in show  
 As if the world were by this Beast undone,  
 And they against him hir'd as Natures Foe)  
 In haste uncouple, and their Hounds out-run.

37.

Now wind they a Recheat, the rows'd Deers knell;  
 And through the Forrest all the Beasts are aw'd;  
 Alarm'd by Eccho, Natures Sentinel,  
 Which shews that murderous Man is come abroad.

38.

Tyrannick Man! Thy subjects Enemy!  
 And more through wantonness than need or hate;  
 From whom the winged to their Coverts flie;  
 And to their Dens even those that lay in wait.

39.

So this (the most successfull of his kind,  
 Whose Foreheads force oft his Opposers prest,  
 Whose swiftness left Pursuers shafts behind)  
 Is now of all the Forrest most distress'd!

40.

The Herd deny him shelter, as if taught  
 To know their safety is to yield him lost;  
 Which shews they want not the results of thought,  
 But speech, by which we ours for reason boast.

We

41.  
We blush to see our politicks in Beasts ;  
Who Many sav'd by this one Sacrifice ;  
And since through blood they follow interests,  
Like us when cruel should be counted wise.

42.  
His Rivals that his fury us'd to fear  
For his lov'd Female , now his faintness shun ;  
But were his season hot , and she but near ,  
(O mighty Love!) his Hunters were undone.

43.  
From thence, well blown, he comes to the Relay ;  
Where Mans sam'd reason proves but Cowardise,  
And onely serves him meanly to betray ;  
Even for the flying, Man, in ambush lies.

44.  
But now, as his last remedy to live ,  
(For ev'ry shift for life kind Nature makes ;  
Since life the utmost is which she can give )  
Cool *Adice* from the swoln Bank he takes.

45.  
But this fresh Bath the Dogs will make him leave ;  
Whom he sure nos'd as fasting Tygers found ;  
Their scent no North-east wind could e're deceive  
Which dries the air, nor Flocks that soyl the Ground.

46.  
Swift here the Flyers and Pursuers seem ;  
The frighted Fish swim from their *Adice* ,  
The Dogs pursue the Deer, he the fleet stream,  
And that hastes swiftly to the *Adrian* Sea.

47.  
Refresh'd thus in this fleeting Element,  
He up the stedfast Shore did boldly rise ;  
And soon escap'd their view, but not their scent ;  
That faithfull Guide which even conducts their Eyes.

48.

This frail relief was like short gales of breath,  
Which oft at Sea a long dead calm prépare;  
Or like our Curtains drawn at point of death,  
When all our Lungs are spent, to give us ayr.

49.

For on the Shore the Hunters him attend;  
And whilst the Chace grew warm as is the day  
(Which now from the hot Zenith does descend)  
He is imbos'd, and weary'd to a Bay.

50.

The Jewel, Life, he must surrender here;  
Which the world's Mist'is, Nature, does not give,  
But like dropp'd Favours suffers us to wear,  
Such as by which pleas'd Lovers think they live.

51.

Yet life he so esteems, that he allows  
It all defence his force and rage can make;  
And to the *Regian* Race such furie shows  
As their last blood some unreveng'd forsake.

52.

Eut now the Monarch Murderer comes in,  
Destructive Man! whom Nature would not arm,  
As when in madness mischief is fore-seen,  
We leave it weaponless for fear of harm.

53.

For she defenceless made him, that he might  
Less readily offend; but Art arms all,  
From single strife makes us in Numbers fight;  
And by such art this Royal Stag did fall.

54.

Now weeps till grief does even his Murd'ers pierce;  
Grief, which so nobly through his anger strove,  
That it deserv'd the dignitie of Verse,  
And had it words as humanly would move.



55.

Thrice from the ground his vanquish'd Head he reard,  
And with last looks his Forrest walks did view;  
Where fixtie Summers he had rul'd the Heard,  
And where sharp *Dittanie* now vainly grew:

56.

Whose hoarie Leaves no more his wounds shall heal;  
For with a Sigh (a blast of all his breath)  
That viewless thing call'd Life, did from him steal:  
And with their Bugle Horns they wind his death.

57.

Then with their annual wanton sacrifice  
(Taught by old custom, whose decrees are vain,  
And we like hum'rous Antiquaries prize  
Age though deform'd) they hasten to the Plain.

58.

Thence homeward bend as Westward as the Sun;  
Where *Gondiberti's* allies proud Feasts prepare,  
That day to honour which his Grand-fire won;  
Though Feasts the Eves to Fun'rals often are.

59.

One from the Forrest now approach'd their sight,  
Who them did swiftly on the Spur pursue;  
One there still resident as Day and Night,  
And known as th' eldest Oak which in it grew.

60.

Who with his utmost breath, advancing cries,  
(And such a vehemence no Art could feign)  
Away, happie the Man that fastest flies;  
Flie famous Duke, flie with thy noble Train!

61.

The Duke reply'd, though with thy fears disguis'd,  
Thou do'st my Sires old Rangers Image bear,  
And for thy kindness shalt not be despis'd;  
Though Counsels are but weak which come from fear

Were

62.

Were Dangers here, great as thy love can shape ;  
 (And love with fear can danger multiply )  
 Yet when by flight, thou bidst us meanly scape ,  
 Bid Trees take wings, and rooted Forrests flie.

63.

Then said the Ranger , you are bravely lost,  
 (And like high anger his complexion rose)  
 As little know I fear , as how to boast ;  
 But shall attend you through your many Foes.

64.

See where in ambush mighty *Oswald* lay ;  
 And see from yonder Lawn he moves apace ,  
 With Launces arm'd to intercept thy way ,  
 Now thy sure Steeds are weary'd with the Chace.

65.

His purple Banners you may there behold ,  
 Which (proudly spread) the fatal Raven bear ;  
 And full five hundred I by Rank have told ,  
 Who in their gilded Helms his Colours wear.

66.

The Duke this falling storm does now discern ;  
 Bids little *Hugo* flie ! but 'tis to view  
 The Foe, and timely their first count'nance learn,  
 Whilst firm he in a square his Hunters drew.

67.

And *Hugo* soon (light as his Coursers Heels )  
 Was in their Faces troublesom as wind ;  
 And like to it (so wingedly he wheels )  
 No one could catch, what all with trouble find.

68.

But ev'ry where the Leaders and the Led  
 He temp'rately observ'd , with a slow sight ;  
 Judg'd by their looks how hopes and fears were fed ,  
 And by their order, their success in fight.

69.

Their Number ('mounting to the Rangers guests')  
 In three Divisions evenly was dispos'd ;  
 And that their Enemies might judge it less,  
 It seem'd one Grofs with all the Spaces clos'd.

70.

The Van fierce *Oswald* led, where *Paradise*  
 And Manly *Dargomet* (both of his blood)  
 Out-shin'd the Noon, and their Minds stock within  
 Promis'd to make that outward glory good.

71.

The next bold, but unlucky, *Hubert* led ;  
 Brother to *Oswald*, and no less ally'd  
 To the ambitions which his Soul did wed ;  
 Lowly without, but lin'd with costly Pride.

72.

Most to himself his valour fatal was,  
 Whole glories oft to others dreadfull were ;  
 So Commets (though suppos'd Destructions cause)  
 But waste themselves to make their Gazers fear.

73.

And though his valour seldom did succeed,  
 His speech was such as could in Storms persuade ;  
 Sweet as the Hopes on which starv'd Lovers feed,  
 Breath'd in the whispers of a yielding Maid.

74.

The bloody *Borgio* did conduct the Bete,  
 Whom sullen *Vasco* heedfully attends ;  
 To all but to themselves they cruel were,  
 And to themselves chiefly by mischief Friends.

75.

War, the worlds Art, Nature to them became ;  
 In Camps begor, born, and in anger bred ;  
 The living vex'd till Death, and then their Fame ;  
 Because even Fame some life is to the Dead.

76.

Cities (wise States-men's Folds for civil Sheep)  
 They sack'd, as painfull Sheeters of the wise;  
 For they like carefull Wolves would lose their sleep,  
 When others prosp'rous toyls might be their prise.

77.

*Hugo* amongst these Troops spy'd many more  
 Who had, as brave Destroyers, got renown;  
 And many forward wounds in boast they wore;  
 Which if not well reveng'd, had ne'r been shown.

78.

Such the bold Leaders of these Launceers were,  
 Which of the *Eriscian* Veterans did consist,  
 Whose practis'd age might charge of Armies bear,  
 And claim some rank in Fame's eternal List.

79.

Back to his Duke the dextr'ous *Hugo* flies;  
 What he observ'd he chearfully declares;  
 With noble Pride did what he lik'd despise;  
 For wounds he threatned, whilst he prais'd their scars.

80.

Lord *Arnold* cry'd, vain is the Bugle Horn,  
 Where Trumpets Men to Manly work invite!  
 That distant summons seems to say in scorn,  
 We Hunters may be hunted hard ere night.

81.

Those Beasts are hunted hard that hard can flie,  
 Reply'd aloud the noble *Hargenil*;  
 But we not us'd to flight, know best to die,  
 And those who know to die, know how to kill.

82.

Victors through number never gain'd applause;  
 If they exceed our count in Arms and Men,  
 It is not just to think that ods, because  
 One Lover equals any other Ten.

**CANTO the Third.**

**The ARGUMENT.**

*The Ambush is become an inter-aim;  
And the Surpriser proves to honour true;  
For what had first, ere words his sword spent,  
Been murder, now is but brave killing meant.  
A Duel form'd where Princes Seconds are,  
And urg'd by Honour each to kill his share.*

**T**He Duke observ'd (whilst safe in his firm Square)  
Whether their form did change whom *Oswald* led;  
That thence he shifts of figure might prepare,  
Divide, or make more depth, or loosely spread.

Though in their posture close, the Prince might guess  
The Duke's to his not much in number yields;  
And they were leading Youth, who would possess  
This Ground in Graves, rather than quit the Field.

Thus (timely certain of a standing Foe)  
His form'd Divisions yet reveal'd no space  
Through haste to charge; but as they nearer grow,  
The more divide, and move with slower pace.

On these the Duke attends with watchfull eye;  
Shap'd all his Forces to their Triple Strength;  
And that their Launces might pass harmless by,  
Widens his Ranks, and gives his Files more length.

At distance *Oswald* does him sharply view,  
Whom but in Fame he met till this sad hour;  
But his fair fame, Virtues known Image, knew  
For Virtue spreads the Owner more than Pow'r.

6.  
In Fields far sever'd both had reap'd renown ;  
And now his envie does to surfer feed  
On what he wish'd his Eyes had never known ;  
For he begins to check his purpos'd deed.

7.  
And though Ambition did his rage renew ;  
Yet much he griev'd (mov'd with the Youthfull Train)  
That Plants which so much promis'd as they grew,  
Should in the Bud be ere performance, slain.

8.  
With these remorsefull thoughts, he a fair space  
Advanc'd alone, then did his Troops command  
To halt ; the Duke th'exemple did embrace,  
And gives like order by his lifted hand.

9.  
Then when in easie reach of eithers voice  
Thus *Oswald* spake, I wish (brave *Gondibert*)  
Those wrongs which make thee now my angers choice,  
Like my last fate were hidden from my heart.

10.  
But since great Glory does allow small rest,  
And bids us jealousy to honour wake,  
Why at alarms given not even at my brest,  
Should I not arm, but thinks my Scouts mistake ?

11.  
'Tis loud in Camps, in Cities, and in Court,  
(Where the important part of Mankind meets)  
That my adoption is thy Faction's sport ;  
Scorn'd by hoarse Rhymers, in *Verona* Streets.

12.  
Who is renown'd enough but you or I  
(And think not when you visit Fame, she less  
Will welcome you for mine known Company)  
To hope for Empire at our Kings decease ?

13.

The Crown he with his Daughter has design'd ;  
His favour (which to me does frozen prove)  
Grows warm to you, as th'Eyes of *Rosalind*,  
And she gives sacred Empire with her love.

14.

Whilst you usurp thus, and my claim deride,  
If you admire the vengeance I intend,  
I more shall wonder where you got the pride  
To think me one you safely may offend.

15.

Nor judge it strange I have this Ambush laid ;  
Since you (my Rival) wrong'd me by surprize ;  
Whose darker vigilance my love betraid ;  
And so your ill example made me wise.

16.

But in the School of glory we are taught,  
That greatness and success should measure deeds ;  
Then not my great revenge, nor your great fault,  
Can be accus'd when either act succeeds.

17.

Opinions stamp does virtue current make ;  
But such small Money (though the Peoples Gold  
With which they trade) great Dealers scorn to take,  
And we are greater than one world can hold.

18.

Now *Oswald* paws'd, as if he curious were  
Ere this his Foe (the Peoples Fav'rite) dy'd,  
To know him as with Eyes, so with his Ear ;  
And to his speech thus *Gondibert* reply'd :

19.

Successfull Prince ! since I was never taught  
To court a Threatning Foe, I will not pay  
For all the Trophies you from war have brought  
A single wreath, though all these woods were Bay.

G

Nor

20.

Nor would I by a total silence yield  
 My honour to me, though I were pris'ner made;  
 Lest you should think we may be justly kill'd,  
 And sacred justice by mistake invade.

21.

You might perceive (had not a distant war  
 Hindred our Breasts the use of being known)  
 My small ambition hardly worth your care;  
 Unless by it you would correct your own.

22.

The King's objected love is but your dream,  
 As false as that I strive for *Rhodolind*  
 As Valour's hire; these sickly visions seem  
 Which in Ambitious Fever vex your mind.

23.

Nor wonder if I vouch, that 'tis not brave  
 To seek war's hire, though war we still pursue;  
 Nor censure this a proud excuse to save  
 These who no safety know, but to subdue.

24.

Your misbelief my hireless valour scorns;  
 But your hir'd valour were your faith reclaim'd,  
 (For faith reclaim'd to highest virtue turns)  
 Will be of bravest salary asham'd.

25.

Onely with fame Valour of old was hir'd;  
 And love was so suffic'd with its own taste,  
 That those intemp'rate seem'd, who more desir'd  
 For loves reward, than that it self should last.

26.

If love, or lust of Empire, breed your pain,  
 Take what my prudent hope hath still declin'd,  
 And my weak virtue never could sustain,  
 The Crown, which is the worst of *Rhodolind*.

'Tis



27.

'Tis she who taught you to increase renown,  
By sowing Honours Field with noble deeds;  
Which yields no harvest when 'tis over-grown  
With wild Ambition, the most rank of weeds.

28.

Go, reconcile the winds slain out at Sea  
With these same precepts, (*Oswald* did reply)  
But since thou dost bequeath thy hopes to me,  
Know Legacies are vain till Givers die.

29.

And here his rage ascended to his Eyes  
From his close breast, which hid till then the flame;  
And like stirr'd fire in sparkles upward flies;  
Rage which the Duke thus practis'd to reclaim.

30.

Though you design'd your ruin by surprise,  
Though much in usefull Arms you us exceed,  
And in your number some advantage lies,  
Yet you may find you such advantage need.

31.

If I am vallu'd as th' impediment  
Which hinders your adoption to the Crown;  
Let your revenge onely on me be spent,  
And hazard not my Party, nor your own.

32.

Ambition else would up to Godhead grow,  
When so profanely we our anger prise,  
That to appease it we the bloud allow  
Of whole offenceless Herds for sacrifice.

33.

*Oswald* (who Honour's publick pattern was,  
Till vain ambition led his heart aside)  
More temp'rate grew in manage of his cause,  
And thus to noble *Gondibert* reply'd:

34.

I wish it were not needfull to be great;  
 That Heavens unenvy'd pow'r might Men so awe,  
 As we should need no Armies for defeat,  
 Nor for protection be at charge of Law.

35.

But more than Heav'ns, Men, Mans authoritie  
 (Though envy'd) use, because more understood;  
 For but for that Life's Utensils would be,  
 In Markets, as in Camps the price of blood.

36.

Since the Worlds safety we in greatness find,  
 And pow'r divided is from greatness gone,  
 Save we the World, though to our selves unkind,  
 By both endangring to establish one.

37.

Nor these, who kindle with my wrongs their rage,  
 Nor those bold Youth, who warmly you attend,  
 Our distant Camps by action shall engage;  
 But we our own great cause will singly end.

38.

Back to your noble Hunters strait retire,  
 And I to those who would those Hunters chase;  
 Let us perswade their fury to expire,  
 And give obediently our anger place.

39.

Like unconcern'd Spectatours let them stand,  
 And be by sacred vow to distance bound;  
 Whilst their lov'd Leaders by our strict command,  
 As patient witnesses, approach this ground.

40.

Where with no more defensive Arms than was  
 By Nature ment us, who ordain'd Men Friends,  
 We will on foot determine our great cause,  
 On which the Lombards doubtfull peace depends.

The

41.

The Duke full low did bow, and soon obey,  
Confess'd his honour he transcendent finds,  
Said he their persons might a meaner way  
With ods have aw'd, but this subdues their Minds.

42.

Now wing'd with hope they to their Troops return,  
Oswald his old grave Brethrens makes retire,  
Left if too near, though like slow Match they burn,  
The Dukes rash Youth like Powder might take fire.

43.

First with their noble Chiefs they treat aside,  
Plead it humanity to bleed alone,  
And term it needless cruelty and pride  
With others Sacrifice to grace their own.

44.

Then to their Troops gave their resolv'd command  
Not to assist, through anger nor remorse;  
Who seem'd more willing patiently to stand,  
Because each side presum'd their Champions force.

45.

Now near that ground ordain'd by them and Fare,  
To be the last where one or both must tread,  
Their chosen Judges they appoint to wait,  
Who thither were like griev'd Spectatours led.

46.

These from the distant Troops far sever'd are;  
And near their Chiefs divided Stations take;  
Who strait uncloath, and for such deeds prepare,  
By which strip'd Souls their fleshy Robes forsake.

47.

But Hubert now advanc'd, and cry'd aloud;  
I will not trust uncertain Destinie,  
Which may obscurely kill me in a Crowd,  
That here have pow'r in publick view to die.

48.

*Oswald* my Brother is! If any dare  
Think *Gondibert's* great name more Kingly sounds,  
Let him alight, and he shall leave the care  
Of chusing Monarchs, to attend his wounds!

49.

This *Hargonil* receiv'd with greedy Ear,  
Told him his summons boldly did express,  
That he had little judgement whom to fear,  
And in the choice of Kings his skill was less.

50.

With equal haste they then alight and met,  
Where both their Chiefs in preparation stood;  
Whilst *Paradine* and furious *Dargonet*  
Cry'd out, we are of *Oswald's* Princely blood.

51.

Are there not yet two more so fond of fame,  
So true to *Gondibert*, or *Love's* commands,  
As to esteem it an unpleasant shame  
With idle eyes to look on busie hands?

52.

Such haste makes Beauty when it Youth forsakes,  
And day from Travellers when it does set,  
As *Arnold* to proud *Paradine* now makes,  
And little *Hugo* to tall *Dargonet*.

53.

The bloody *Borgio*, who with anguish stay'd,  
And check'd his rage, till these of *Oswald's* Race,  
By wish'd example their brave Challenge made,  
Now like his curb'd Steed foaming, shifts his place.

54.

And thus (with haste and choler hoarse) he spake,  
Who e're amongst you thinks we destin'd are  
To serve that King your Courtly Camp shall make,  
Falsly he loves, nor is his Lady fair!

This

55.

This scarce could urge the temp'rate *Tybalts* fire,  
 Who said, When Fate shall *Ariber* remove,  
 As ill then wilt thou judge who should aspire,  
 As who is fair, that art too rude to love.

56.

But scarce had this reply reach'd *Borgio's* Ear,  
 When *Goltz* louder cry'd, what ere he be  
 Dares think her soul who hath a Lover here,  
 Though Love I never knew, shall now know me.

57.

Grave *Tybal*, who had laid an early'r claim  
 To this defiance, much distemper'd grows,  
 And *Goltz's* forward Youth would sharply blame,  
 But that old *Vasco* thus did interpose.

58.

That Boy who makes such haste to meet his fate,  
 And fears he may (as if he knew it good)  
 Through others pride of danger come too late,  
 Shall read it strait ill written in his blood.

59.

Let Empire fall, when we must Monarchs choose,  
 By what unpractis'd Childhood shall approve,  
 And in rame peace let us our Manhood loose,  
 When Boys yet wet with milk discourse of Love.

60.

As bashfull Maids blush, as if justly blam'd,  
 When forc'd to suffer some indecent Tongue,  
 So *Goltz* blush'd (whom *Vasco* made alham'd)  
 As if he could offend by being young.

61.

But instantly offended bashfulness  
 Does to a brave and beauteous anger turn,  
 Which he in younger flames did so express,  
 That scarce old *Vasco's* Embers seem'd to burn.

62.

The Princes knew in this new kindled rage,  
 Opinion might (which like unlucky wind  
 Sate right to make it spread) their Troops engage;  
 And therefore *Oswald* thus proclaim'd his mind.

63.

Seem we already dead, that to our words  
 (As to the last requests men dying make)  
 Your love but Mourners short respect affords,  
 And ere interr'd you our commands forsake?

64.

We chose you Judges of our needfull strife;  
 Such whom the world (grown faithless) might esteem  
 As weighty witnesses of parting life,  
 But you are those we dying must condemn.

65.

Are we become such worthless sacrifice,  
 As cannot to the *Lombards* Heav'n atone;  
 Unless your added blood make up the price,  
 As if you thought it worthier than our own?

66.

Our fame, which should survive before us, die!  
 And let (since in our presence disobay'd)  
 Renown of pow'r, like that of beauty flie  
 From knowledge, rather than be known decay'd!

67.

This when with reverence heard, it would have made  
 Old *Armes* melt, to mark at what a rate  
 They spent their Hearts and Eyes, kindly afraid  
 To be omitted in their Generals fate.

68.

*Hubert* (whose princely quality more frees  
 Him than the rest, from all command, unless  
 He find it such as with his will agrees)  
 Did nobly thus his firm resolve express:

69.

All greatness bred in blood be now abas'd!  
 Instinct, the inward Image, which is wrought  
 And given with Life, be like thaw'd wax defac'd!  
 Though that bred better honour than is taught;

70.

And may impressions of the common ill  
 Which from streets Parents the most low derives,  
 Blot all my minds fair book if I stand still,  
 Whilst *Oswald* singly for the Publick strives:

71.

A Brothers love all that obedience stays,  
 Which *Oswald* else might as my Leader claim,  
 Whom as my love, my honour disobays,  
 And bids me serve our greater Leader, Fame.

72.

With gentle looks *Oswald* to *Hubert* bows,  
 And said, I then must yield that *Hubert* shall  
 (Since from the same bright Sun our lustre grows)  
 Rise with my Morns, and with my Ev'nings fall!

73.

Bold *Paradine* and *Dargonet* reviv'd  
 Their suit, and cry'd, we are *Astolpho's* sons!  
 Who from your highest spring his blood deriv'd,  
 Though now it down in lower Channels runs.

74.

Such lucky seasons to attain renown,  
 We must not lose, who are to you ally'd;  
 Others usurp, who would your dangers own,  
 And what our duty is, in them is pride.

75.

Then as his last Decree thus *Oswald* spake;  
 You that vouchsafe to glory in my blood,  
 Shall share my doom, which for your merits sake,  
 Fate, were it bad, would alter into good.

76.

If any others disobedient rage,  
 Shall with uncivil love intrude his aid,  
 And by degrees our distant Troops engage,  
 Be it his Curse still to be disobey'd.

77.

Wars Orders may he by the slow convey  
 To such as onely shall dispute them long;  
 An ill peace makes, when none will him obey,  
 And be for that, when old, judg'd by the young.

78.

This said, he calmly bid the Duke provide  
 Such of his blond, as with those chosen Three  
 (Whilst their adoption they on foot decide)  
 May in brave life or death fit Partners be.

79.

Though here (reply'd the Duke) I find not now  
 Such as my blond with their alliance grace,  
 Yet Three I see to whom your stock may bow,  
 If love may be esteem'd of heav'nly Race.

80.

And much to me these are by love ally'd;  
 Then *Hugo, Arnold*, and the Count drew near;  
 Count *Hurgonil* woo'd *Orna* for his Bride,  
 The other Two in *Laura* Rivals were.

81.

But *Tybal* cry'd (and swiftly as his voice  
 Approach'd the Duke) forgive me mightie Chief,  
 If justly I envie thy noble choice,  
 And disobey thee in wrong'd Love's relief.

82.

If rev'renc'd love be sacred Myst'rie deem'd,  
 And mysteries which hid, to value grow,  
 Why am I less for hidden love esteem'd?  
 To unknown God-head, wise Religions bow,



83.  
A Maid of thy high linage much I love,  
And hide her name till I can merit boast,  
But shall I here (where I may worth improve)  
For prising her above my self, be lost?

84.  
The Duke's firm to some kindly seem'd to melt  
At Tybalt's grief, that he omitted was;  
Who lately had Love's secret conquest felt,  
And hop'd for publick triumph in this cause.

85.  
Then he decreed, *Hugo* (though chose before  
To share in this great work) should equally  
With *Tybalt* be expos'd to Fortune's pow'r,  
And by drawn Lots their wish'd election trie.

86.  
*Hugo* his dreaded Lord with cheerfull aw  
Us'd to obey, and with implicit love;  
But now he must for certain honour draw  
Uncertain Lots, seems heavily to move.

87.  
And here they trembling reach'd at honour so,  
As if they gath'ring Flow'rs a Snake discern'd;  
Yet fear'd Love onely whose rewards then grow  
To Lovers sweetest, when with danger earn'd.

88.  
From this brave fear, lest they should danger scape,  
Was little *Hugo* eas'd, and when he drew  
The Champion's lot, his joy enlarg'd his shape,  
And with his lifted mind he taller grew.

89.  
But *Tybalt* stoop'd beneath his sorrows waight;  
*Golto* and him kindly the Duke imbrac'd;  
Then to their station sent, and *Oswald* straight  
His so injoynd, and with like kindness grac'd.



4.  
Is it to boast that Verse has Chymick pow'r,  
And that its rage (which is productive heat)  
Can these revive, as Chymists raise a Flower,  
Whose scatter'd parts their Glas presents compleat?

5.  
Though in these Worrhies gone, valour and love  
Did chastely as in sacred Temples meet,  
Such reviv'd Patterns us no more improve,  
Than Flowers so rais'd by Chymists make us sweet.

6.  
Yet when the souls disease we desp'rate find,  
Poets the old renown'd Physicians are,  
Who for the sickly habits of the mind,  
Examples as the ancient cure prepare.

7.  
And bravely then Physicians honour gain,  
When to the world diseases cureless seem,  
And they (in Science valiant) ne'r refrain  
Arts war with Nature, till they life redeem.

8.  
But Poets their accustom'd task have long  
Forborn, (who for Examples did disperse  
The Heroes virtues in Heroick Song)  
And now think virtue sick, past cure of verse.

9.  
Yet to this desp'rate cure I will proceed,  
Such patterns shew as shall not fail to move;  
Shall teach the valiant patience when they bleed,  
And hapless Lovers constancy in love.

10.  
Now Honour's chance, the Duke with Oswald takes,  
The Count his great Stake, Life, to Hubert sets;  
Whilst his to Paradin's Lord Arnold stakes,  
And little Hugo throws at Dargynets.

11.

These Four on equal ground those Four oppose;  
 Who wants in strength, supplies it with his Skill;  
 So valiant that they make no haste to close;  
 They not apace, but handsomly would kill.

12.

And as they mure each others courage found,  
 Each did their force more civilly express,  
 To make so manly and so fair a wound,  
 As loyal Ladies might be proud to dress.

13.

But vain, though wondrous, seems the short event  
 Of what with pomp and Noise we long prepare:  
 One hour of battel oft that force hath spent,  
 Which Kings whole liyes have gather'd for a war.

14.

As Rivers to their ruin hastie be,  
 So life (still earnest, loud, and swift) runs post  
 To the vaste Gulf of death, as they to Sea,  
 And vainly travels to be quickly lost.

15.

And now the Fates (who punctually take care  
 We not escape their sentence at our birth)  
 Writ *Arnold* down where those inroled are  
 Who must in Youth abruptly leave the Earth.

16.

Him *Paradine* into the Brow had pierc'd;  
 From whence his bloud so overflow'd his Eyes,  
 He grew too blind to watch and guard his breast,  
 Where wounded twice, to Deaths cold Court he hies.

17.

And Love (by which Life's name does value find,  
 As Alrars even subsist by ornament)  
 Is now as to the Owner quite resign'd,  
 And in a sigh to his dear *Laura* sent.

18.

Yet Fates so civil were in cruelty,  
As not to yield that he who conquer'd all  
The *Tuscan* Vale, should unattended die,  
They therefore doom that *Dargonet* must fall.

19.

Whom little *Hugo* dextrously did vex  
• With many wounds in unexpected place,  
Which yet not kill, but killingly perplex;  
Because he held their number a disgrace.

20.

For *Dargonet* in force did much exceed  
The most of Men, in valour equal'd all;  
And was asham'd thus diversly to bleed,  
As if he stood where showers of Arrows fall.

21.

At once he ventures his remaining strength  
To *Hugo's* nimble skill, who did desire  
To draw this little war out into length,  
By motions quick as Heav'n's fantastick fire!

22.

This fury now is grown too high at last  
In *Dargonet*; who does disorder all  
The strengths of temp'rance by unruly haste,  
Then down to Deaths low Calm does breathless fall.

23.

When with his own Storm sunk, his Foe did spie  
Lord *Arnold* dead, and *Paradise* prepare  
To help Prince *Oswald* to that victory,  
Of which the Duke had yet an equal share.

24.

Vain Conquerour (said *Hugo* then) return!  
In stead of Laurel which the Victor wears,  
Go gather *Cypress* for thy Brothers Urn,  
And learn of me to water it with Tears.

Thy

25.

Thy Brother lost his life attempting mine ;  
Which cannot for Lord *Arnold's* loss suffice :  
I must revenge (unlucky *Paradise*)  
The blood his death will draw from *Laura's* Eyes.

26.

We Rivals were in *Laura*, but though she  
My griefs derided, his with sighs approv'd ;  
Yet I (in Loves exact integrity)  
Must take thy life for killing him She lov'd.

27.

These quick alike, and artfully as fierce,  
At one sad instant give and take that wound,  
Which does through both their vital Closets pierce ;  
Where Life's small Lord doth warmly sit enthron'd.

28.

And then they fell, and now near upper Heaven,  
Heav'n's better part of them is hovering still,  
To watch what end is to their Princes given,  
And to brave *Hubert*, and to *Hurgonil*.

29.

In progress thus to their eternal home,  
Some method is observ'd by Destinie,  
Which at their Princes setting out did doom,  
These as their leading Harbingers to die.

30.

And fatal *Hubert* we must next attend,  
Whom *Hurgonil* had brought to such distress,  
That though Life's stock he did not fully spend,  
His glory that maintain'd it is grown less.

31.

Long had they strove, who first should be destroy'd ;  
And wounds (the Marks of Manhood) gave and took,  
Which though like honour'd Age, we would avoid,  
Yet make us when possess'd, for reverence look.

32.

O Honour ! Frail as Life thy fellow Flower !  
Cherish'd and watch'd, and humbly esteem'd,  
Then worn for short adornments of an hour ;  
And is when lost no more than life redeem'd.

33.

This fatal *Hubert* finds, if honour be  
As much in Princes lost, when it grows less,  
As when it dies in men of near degree :  
Princes are only Princes by excess.

34.

For having twice with his firm Opposite  
Exchang'd a wound, yet none that reach'd at life,  
The adverse sword his Arms best finew hit, (strife)  
Which holds that strength, which should uphold their

35.

when thus his dear defence had left his Hand,  
Thy life (said *Hargonil*) rejoyce to wear  
As *Orna's* favour, and at her command,  
Who taught the mercy I will practise here.

36.

To which defenceless *Hubert* did reply,  
My life (a worthless Blank) I so despise,  
Since Fortune laid it in her Lottery,  
That I'm asham'd thou draw'st it as a Prize.

37.

His grief made noble *Hargonil* to melt,  
Who mourn'd in this a Warriors various fate ;  
For though a Victor now, he timely elc  
That change which pains us most by coming late.

38.

But *Orna* (ever present in his thought)  
Prompts him to know, with what success for fame  
And Empire, *Gondibert* and *Oswald* fought ;  
Whilst *Hubert* seeks ovr death, and shrinks from shame.

39.

Valour, and all that practice turns to art,  
 Alike the Princes had and understood;  
 For Oswald now is cool as Gondibert;  
 Such temper he has got by losing blood.

40.

Calmly their temper did their art obey;  
 Their stretch'd Arms regular in motion prove;  
 And force with as unseen a stealth convey,  
 As noiseless hours by hands of Dish move.

41.

By this new temper Hargens believ'd  
 That Oswald's elder virtues might prevail;  
 To think his own help needfull much he griev'd;  
 But yet prepar'd it lest the Duke should fail.

42.

Small wounds they had, where as in Casements sat  
 Disorder'd Life; who seem'd to look about,  
 And fain would be abroad, but that a Gate  
 She wants so wide, at once to fully out.

43.

When Gondibert saw Hargens draw near,  
 And doubly arm'd at conquer'd Huberts coast,  
 He then, who never fear'd, began to fear,  
 Lest by his help his honour should be lost.

44.

Retire, said he; for if thou hap'nt to win  
 My Sisters love by aiding in this strife;  
 May Heav'n (to make her think thy love a sin)  
 Eclipse that beauty which did give it life.

45.

Count Hargens did dolefully retire,  
 Fain would assist, yet durst not disobay;  
 The Duke would rather instantly expire,  
 Than hazard Honour's death, by death's delay.

Alike



46.

Alike did *Oswald* for dispatch prepare;  
And cries, Since *Hubert* knew not to subdue,  
Glory farewell, that art the Souldiers care,  
More lov'd than Woman, less than woman true.

47.

And now they strive with all their sudden force  
To storm *Life's Citadel*, each others Brest;  
At which could Heav'n's chief Eye have felt remorse,  
It would have wink'd, or half'ned to the West.

48.

But sure the Heav'nly Movers little care  
Whether our motion here be false or true;  
For we proceed, whilst they are regular,  
As if we Dice for all our actions threw.

49.

We seem surrender'd to indifferent Chance,  
Even Deaths grave work looks like fantastick play;  
That Sword which oft did *Oswald's* fame advance  
In publick war, fails in a private fray.

50.

For when (because he ebbes of bloud did feel)  
He levell'd all his strength at *Gondibert*,  
It clash'd and broke against the adverse steel,  
Which travell'd onward till it reach'd his heart.

51.

Now he that like a stedfast statue stood  
In many Battels registerd by Fames,  
Does fall depriv'd of language as of blood;  
Whilst high the Hunters send their Victors name.

52.

Some shout aloud, and others wind the Horn!  
They mix the Cities with the Field's applause;  
Which *Borgio* soon interprets as their scorn,  
And will revenge it ere he mourn the cause.

53.

This the cold Evening warm'd of *Vasco's* age ;  
 He shin'd like scorching Noon in *Borgia's* looks,  
 Who kindled all about him with his rage,  
 And worse the Triumph than the Conquest brooks.

54.

The Troops (astonish'd with their Leaders fate)  
 The horror first with silence entertain ;  
 With loud impatience then for *Borgia's* wair,  
 And next with one confusion all complain.

55.

Whom thus he urg'd ! Prince *Oswald* did command  
 We should remove far from the Combat's list ;  
 And there like unconcern'd Spectatours stand,  
 Justly restrain'd to hinder or assist.

56.

This (Patient Friends ! ) we dully have obey'd ;  
 A temp'rance which he never taught before,  
 But though alive he could forbid our aid,  
 Yet dead, he leaves revenge within our pow'r.

CANTO

## CANTO the Fifth.

## The ARGUMENT.

The Battel in exact, though little shape,  
 Where none by flight, and few by fortune scape,  
 Where even the vanquish'd so themselves behave,  
 The Victors mourn for all they could not save:  
 And fear (so soon is Fortune's fullest wain'd)  
 To lose in one, all that by all they gain'd.

1.

**N**OW Hubert's Page assists his wounded Lord  
 To mount that Steed, he scarce had force to guide;  
 And wept to see his hand without that Sword  
 Which was so oft in busie Battel try'd.

2.

Those who with *Borgio* saw his want of blood,  
 Cry'd out, If of thy strength enough remain,  
 Though not to charge, to make thy conduct good  
 Lead us to adde their living to our slain.

3.

Hubert reply'd, Now you may justly boast,  
 You Sons of War, that *Oswald* was your Sire;  
 Who got in you the honour I have lost;  
 And taught those deeds our Ladies songs admire.

4.

But he (Wars Ancestour, who gave it birth,  
 The Father of those Fights we *Lombards* fought)  
 Lies there embracing but his length of Earth,  
 Who for your use the world's vast Empire sought.

5.

And cold as he lies noble *Dargoner*,  
 And *Paradine*, who wore the Victors Crown;  
 Both swift to Charge, and lame in a Retreat;  
 Brothers in blood, and Rivals in renown.

6.

This said, their Trumpets sound Revenge's praise ;  
 The Hunters Horns (though terror of the wood )  
 Reply'd so meanly, they could scarcely raise  
 Echo so loud as might be understood.

7.

The Duke (his fit of fury being spent ,  
 Which onely wounds and opposition bred )  
 Does weep on faded *Oswald*, and lament  
 What was so great in life, is nothing dead.

8.

But cry'd, when he the speechless Rivals spy'd ,  
 O worth, above the ancient price of Love !  
 Lost are the living, for with these love dy'd ;  
 Or if immortal, fled with them above.

9.

In these we the intrinsic value know  
 By which first Lovers did love currant deem ;  
 But Love's false Coyurers will allay it now ,  
 Till men suspect what next they must condemn.

10.

Not less young *Hugonil* repents their chance,  
 Though no fit time to practise his remorse ,  
 For now he cries (finding the Foe advance )  
 Let Death give way to life ! to horse ! to horse !

11.

This sorrow is too lost for deeds behind ;  
 Which I (a mortal Lover) would sustain ;  
 So as to make your Sister wisely kind ,  
 And praise me living, not lament me slain.

12.

Swift as *Armenians* in the Panthers chase  
 They flie to reach where now their Hunters are ;  
 Who fought our danger with too bold a pace ,  
 Till thus the Duke did them aloud prepare.

13.

Impatient Friends, stand that your strength may last;  
Burn not in blaze rage that should warm you long;  
I wish to Foes the weaknesses of haste;  
To you such slowness as may keep you strong.

14.

Not their scorn force should your first passions move;  
Though scorn does more than bonds free minds provoke;  
Their flashy rage shall harmless lightning prove;  
Which but fore-runs our Thunder's fatal stroke.

15.

For when their fury's spent, how weak they are  
With the dull weight of antique *Parade Arm'd*;  
Their work but short, and little is in war,  
Whom rage within, and Armour outward warms.

16.

When you have us'd those arts your patience yields,  
Try to avoid their couched Latines force;  
By dextrous practise of *Craque Fields*,  
Which turns to lazy Elephants their Horse.

17.

When false retreat shall scatter you in flight,  
As if you back to Elements were fled;  
And no less faith can you again unite,  
Than recollects from Elements the dead.

18.

Make Chafers seem by your swift Ballies, slow;  
Whilst they your swifter change of figures see;  
Like that in Bartels, which t' amuse the Foe  
My Grand-fire taught, as Wars Philosopher.

19.

Think now your Valour enters on the Stage,  
Think Fame th' Eternal *Glorious* to declare  
Your mighty minds to each succeeding age,  
And that your Ladies the Spectatours are.

26.

This utter'd was with so suprem a grace,  
 That ev'ry heart it empty'd, and did raise  
 Life's chiefest blood in valour to the Face,  
 Which made such beauty as the Foe did praise.

27.

Yet 'twas Ambition's praise, which but approves  
 Those whom through envy it would fain subdue;  
 Likes others honour, but her own so loves,  
 She thinks all others Trophies are her due.

28.

For Hubert now (though void of strength as fear)  
 Advanc'd the first Division fast and far;  
 Bold *Borgio* with the next attends his Rear,  
 The Third was left to *Vasco's* steady care.

29.

The Duke still watch'd when each Divisions space  
 Grew wide, that he might his more open spread;  
 His own brave conduct did the foremost grace,  
 The next the Count; the third true *Tybalt* led.

24.

A forward fashion he did wear a while,  
 As if the Charge he would with fury meet;  
 That he their forward fury might beguile,  
 And urge them past redemption by retreat.

25.

But when with Launces couch'd they ready were,  
 And their thick Front (which added Files in large)  
 With their ply'd spurs kept time in a Career,  
 Those soon were vanish'd whom they meant to charge.

26.

The Duke by flight his Manhood thus and force  
 Reserv'd, and to his skill made Valour yield,  
 Did seem to blush, that he must lead his Horse  
 To lose a little ground, to gain the Field.

Yet

27.

Yet soon with Ralleys he reviv'd the war;  
Hubert pursues the Rear of Hurgonil;  
And *Borgio's* Rear with Chace so loosned are,  
That them the Count does with close order kill.

28.

And that which was erewhile the Dukes firm Van,  
Before old *Vascons* Front vouchsafe to flie;  
Till with *Croatian* Ralleys they began  
In small Divisions hidden strength to trie.

29.

Then cursing *Borgio* cry'd, Whence comes his skill,  
Who men so scatter'd can so firmly mix?  
The living Metal, held so volatile  
By thy dull word, this Chymick Lord can fix!

30.

He press'd where *Hurgonil's* his fury spends,  
As if he now in *Orna's* presence fought;  
And with respect his brave approach attends,  
To give him all the dangers which he sought.

31.

So bloody was th'event of this new strife,  
That we may here applauded valour blame;  
Which oft too easily abandons Life,  
Whilst Death is Parent made of noble Fame.

32.

For many now (belov'd by both) forsake  
In their pursuit of flying Fame, their breath;  
And through the world their Valour currant make,  
By giving it the ancient stamp of death.

33.

Young *Hurgonil's* renowned self had bought  
Honour of *Borgio* at no less a rate;  
Had not the Duke dispatch'd with those he sought,  
And found his aid must flie, or come too late.

<sup>34.</sup>  
 For he advancing saw (which much him grieved)  
 That in the fairest Region of the Face,  
 He two wide wounds from *Borgio* had receiv'd;  
 His beauties blenish, but his valours grace.

<sup>35.</sup>  
 Now cry'd the Duke, strive timely for renown!  
 Thy Age will kiss those wounds thy Youth may loath;  
 Be not dismay'd to see thy beantie gone;  
 My Sister's thine, who has enough for both.

<sup>36.</sup>  
 Then soon the Youth, Death as an honour gave  
 To one that strove to rescue *Borgio's* life;  
 Yet *Borgio* had dispatch'd him to his grave,  
 Had *Gondibert* stood neutral in the strife:

<sup>37.</sup>  
 Who with his sword (disdaining now to stay  
 And see the blood he lov'd so rudely spill)  
 Pierc'd a bold *Lombard* who imbar'd his way;  
 Even till his heart did beat against his Hill.

<sup>38.</sup>  
 Timely old *Vasco* came to *Borgio's* aid;  
 Whose long experienc'd Arm wrought sure and fast;  
 His rising oppositions level laid,  
 And mis'd no execution by his haste.

<sup>39.</sup>  
 And timely where the bleeding Count now fought,  
 And where the Duke with Number was oppress,  
 Resistless *Tybolt* came, who *Borgio* fought,  
 But here with many *Borgios* did contest.

<sup>40.</sup>  
 As Tides, that from their sev'ral Channels haste,  
 Assemble rudely in th' *Ubeas* Bay,  
 And meeting there to indistinction waste,  
 Strive to proceed, and force each others stay.



41.

So here the valiant who with swift force come,  
With as resistless valour are engag'd,  
Are hid in angers undistinguish'd Fome,  
And make less way by meeting so engag'd.

42.

But room for *Galsbo* now! Whose valour's fire,  
Like lightning, did unlikely passage make;  
Whose swift effects like lightnings they admire,  
And even the harms it wrought with reverence take.

43.

*Vasco* he seeks, who had his Youth disdain'd;  
And in that search he with irreverend rage,  
Revengefully from younger Foes abstain'd,  
And deadly grew where he encounter'd Age.

44.

And *Vasco* now had felt his *Gothick* steel,  
But that Duke *Gondibert* (through Helm and Head)  
The last dire stroke which *Vasco* ere shall feel  
Did give, and sent him to adorn the dead.

45.

Here *Borgio* too had slain, but bravely then  
The Count so much reveng'd the wounds he gave,  
As *Gondibert* (the Prop of falling Men)  
Such sinking greatness could not chuse but save.

46.

When *Vasco* was remov'd, the Count declin'd  
His bashfull Eyes; the Duke thought suddain shame  
(From sence of luckless wounds) possess'd his mind;  
Which thus he did reform, and gently blame.

47.

Now thy complexion lasting is, and good!  
As when the Sun sets red, his Morning Eyes  
In glory wake, so now thou setst in blood,  
Thy parting beauteie will in honour rise.

48.

These scars thou needst not from my Sister hide;  
 For as our Father, in brave battel lost,  
 She first did name with sorrow, then with pride,  
 Thy beauties lost she'll mourn and after boast.

49.

Nine are but Love's false wounds (said *Hurgonil*)  
 To what you *Vasco* gave; for I must grieve  
 My strength of honour could not *Vasco* kill,  
 That honour lost, yet I have strength to live.

50.

But now behold vex'd *Hubert*, who in all  
 This battel was by ready conduct known,  
 And though unarm'd, and his spent force so small  
 He could to none bring death, yet sought his own :

51.

And ev'ry where, where Rallies made a Gross  
 He charg'd; and now with last reserves he try'd  
 His too slow fate from *Gondibert* to force,  
 Where he was Victor and where *Vasco* dy'd.

52.

The Duke (in Honours School exactly bred)  
 Would not that this defenceless Prince should be  
 Involv'd with those, whom he to dying led,  
 Therefore ordain'd him still from slaughter free.

53.

And now his pow'r did gently make him know,  
 That he must keep his life, and quit the cause;  
 More Pris'ner to him self than to his Foe,  
 For life within himself in Prison was.

54.

His fierce Assistance did not quit the Field,  
 Till forward marks declar'd they fairly fought;  
 And then they all with sullen slowness yield;  
 Vex'd they had found what vain Revenge had sought.

55.

In the renown'd destruction of this day,  
Four hundred Leaders were by valours pride  
Led to blest shades, by an uncertain way,  
Where lowliness is held the surest Guide.

56.

And twice the Tierce of these consists of those  
Who for Prince Oswald's love of Empire bled;  
The Duke does thus with thanks and praise dispose  
Both of the worthy living, and the dead.

57.

Bind all your wounds, and shed not that brave life,  
Which did in all by great demeanor pass,  
(Teaching your Foes a wiser choice of strife)  
Deserve a Lease of Nature that may last.

58.

Love warm'd you with those hints which kindled me,  
And form'd Ideas in each lovers thought  
Of the distress of some beloved she,  
Who then inspir'd, and prais'd you whilst you fought.

59.

You nobly prompt my passion to desire,  
That the rude Crowd who Lovers softness scorn,  
Might in fair field meet those who love admire,  
To trie which side must after Battel mourn.

60.

O that those rights which should the good advance,  
And justly are to painfull valour due,  
(How ere misplac'd by the swift hand of Chance)  
Were from that Crowd defended by those few!

61.

With this great Spectacle we should refresh  
Those Chiefs, who (though prefer'd by being dead)  
Would kindly wish to fight again in flesh:  
So all that lov'd by Hurgoml were led.

62.

This gracious mention from so great a Lord,  
Bow'd *Hugonil* with dutious homage down,  
Where at his feet he laid his rescu'd Swords  
Which he accepts, but he returns his own.

63.

By this and thine, said gentle *Gondibert*,  
In all distress of various Courts and war,  
We interpledge and bind each others heart,  
To strive who shall possess griefs greatest share.

64.

Now to *Verona* hast, and timely bring  
Thy wounds unto my tender Sister's cures;  
This Days sad story to our dreaded King,  
And watch what vengeance *Oswald's* Friends prepare.

65.

Brave *Arnold*, and his Rival straight remove;  
Where *Laura* shall bestrew their hallow'd Grounds;  
Protectours both, and Ornaments of Loves;  
This said, his Eyes out-weep'd his widest wounds.

66.

Tell her now these (Love's faithful Saints) are gone,  
The beautie they ador'd, she ought to hide;  
For vainly will Love's Miracles be shown,  
Since Lovers faith with these brave Rivals dy'd.

67.

Say little *Hugo* never more shall mourn  
In noble Numbers her unkind disdain;  
Who now not seeing beautie feels no scorn;  
And wanting pleasure, is exempt from pain.

68.

When she with Flowers *Lord Arnold's* Grave shall strew,  
And bears why *Hugo's* life was thrown away;  
She on that Rival's Hearse will drop a few,  
Which merits all that *April* gives to *May*.

69.

Let us forsake for safety of our Eyes  
Our other loss: which I will straight inter,  
And raise a Trophy where each Body lies;  
Vain marks, how those alive the Dead prefer!

70.

If my full Breast, my wounds that empty be,  
And this Days toll (by which my strength is gon)  
Forbid me not, I *Bergans* will see  
Ere it beholds the next succeeding Sun.

71.

Thither convey thy souls confid'rate thought,  
How in this cause the Court and Camp's inclin'd;  
Whar *Oswald's* Faction with the King has wrought;  
And how his loss prevails with *King Albin*.

72.

The Count and *Wulf* take their lowly leaves;  
Their slain they sadly, with consuming hearts,  
Bear tow'rd's *Wynna*, whil'st the Duke perceives  
Prince *Habert's* grief, and thus his tears divers.

73.

Afflicted Prince! in an unpleasant hour  
You and your living (by blind valour led)  
Are captives made to such an easie pow'r,  
Shall you as little vex, as Death your dead.

74.

The Dead can ne'r by living help return  
From that dark Land, which life could ne'r disclose;  
But these alive (for whom the Victor's mourn)  
To thee I give, thee to thine own dispose.

75.

Be not with honours gilded Bairs beguild;  
Nor think Ambition wise, because 'tis brave;  
For though we like it, as a forward Child,  
'Tis so unsound, her Cradle is her Grave.

76.

Study the mighty *Ofmald* vainly gone !  
 Fierce *Paradise*, and *Elisabet* the stout !  
 Whose Thirds by patient *Parce* slowly spun,  
 Ambition's haste has rashly rivell'd out.

77.

But *Hubert*'s grief no precept could reform;  
 For great grief counsell'd, does to anger grow ;  
 And he provided now a future Storm,  
 Which did with black revenge orecast his Brow.

78.

*Enigio* and he from this dire Region haste ;  
 Shame makes them fightless to themselves and dumb ;  
 Their thoughts flie swift as Time from what is past ;  
 And would like him demolish all to come.

79.

Strait they interre th' inferiour of their slain ;  
 Their nobler *Tragic* load their grief attends  
 Towrds *Brescia*, where the Camp they hope to gain ;  
 Then force the Court by faction of their Friends.

80.

To *Bergamo* the gentle Duke does turn  
 With his surviving *Lovers*, who in kind  
 Remembrance every step look back, and mourn  
 Their fellow *Lovers* Death has laid behind.

81.

Some lost their quiet Rivals, some their dear  
 Love's Brother, who their hopes with help approv'd ;  
 Some such joy'd Friends, as even to morrow were  
 To take from *Hymen* those they dearest lov'd.

82.

But now to *Gondibert* they forward look,  
 Whose wounds, ere he could waste three league of way,  
 So waste him, that his speech him quite forsook,  
 And Nature calls for Art to make Life stay.

His Friends in torment lest they should forsake  
Delightfull him, for whom alone they live;  
Urg'd Heav'n unceasingly for calling back  
So soon such worth, it does so seldom give.

**CANTO the Sixth.**

**The ARGUMENT.**

The Victor is (when with his wounds subdu'd)  
By such deform'd and dismal Troops pursu'd,  
That he thinks Death, than which they uglier seem,  
No ill expedient to escape from them.  
But ULFIN guides him to sage ASTRAGON;  
By the last Rays of the descending Sun.

1.

SCARCE on their Duke their fears kind fit was spent,  
When strait a thick arm'd Squadron clouds their sight,  
Which cast so dark a shade, as if it meant  
Without the Sun's flow leave, to bring in night.

2.

This threatening Squadron did consist of Horse,  
And by old ULFIN they were gravely led,  
whose mind was sound, nor wants his Body force,  
Though many Winters Snow had cool'd his head.

3.

The sad remainder who with Hubert went,  
Did miss his reach, when they to Bressa turn'd,  
And now (as if his haste destruction meant)  
He chae'd those who the Dukes spent valour mourn'd.

I

whose

4.  
 Whose posture being loose, their number few,  
 His Scouts grow scornfull as they forward come,  
 He makes his Squadron halt, and near he drew,  
 Then asks aloud, What are you, and for whom?

5.  
 The noble *Galtba* (whose great deeds to day  
 Prevented Manhood in his early youth)  
 Believ'd him *Oswald's* Friend, yet scorn'd the way  
 To shelter life, behind abandon'd Truth.

6.  
 For he to *Ulfen* boldly thus reply'd,  
 This second Ambush finds us here in vain;  
 We have no excuse left that we would hide,  
 Since *Gondibert* is reckon'd with the slain.

7.  
 Duke *Gondibert* we vouch to be our Lord,  
 To whose high virtues Sovereignty we bow;  
*Oswald* sunk low, as death, beneath his Sword,  
 Though him superiour Fate will vanquish now.

8.  
 Scarce empty Eagles stooping to their prey,  
 Could be more swift than *Ulfen* so alight,  
 And come where *Gondibert* expiring lay;  
 Now pleasing those whom he did newly fright.

9.  
 For scarce that reverence which a Monarch draws,  
 Who seldom will be seen, though often sought;  
 Who spends his carefull age in making Laws,  
 To rule those lands for which in youth he fought.

10.  
 Nor that respect which People pay those Kings,  
 Whose peace makes rich, whom civil war made wise,  
 Can equal this which aged *Ulfen* brings  
 The gentle Duke, to whom he prostrate lies.



11.

His Eyes (not us'd to tears) bathe ev'ry wound;  
Which he salutes as things he chiefly lov'd;  
And when expence of spirits he had found,  
To gain him air, his Mourners he remov'd.

12.

Make way, said he, and give Experience room,  
The Confident of age, though Youth's scorn'd guide;  
My wounds, though past, out-number yours to come,  
You can but hope the knowledge I have try'd.

13.

His Hills round Pommel he did then unstrew,  
And thence (which he from ancient Precept wore)  
In a small Chrystal he a Cordial drew,  
That weary life could to her walks restore.

14.

This care (amazing all it does delight)  
His ruins, which so reverend appear,  
With wonder not so much surpris'd their sight,  
As a strange object now his Troops draw near.

15.

In whom such death and want of limbs they find,  
As each were lately call'd out of his Tomb,  
And left some members hastily behind,  
Or came, when born, abortive from the Womb.

16.

Yet this defect of Legs, or Arms, or Hands,  
Did wondring valour not disturb, but please;  
To see what divers weapons each commands  
With arts hard shifts, till custom gave them ease.

17.

But the uncomely absence of an Eye,  
And larger wants, which ev'ry visage mourn'd,  
(Where black did over-vail, or ill supply)  
Was that which wonder into horrid turn'd.

18.

And *Ulfu* might be thought (when the rude wind  
Lifting their Curtains, left their robes bare)  
A formal Antiquary, gravely kind  
To Statues, which he now drew out to air.

19.

The Duke (whose absent knowledge was call'd back  
By Cordials pow'r) his wonder did increase  
So much, that he agen did knowledge lack,  
Till thus old *Ulfu* made his wonder cease.

20.

Auspicious Prince! recorded be this day,  
And sung by Priests of each ensuing Age;  
On which thou may'st receive, and I may pay  
Some debts of duty, as thy Grandfires Page.

21.

That mighty Chief I serv'd in youth's first strength,  
Who our short Scepter meant to stretch so far,  
Till Eastern Kings might grieve theirs wanted length,  
Whose Maps scarce teach where all their Subjects are.

22.

Full many stormy winters we have seen,  
When kindled Valour's heat was all our fire,  
Else we in stupid Frosts had fetter'd been,  
By which soft sinews are congeal'd to wire.

23.

And many scorching Summers we have felt,  
Where Death relieves all whom the sword invades;  
And kindly thence (where we should toying melt)  
Leads us to rest beneath eternal shades.

24.

For aid of action he obedience taught,  
And silent patience for afflictions cure;  
He prais'd my courage when I boldly fought,  
But said, They conquer most, that most endure.

25.

The toyls of diligence as much approv'd  
As Valour's self, or th' Arts her practise gains;  
The care of Men, more than of glory lov'd,  
Success rewarded, and successless pains.

26.

To joyfull Victors quenching water sent,  
Delightfull wine to their lamenting slaves;  
For Feasts have more brave lives than Famine spent,  
And Temp'rance more than Trench or Armour saves.

27.

Valour his Mistress, Caution was his Friend;  
Both to their diff'rent seasons he appli'd;  
The first he lov'd, on th' other did depend;  
The first made worth uneasy by her pride.

28.

He to submiss devotion more was given  
After a battel gain'd, than ere 'twas fought;  
As if it nobler were to thank high Heav'n  
For favours past, than bow for bounry sought.

29.

And thus through smarting heat, and aking cold,  
Till Heav'n's perpetual Traveller had more  
Than thirty journeys through the Zodiack told,  
I serv'd thy Grandfire, whom I now adore.

30.

For Heav'n in his too ripe and weary age,  
Call'd him, where peacefully he rules a Star;  
Free'd from the lower Elements ceaseless rage,  
Which last like Monarchs pow'r by needfull war.

31.

Straight thy lamented Father did succeed  
To his high place, by *Archer's* consent,  
Our Ensigns through remoter Lands to lead:  
Him too I follow'd till he upward went.

Till that black day on which the *Land* may boast  
 Their own defeat, and we our conquest hide;  
 For though we gain'd, and they the battel lost,  
 Yet then thy brave victorious Father dy'd.

33.  
 And I am stay'd unwillingly behind;  
 Not caught with wealth, Life's most intangling snare;  
 Though both my Masters were in giving kind,  
 As joyfull Victors after Battel are.

34.  
 Whilst thus this aged Leader does express  
 His and their Story whom this bounty feeds,  
 His hands the Duke's worst order'd wounds undress  
 And gently bind; then thus he thus proceeds.

35.  
 West from those Hills till you *Crimons* reach,  
 With an undimmed right I gather rent;  
 By their great Gift who did such precepts teach  
 In giving, as their wealth is ne'r mispent.

36.  
 For as their plenteous pye fills my thought;  
 So their example was not read in vain;  
 A Thousand, who for them in battel fought,  
 And now distress'd with Maims, I entertain:

37.  
 Nor giving like to those, whose gifts, though scant,  
 Pain them, as if they gave with gowty hand;  
 Such vex themselves, and ease not others want;  
 But we allike enjoy, a like command.

38.  
 Most spaciouly we dwell, where we possess  
 All finless pleasures Nature did ordain;  
 And who that all may have, yet will have less,  
 Wiser than Nature, thinks her kindness vain.

39.

A sad resolve, which is a will-maint vow,  
From Cities noise, and Courts enspiry'd ease,  
Did so divorce me, it would scarce allow  
I ere should take one League of distant air.

40.

But that Alarms from each adjacent part  
Which border my abode, disturb'd my rest,  
With dreadfull news that gracious God had sent  
By *Q. Wales's* Faction was in fight oppos'd.

41.

Then it had given your wonder cause to last,  
To see the vex'd mistakes this furmost brought  
In all my Meins & Domesticks by their haste,  
For some tie on the Limbs which others sought.

42.

Just such mistakes audacious & swift, say  
Will happen where the Righteous be in awe,  
Through glad and earnest haste in the last days,  
Whilst others slow to their doom prepare.

43.

And this had Anger, anger noise had bred  
And Noise, the Enemy of usefull Thought,  
Had them to more mistakes than blindness led,  
But that one awfull Camp had silence kept.

44.

Silence did Memory, Memory order make  
Order to each did his mist wood restore  
For some, who once were steadfast Foot, mistake  
And snatch those Limbs which onely Horse-men wore.

45.

Like swift Pursuers on Arabian Horse,  
These with their needfull Instruments of hold  
(which give their strange adapted weapons force)  
I mourn'd strait Five Hundred fully told.

46.

These from the *Lombards* highly have deserv'd,  
 In Conquests where thy Father did command;  
 Whom they for Science and affection serv'd,  
 And lost their Limbs to gain our Scepter Land.

47.

Which yet are noble, though unsightly signs,  
 That each in active courage much abounds;  
 And many a widow'd Mother now repines,  
 They cannot show the Men who gave those wounds.

48.

For dearly did the *Ham* for honour pay,  
 When they deform'd them in a fatal fight;  
 Since though they strongly struggled for the day,  
 Yet all they got, was everlasting Night.

49.

And *Oswald's* Friends, were they not timely gone  
 (Though all the Faction in one Army were)  
 Should mourn this act against their General's Son,  
 Who was to Souldiers more than Triumph dear.

50.

For these to Conquest us'd, Retreats dislike;  
 Thy beauty went, to others Beauty's cost;  
 With envious rage still at the Face they strike,  
 And punish Youth, for what in youth they lost.

51.

Thus, though the Duke's amangement be remov'd,  
 It now returns, gladly on him to gaze,  
 Who feeds those Fighters whom his Father lov'd;  
 A gratitude would Virtue's self amaze.

52.

Thou art, said he, (then melted whilst he spake)  
 So ripe in what nice Heav'n does dearly love,  
 That Heav'n's remorse for Earth we should mistake,  
 To think it will forbear thee long above.

53.

As if thy sent for Soul already were  
Upon her Wings, so much I give thee gone;  
And wish thee left in some Successor here,  
That might receive the kindness thou hast shown.

54.

Old *Ulfen* now (but maimingly as he)  
T' enrich him, gives the Jewell of his sight;  
For strait, with Father's grave authority,  
He bids his son, young *Ulfen* alight.

55.

Take him (said he) whose duty I release;  
In whom all Heav'n's rewards included are,  
For all my Justice in corrupted peace,  
And for my mercy in revengeful war.

56.

The fruit Heav'n's sent me by my loyal wife,  
In age, the gloomy Eve of endless night;  
Which eas'd in me the pain of latter life,  
And frustrates death, by fresh succession's fight.

57.

The Duke with passion did this Youth embrace;  
Then luckie *Gutro* he call'd forth in view;  
Who was this day in Fortun's special grace,  
For though no blood he lost, yet much he drew.

58.

Him he with *Ulfen* does strait unite;  
Bids neither strive the other to preceede,  
Unless when danger doth them both invite,  
But be, even in nice Rivalship agreed.

59.

Bids both their Breasts be eithers open book,  
Where nought is writ too hard for sodain Eyes;  
But nought's plain Text grows easie by a look:  
Study breeds doubt, where reading should suffice.

60.

But these to joyn Nature no Counsel needs;  
Whom Sympathy, her secret Priest, does wed;  
Much fam'd will be their loves, and Marrial Deeds,  
Which fill all Books that are of Lovers read.

61.

With gracious Eyes, and Bodie lustily bent,  
The Duke his Fathers rev'rend Troops salutes;  
To *Bergamo* He holds his first intent,  
Which to oppose, old *Vulsa* thus disputes.

62.

Thou seest (my Prince) the faint decays of Light,  
How hastily the Sun his Steeds begin  
To mend their pace, as if their longing sight  
Had newly spy'd their usual Western Inn.

63.

Too far is pleasant *Bergamo* from hence,  
Since Day has reach'd so near his journey's end;  
Days strength and years are at their last expence,  
Do not whilst both are wasting, both mispend.

64.

You and Your wounded must with Nature strive,  
Till all (whose few hours way to day excels  
Their elder Foes long reign in Camps) arrive  
Where *Astruga* the wise and wealthy dwells.

65.

Rich is that Lord, and rich in learnings wealth;  
Art flies his test, he all Art's test endures;  
Our Cities send their sick to him for health,  
Our Camps the wounded for their certain cures.

66.

Though cautious Nature, check'd by Destinie,  
Has many secrets she would ne'r impart;  
This fam'd Philosopher is Nature's Spie,  
And hireless gives th' intelligence to Art.



67.

The Duke with virtue (antiquated now)  
 Did reverence Counsel, and to Age did bend;  
 His first Course alters, and does this allow;  
 Then *Ulfen* as their Guide they all attend.

68.

Soon they the Pallace reach'd of *Astragon*;  
 Which had its beauty hid by envious Night,  
 Whose Cypress Curtain drawn before the Sun,  
 Seem'd to perform the Obsequies of light.

69.

Yet Light's last rays were not intirely spent,  
 For they discern'd their passage through a Gate,  
 whose height and space shew'd ancient ornament,  
 And Ancients there in carefull Office sate.

70.

Who by their Weights and Measures did record  
 Such num'rous Burdens as were thither brought  
 From distant Regions, to their learned Lord;  
 On which his Chymicks and Distillers wrought.

71.

But now their common bus'ness they refrain,  
 When they observe a quiet stillness  
 And bloody marks in such a civil Train;  
 Which shew'd at once their worth and their distre.

72.

The voice of *Ulfen* they with gladness knew,  
 Whom to this house long neighbourhood indeer;  
 Approaching Torches perfected their view,  
 And taught the way till *Astragon* appear'd.

73.

Who soon did *Ulfen* cheerfully embrace,  
 The visits cause by whispers he receiv'd;  
 Which first he hop'd was meant him as a grace,  
 But being known, with manly silence griev'd.

74.  
And then with gestures full of grave respect,  
The Duke he to his own apartment led;  
To each distinct retirements did direct,  
And all the wounded he ordain'd to Bed.

75.  
Then thin digestive food he did provide,  
More to enable fleeing strength to stay;  
To wounds well search'd he cleansing wines apply'd,  
And so prepar'd his rip'ning Balsoms way.

76.  
Balm of the Warriour's herb, *Hyperican!*  
To Warriour's as in use, in form decreed;  
For through the leaves transparent wounds are shown;  
And rudely touch'd, the Golden Flower does bleed.

77.  
For sleep they juice of pale *Nymphaea* took,  
Which grows (to shew that it for sleep is good)  
Near sleep's abode, in the soft murm'ring Brook:  
This cools, the yellow Flow'r restrains the Blood:

78.  
And now the wearie world's great Med'cin, Sleep,  
This learned Host dispens'd to ev'ry Guest,  
Which shuts those wounds where injur'd Lovers weep,  
And flies Oppressours to relieve th' Opprest.

79.  
It loves the Corrage, and from Court abstains,  
It stills the Sea man though the Storm be high;  
Frees the griev'd Captive in his closest Chains,  
Stops wants loud Mouth, & blinds the treach'rous Spie!

80.  
Kind Sleep, Night's welcome Officer, does cease  
All whom this House contains till day returns;  
And me, Grief's Chronicler, does gently ease,  
Who have behind so great a task to mourn.

*The end of the First Book.*

# GONDIBERT.

## The Second Book.

### CANTO the First.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

VERONA by the Poet's Pencil drawn;  
 where HURGONIE did meet the early dawn:  
 Her wealth shown by each Dweller's early care,  
 Which soon by others' peace, she reap'd by war.  
 The slain, whose life her fastness was and pride,  
 Are now in death their Fun'ral Rites deny'd.

Sunk near his Evening Region was the Sun,  
 When Hurgonil with his lamented Load,  
 And faithfull Tybalt their sad march begun  
 To Fair Verona, where the Court abroad.

They slowly rode till Night's dominion ceas'd;  
 When infant Morn (her scarce wak'd beams display'd)  
 With a scant face peep't shyly through the East,  
 And seem'd as yet of the black world afraid.

But by increase of swift expansive light,  
 The lost Horizon was apparent grown,  
 And many Tow'rs salute at once their sight;  
 The distant boasts of an Imperial Town.

Verona,

*Paras*, sprung from noble *Paras*'s name,  
 Whom careless Time (still less the old Records  
 Where they are loosely gather'd up by Fame)  
 Proclaims the chief of ancient *Tustan* Lords.

*Tustan* borders on that fatal Plain,  
 Whole barren thirst was quench'd with valiant blood,  
 When the tough *Embrion* by *Sator* *Marius* slain,  
 Left Hills of Bodies where their Ensigns stood.

So safely proud this Town did now appear,  
 As if it but immortal Dwellers lack'd;  
 As if *Theodorick* had ne'r been there,  
 Nor *Attila* her wealth and beauty lack'd.

Here *Hurgault* might follow with his Eye  
 (As with deep stream it through the City pass'd),  
 The fruitfull and the frighted *Adice*,  
 Which thence from noise and nets to sea does haste.

And on her peopled Bank they might behold  
 The toyls of conquest paid with works of pride;  
 The Palace of King *Agilulf* the old,  
 Or Monument, for ere 'twas built, he dy'd.

To it that Temple joyns, whose lofty Head  
 The prospect of a swelling Hill commands;  
 In whose cool womb the City springs are bred:  
 On *Dorique* Pillars this tall Temple stands.

This to sooth Heav'n the bloody *Clephas* built,  
 As if Heav'n's King so soft and easie were,  
 So meahly hous'd in Heav'n, and kind to guilt,  
 That he would be a Tyrant's Tenant here.

11.

And now they might arrest their wond'ring fight  
With that which makes all other Objects lost;  
Makes Lombard greenish far to Rome's bright,  
And Modern Builders blush, that e'er they would boast.

12.

An Amphitheater which has controll'd  
Unheeded conquests of advancing Age,  
Winds which have made the trembling world look old,  
And the uncivil Gods's malicious rage.

13.

This great *Flaminian* did in youth erect,  
Where Cities sat to see whole Armies play  
Death's serious past: but this we may neglect  
To mark the business which begins with day.

14.

As Day now op'ning fills the Hemisphere,  
And all at once: so quickly every Street  
Does by an instant op'ning full appear,  
When from their dwellings busy Dwellers meet.

15.

From wider Gates Oppressors fall there;  
Here creeps th' afflicted through a narrow Door;  
Groans under wrongs he has not strength to bear,  
Yet seeks for wealth to injure others more.

16.

And here the early Lawyer mends his pace,  
For whom the earlier Client waited long;  
Here greedy Creditors their Debtors chase,  
Who scape by herding in th' indebted Throng.

17.

Th' advent'rous Merchant, whom a Storm did wake,  
(His Ships on *Adriatick* Billows tost)  
Does hope of Eastern winds from Steeple take,  
And hastens there a Currier to the Coast.

Here through a secret Postern Issues one  
 The star'd Adulter, who can sleep his time;  
 Day, and the Husbands Spite alike does doubt,  
 And with a half bad face would hide his crime.

There from sick mind neglectful Feathers reel,  
 Who cares of want in wine's false Lute sleep,  
 There anxious empty Gamblers homeward steal,  
 And fear to wake, ere they begin to sleep.

Here slooping Lab'ers slowly moving are,  
 Beasts to the Rich, whose strength grows rude with ease,  
 And would usurp, did not their Rulers care,  
 With toils and tax their former strength appease.

There th' Aged walk, whose needles carefulness  
 Infects them past the Muses best medicin, sleep;  
 There some to Temples early vows address,  
 And for th'ore busy world most wisely weep.

To this vast Inn, where Tydes of Strangers flow,  
 The Morn and *Hargoni* together came;  
 The Morn, whose Dewy wings appear'd but slow,  
 When Men the motion mark'd of swifter Fame.

For Fame (whose journeys are through waies unknown,  
 Traceless and swift, and changing as the wind)  
 The Morn and *Hargoni* had much out-gone,  
 Whilst temp'rate Truth mov'd patiently behind.

For some the Combat (to a Batall grown)  
 Did apprehend in such prodigious shape,  
 As if their living to the Dead were gone,  
 And onely Fame did by her Wings escape.

25.

Some said this Hunting falsely was design'd,  
That by pretence both Factions might prepare  
Their Armies to contest for *Rhodolinda*,  
The Crown's chief Jewel, and Reward of War.

26.

And some report (so far they range from Truth  
Who for intelligence must follow Fame)  
That then from *Bergamo* th'encamped Youth,  
With *Gondibert*, to this dire Hunting came.

27.

And some, that *Oswald* had enlarg'd his Train  
With the old Troops by his bold Father led;  
And that of these the nobler half were slain,  
The rest were to their Camp at *Brescia* fled.

28.

And as dire Thunder rowling o're Heav'n's vault,  
By murmur threatens, ere it kills aloud;  
So was this fatal news in whisper brought,  
Which menac'd, ere it struck the list'ning Croud.

29.

But Rumour soon to high extremes does move,  
For first it *Oswald* nam'd with dreadfull voice;  
Then said that Death had widow'd Truth and Love,  
By making *Gondibert* the second choice.

30.

And to all hearts so dear was *Gondibert*,  
So much did Pitie, *Oswald*'s Valour prize,  
That strait their early bus'ness they desert,  
And fix on wounded *Hurgonil* their Eyes.

31.

Him when by perfect day they sadly knew,  
Through hidde wounds, whose blood his beauty slain'd,  
Even from the Temples, Angels soon withdrew,  
So sawcely th'afflicted there complain'd.

32.

The People straight united clamour gave,  
 Shriek'd loud like Sea-men split on a strange Coast;  
 As if those Pow'rs were deaf who should them save,  
 And Pray'rs no louder than the winds were lost.

33.

Now, with impatience urg'd, he does declare  
 Whom he so mournfully in Fun'ral brought;  
 The publick losses of a private war,  
 Who living, love, and valour, dying taught.

34.

For he does *Hugo* and *Arnold's* name,  
 To these (said he) *Herons* Gravel gave,  
 And since in foreign Fields they rais'd her Fame,  
 They challenge here, though much too soon, a Grave.

35.

Bring sprinklings, Lamps, and th' Altar's precious breath;  
 All Rites which Priests have prudently devis'd,  
 Who gratefully a rev'rence teach to death;  
 Because they most by dying men are pris'd.

36.

But though our loss we justly may complain,  
 Though even by Priests authority we grieve;  
 Yet Heav'n's first bounty, Life, let none disdain,  
 Since *Gondibert*, our chief Delight, does live.

37.

The Guard, as Sea-men near a Shore unknown,  
 Who their North Guide lose in a Stormy night,  
 His absence with distracted silence moan,  
 And loudly welcome his return to fight:

38.

So when their great Conductor seem'd to be  
 Retir'd to endless shades amongst the slain,  
 With silent grief they seem'd as dead as he,  
 But with new life welcom'd his life again.

And



39.

And now that cold remainder Valour left  
Of these whom Love had lost, and Fate forsook;  
The Two that were of all but Fame bereft,  
From *Hurgonil* the weeping People took.

40.

Whilst of them both sad *Hurgonil* takes leave;  
Till th' universal meeting Faith provides;  
The Day when all shall publickly receive  
Those Bodies, Death does not destroy, but Hides.

41.

Then to his Palace he retires by stealth,  
His wounds from his lov'd Mistress to conceal,  
On whose dear joys so much depends his health;  
The wounds her Tears should touch would never heal.

42.

To the chief Temple straight the People bear  
The valiant Rivals, who for love were slain;  
Whom all the peacefull Priests behold with fear;  
And griev'd such Guests they durst not entertain.

43.

For soon the Prior of their Brotherhood  
(Who long ser'd Heav'n with praise, the world with  
Cry'd our, this holy House is shut to blood,  
To all that die in combat or despair.

44.

These by their bloody marks in Combat dy'd,  
Through anger, the disease of Beasts untram'd;  
Whose wrath is hunger, but in Men 'tis pride,  
Yet theirs is cruelty, ours courage nam'd.

45.

Here the neglected Lord of peace does live;  
Who taught the wrangling world the rules of love;  
Should we his dwelling to the wrathfull give,  
Our Sainted Dead would rise, and he remove.

46.

Well by his precepts may we punish strife,  
 Whose pitie knew that Famine, Plague, and Time,  
 Are Enemies enough to humane life,  
 None need ore-charge Death's Qulver with a crime.

47.

To unfrequented Fields bear then your slain,  
 Where neither Dirge nor Requiem shall be giv'n;  
 To those who by usurp'd Revenge disdain  
 To take from Men, neglects they put on Heav'n.

48.

But now the People's passions run too far;  
 Their untaught love, artless extreams does wed;  
 Of times they like the past, and since they are  
 Opprest still by the living, love the Dead:

49.

And now resolve these Rivals shall not lose  
 The Rites of Sprinkling, Incense, Lights, and Song;  
 Then as the voice of all their Minds, they chuse  
 An Oratour, of rude, but ready Tongue:

50.

Who at the Temple Gate thus pleads aloud!  
 We know, though Priests are Pensioners of Heav'n,  
 Your Flock which yields best rent, is this dull Croud;  
 The learn'd examine why their Fleece is giv'n.

51.

Though by the Rich first shorn, to you they bear  
 A second tribute, and by zeal support  
 Temples which Kings for glory raise, and where  
 The Rich for fame, the Learn'd as Spies resort.

52.

Temples are yours, not God's lov'd Palaces,  
 Where Off'rings make not his, but your own Feasts;  
 Where you most wisely live, because at ease,  
 And entertain your Founders as your Guests:

With

53.

With ease you take what we provide with care;  
 And we (who your Legation must maintain)  
 Find all your Tribe in the Commission are;  
 And none but Heav'n could send so large a Train.

54.

But being all Ambassadors from thence,  
 The growing charge will soon exceed our rent,  
 Unless you please to treat at his expence  
 Who sent you; not at ours, where you are sent.

55.

The ancient Laws liv'd in the Peoples voice;  
 Rites you from Custom, not from Canon draw;  
 They are but fashions of a graver choice,  
 Which yield to Laws, and now our voice is Law.

56.

This Tybalt heard with sorrow and disdain,  
 (Who here with Hurgonil a Mourner came)  
 And strait the peacefull Fathers strives to gain,  
 And thus the Peoples Oratour reclaim.

57.

Most usefull Fathers! some trace secret things  
 Even to his Closet, who is hid in Heav'n;  
 Vainly as Nilus to his hidden springs,  
 And not enjoy, but censure what is giv'n.

58.

You with such temper their intemp'rance bear,  
 To shew your solid science does rely  
 So on it self, as you no trial fear;  
 For Arts are weak that are of Scepticks shie.

59.

Though in your Office humane safety lies;  
 Which opes that Hell the vicious vulgar fear,  
 Yet never can the People Priesthood prise;  
 As if from Heav'n your daily errands were.

60.

Not that your message, Truth, they disesteem;  
 Or think it comes from any other way,  
 But that they Taxes hate, and Truth does seem  
 Brought as a Tax, when they the Bringers pay.

61.

Thus we to Beasts, fall from our noble kind,  
 Making our Pastur'd Bodies all our care,  
 Allowing no subsistence to the Mind,  
 For Truth we grudge her as a costly fare.

62.

But if they fear (since daily you renew  
 Disputes) your Oracles are doubtfull still  
 As those of old; yet more reward is due  
 To pains, where so uncase is the skill.

63.

Or if no skill they think it, but suppose  
 'Tis Faith (& Faith ne'r thinks Heav'n's height too high  
 Yet Faiths so few tal be, that few are those  
 Can chuse right wings, when they to Heav'n would fly.

64.

Or if they think, Faith humane help transcends,  
 And to your Science is so strict a bound  
 As Death to Valour is, where daring ends  
 And none are farthest in that Progress found.

65.

Yet in our walk to our last home design'd,  
 'Tis safe by all the study'd Guides to go;  
 Lest we in death, too late, the knowledge find  
 Of what in life 'twas possible to know.

66.

Your Pomp, by which your Pow'r in countenance dures,  
 Though costly, costs much less than Cimps or Laws;  
 And more than both, Religion us secures;  
 Since Hell (your Prison) more than dying awes.

For

67.

For though the plain Judge, Conscience, makes no show,  
But silently to her dark Session comes,  
Not as red Law does to arraignment go,  
Or War to Execution with loud Drums;

68.

Though she on Hills sets not her Gibbets high,  
Where frightfull Law sets hers; nor bloody seems  
Like War in Colours spread, yet secretly  
She does her work, and many a Man condemns.

69.

Chokes in the seed, what Law, till ripe, ne'r sees;  
What Law would punish, Conscience can prevent;  
And so the world from many Mischiefes frees;  
Known by her Cures, as Law by punishment.

70.

The weaker sighted ever look too nigh;  
But their disputes have made your Charter goods;  
As doubted Tenures, which long pleadings trie,  
Authentick grow by being much withstood.

71.

These Chiefs, for whom we holy Rites desire,  
By well fought Fields begot this Cities peace;  
Oft with their blood have quench'd intestine fire;  
And oft our famines chang'd to glad excess.

72.

Their Rites let not the people be deny'd;  
Though by untutor'd kindness rudely taught;  
Nor think they have in private Combats dy'd  
Where Gossamers and mighty Osward fought.

73.

Both Princes of the Lombards royal blood;  
For whom full Thrice Three Hundred number'd are,  
Whose anger strove to make their anger good;  
Number gives first the authentick name of War.

This said, Wars cause these Priests no more debate,  
 They knew, War's Justice none could ere decide;  
 At that more specious name they open strait,  
 And sacred Rites of Fun'ral they provide.

How vain is Custom, and how guilty Pow'r?  
 Slaughter is lawfull made by the excess;  
 Earth's partial Laws, just Heav'n must needs abhor,  
 Which greater crimes allow, and damn the less.

**CANTO the Second.**

**The ARGUMENT.**

*Fame's progress through Vetona, when she brings  
 Ill news enlarg'd, as her extended wings.  
 The Combat's cause shakes ARIBERT'S great mind;  
 And the effects more conquers RHODALIND.  
 Meek ORNA'S fears, proud GARTHA'S bold disdain;  
 And LAURA kindly dying for the Slain.*

**T**O Streets (the Peoples Region) early Fame  
 First brought this grief, which all more tragick make;  
 And next, to the triumphant Court she came,  
 Where prosperous Pow'r sleeps long, though Sutors wake;

But yet the early King (from Childhood bred  
 To dangers, toils, and courser wants of war)  
 Rose up to rule, and left soft Love in bed,  
 Could conquer Lands and Love, but stooped to Care.

<sup>3.</sup>  
Care, that in Cloysters onely seals her Eies,  
Which Yourh thinks folly, Age as wisdom owns;  
Fools by not knowing her, out live the wise;  
She Visits Cities, but she dwells in Thrones.

<sup>4.</sup>  
Care, which King *Aribert* with Conquest gain'd,  
And is more sure to him than Realms intail'd;  
Wak'd him to know why Rumor thus complain'd,  
Or who in barrail bled, or who prevail'd?

<sup>5.</sup>  
Young *Harguil* ( who does his wounds conceal,  
Yet knew it did his dutious care import  
That some just witness should his cause reveal ) |  
Sent *Tybalt* to appease, and tast the Court.

<sup>6.</sup>  
To that prond Palace which once low did lie  
In *Parian* Quarries, now on Columes stands:  
*Ionique* Props that bear their Arches high,  
Which conquer'd treasure rais'd with *Tuscan* Hands.

<sup>7.</sup>  
So vast of heighth, to which such space did fit  
As if it were o're-cyz'd for Modern Men;  
The ancient Giants might inhabit it;  
And there walk free as winds that pass unseen,

<sup>8.</sup>  
The *Monarch's* wealth this shew'd in all the parts;  
But the attendant Guards denote him wise;  
Who on the weather of his Peoples hearts,  
For a short Course, not voyages, relies.

<sup>9.</sup>  
Through many Guards (all watchful, calm, and bold)  
*Tybalt* did pass the first magnifick Square;  
And through ascents does enter to behold,  
Where the States Head and Eies assembled are.

10.

There sat the King, on whose confid'rate Brow  
Sixtie experienc'd Summers he discern'd,  
Which made him ripe, and all of Conduct know  
That from success is own'd, from losses learn'd.

11.

Near him the Empire's strict Surveyors sat;  
whose universal sight no object lose;  
Who see not crimes too soon, nor worth too late;  
Find dangers soot, and choke it ere it grows.

12.

He wealth nor birth prefer'd to Councils places;  
For Counsel is for use, not ornament;  
Souls are alike, of rich and ancient Races;  
Though Bodies claim distinctions by descent.

13.

Here boyling Youth, nor frozen Age can sit:  
It would in Subjects scorn of ruling Breed,  
If that great work should such small ayds admir,  
And make them hope that they no rulers need.

14.

Nature too oft by birth-right does prefer  
Less perfect Monarchs to a baser Throne;  
Yet more than her, Courts by weak Counsellors err,  
In adding Cyphers where she made but one.

15.

To this wise King, sage Tybalt did relate  
The Combats cause, with truth's severe extent;  
Reveals that fire which kindl'd Oswald's hate;  
For which such precious valour was mispent.

16.

Gives Gondibert a just record of praises;  
First how unwilling, then how bold in fight;  
And crowns the Conquer'd with the Victor's Baies,  
When Manhood bids him do their valour right:



17.  
At last recounts the wounded and the slain;  
And how Prince *Hubert* and the Duke retir'd;  
From nothing brave or great he did refrain,  
But his own deeds, which doing were admir'd.

18.  
This *Arribert* with outward patience hears,  
Though wounded by the cause for which they fought;  
With mod'rate joy the death of *Oswald* bears;  
Yet justly to extreams it inward wrought.

19.  
*Tybalt* he now with peacefull looks discharg'd;  
And then his thoughts (imprison'd in his breast)  
He straight by libertie of Tongue enlarg'd;  
Which thus unto his Councel he address'd.

20.  
With what a difference Nature's pallate tastes  
The sweetest draught which Art provides her, Pow'r:  
Since Pow'r, Pride's Wine, but high in relish last  
Whilst fuming new, for Time does turn it low'r?

21.  
Yet Pow'r, Earth's tempting Fruit, Heav'n first did plant  
From Man's first Serpent sate, Ambition's reach;  
Else *Eden* could not serve Ambition's wants;  
Whom no command can rule, nor precept teach.

22.  
Pow'r is that luscious wine, which does the bold,  
The wise, and noble most intoxicate;  
Ads time to Youth, and takes it from the Old;  
Yet I by surfeit this Elixer hate.

23.  
I curse those Wars that make my glory last,  
For which the *Tuscan* Widows curse me more;  
The barren Fields where I in Arms did fast,  
That I might surfeit on luxurious pow'r.

<sup>24.</sup>  
 Thou *Hermegild*, who art for valour Crown'd,  
 For honour trusted, and for wisdom heard;  
 And you whom Counsel has no less renown'd,  
 Observe how virtue against peace has err'd.

<sup>25.</sup>  
 Still I have fought, as if in *Beauvy's* fight,  
 Out-suffer'd patience, bred in Captives Breasts;  
 Taught fasts, till Bodies like our Souls grew light;  
 Out-watch'd the jealous, and our-labour'd Beasts.

<sup>26.</sup>  
 These were my merits, my reward is Pow'r;  
 An outward Trifle, bought with inward peace;  
 Got in an Age, and rifled in an hour;  
 When seav'rish love, the People's Fit, shall cease.

<sup>27.</sup>  
 For did not Pow'r on their frail love depend,  
 Prince *Oswald* had not treated with that love;  
 Whose glory did in hastie darkness end;  
 A spark which vanish'd, as it upward strove.

<sup>28.</sup>  
 By scorn of dangers and ease, he fought  
 The *Lombards* hearts, my *Rhodolind*, and Crown;  
 And much his youth had by his practice wrought,  
 Had *Gondibert* not levell'd his renown:

<sup>29.</sup>  
 Had *Gondibert* not staid the Peoples Eyes  
 (Whose virtue slept 'twixt *Oswald* and their sight)  
 Who knows but *Rhodolind* had been his Prize,  
 Or war must have secur'd Paternal right.

<sup>30.</sup>  
 Sad and uneasie is a long-kept Throne;  
 Not that the People think long pow'r unjust,  
 But that for change, they wish best Monarchs gone;  
 Fond change, the People's soon repented lust!

<sup>31.</sup>  
I did advance (though with some jealous pain)  
A forward virtue to my subjects love;  
Lest one less temp'ras should their favour gain;  
Whom their unstudy'd choice would more approve.

<sup>32.</sup>  
To thee sage *Hermegild* my self I leave,  
My fame and pow'r : Thee action cannot wastes  
Caution retard, nor promptitude deceaves;  
Slowness belate, nor Hope drive on too fast.

<sup>33.</sup>  
Think *Hubert* Heir to *Oswald*'s bold pretence;  
To whom the Camp at *Brescia* is inclin'd;  
The Duke at *Bergamo* will seek defence;  
And these are seeds of war for *Rhadalind*.

<sup>34.</sup>  
This said, his Council he dismiss'd, who spy'd  
A growing rage, which he would fain conceal;  
They durst but nicely search, what he would hide,  
Lest they inflame the wound that else might heal.

<sup>35.</sup>  
They haste to sev'ral Cares, some to allay  
Court's hestick Feaver, Faction (which does reign  
Where Luxury, the Syre of Want, does sway)  
Some to appease th' Alliance of the slain.

<sup>36.</sup>  
But Order now bids us again pursue  
Th' unweary'd Motion of unhappie Fame;  
From Fields to Streets, from Streets to Court she flew,  
Where first she to the Kings Apartment came.

<sup>37.</sup>  
Thence through the Palace she her wings did air;  
And as her Wings, her Tongue too never ceas'd;  
Like restless Swallows in an Evening fair :  
At last does on a peacefull dwelling rest.

38.  
 Where Sleep does yet that gentle Sex possess,  
 Who ne'r should more of Care's rude wakings know,  
 But what may help sad Lovers to success;  
 Or imp Loves wings when *Hymen* thinks them slow.

39.  
 There Lovers seek the Royal *Rhodolind*;  
 Whose secret breast was sick for *Gondibert*;  
 And *Orna*, who had more in publick pin'd  
 For *Hurgonil*, the Monarch of her heart.

40.  
 And there the killing *Laura* did reside;  
 See, of whose Eyes the *Lombard* Youth Complain;  
 Yet often she for noble *Arnold* di'd;  
 And knew not now her Murderer was slain.

41.  
 Nor *Hugo*, who was all with love indu'd;  
 Whom still with tears the *Lombard* Ladies name;  
 Esteeming Modern Lovers false, and rude,  
 And Poets falser when they sing their fame.

42.  
 These Beauties (who could soften Tyrant Kings)  
 Sleep now conceal'd within there Curtains shades;  
 Till rudely Fame, by shaking loud her wings  
 Disturb'd their Eyes, and their wak'd hearts dismay'd.

43.  
 They heard in parcels by imperfect sound,  
 A tale too dismal to be understood;  
 That all their Lovers lay in hallow'd ground;  
 Temples their Bodies hid, the Fields their bloud.

44.  
 That this dire Morn to sad *Verona* brought  
 The Duke and *Oswald*, of lov'd life depriv'd;  
 And that of all who their fierce barrel fought,  
 Onely the mangled *Hurgonil* surviv'd.

45.  
This Tale, Fam's course, officious Friends convey'd,  
(which are attendant Slaves, and Palace Grooms);  
who by the Lover of some busie Maid,  
From outward Courtes sent it to inward Rooms.

46.  
Such horrow brought, where love had onely us'd,  
Did yet breed more amazement than beliefs;  
Whilst *Orna* now, and *Laure* she confes'd  
To *Rhodolind*, *Truth's* *Alar*, for relief.

47.  
There with disorder'd voyces they compare,  
And then derive what each has loosely learn'd;  
Each hope applies, where others most despair;  
As doubting all but where her self's concern'd.

48.  
This weeping conf'rence had not lasted long,  
When *Tybalt*, free from *Aribert's* commands,  
Scapes the assembling Court's inquiring Throng,  
And enters here, where first he doubtfull stands.

49.  
For Pitie, when he ruin'd *Laure* spi'de,  
Bids his discretion artfully complain;  
And shew far off, what *Truth* not long can hide:  
Death at a distance seen, may ease fears pain.

50.  
Their bus'ness now he can no more forbear;  
For who on their urg'd patience can prevail,  
Whose expectation is provok'd with fear?  
He therefore thus their patience did assail.

51.  
Kind Heav'n that gave you virtue, give you peace;  
Delightfull as your Beauties be your Minds;  
Still may your Lovers your renown increase,  
Though he who honour seeks, first danger finds!

Still may your beauty bear that ancient rate,  
 Which beauty was chaste Honours Merchandice;  
 When Valor was chief Factor in Love's State;  
 Danger, Love's stamp, and Beauty's current price.

Renown'd be *Oswald*, who in high belief  
 Of *Rhodolind*, her love with danger sought;  
 In Love's Records be *Gondibert* the chief,  
 Who for her right, not for his own has sought.

Though these for mighty minds deserve Fame's voice;  
 Yet *Orna* needs must boast of *Hargumil*;  
 Whose dangers well have justifi'd her choice,  
 And might alone Fame's publick Trumpet fill.

Enlarg'd be Honor's Throne, that *Arnold* there  
 And *Hugo* may for ever sit and rest,  
 Free from their Valor's toils, and *Laura's* fear;  
 Which more than wounds disorder'd either's Breast.

This said, he paws'd; finds each distrusts his art;  
 For Hope and Doubt came and return'd apace,  
 In chang'd Complexion from th'uncertain heart,  
 Like frighted Scowls for Tidings to the Face.

His Eie seem'd most imploy'd on *Rhodolind*;  
 Whose love above her bashful caution sways;  
 For naming *Gondibert*, he soon did find,  
 Her secret Soul shew'd pleasure at his praise.

Yet when she found her comforts did not last,  
 And that as Oracles, the future taught  
 He hid Truth's Face, and darkned what was past;  
 Thus Truth through all her mourning Vails she sought.

59

why in these Ladies do you lengthen pain,  
By giving them Grief's common med'cin, Doubt?  
Ere those with death, whose Lovers now are slain,  
Life's fire a Fever is, when Love's is out.

60

Yet think not that my cares peculiar are,  
Perhaps I from religious pride learn'd;  
In Virtue's publick loss, to take some share;  
For there, all but the vicious are concern'd.

61

Your Prudence, Royal Maid (he straight replies)  
More than your birth, may claim the *Diamond Crown*;  
Who're in conquest of your favour dies, grow vain;  
For life's lost inch, shall find a long renown.

62

Then happy *Oswald* who is sure to gain,  
Even by Ambition that undoes the wise;  
Great was his attempt for which he's nobly slain,  
And gets him praise, though he has miss'd the Prize.

63

But happier *Gondibert*, who does survive,  
To beg your Mercy, that he thus hath star'd;  
To own that cause, for which the world might strive;  
And conq'ring, takes his wounds for his reward.

64

Be *Hurgoni*! long distant from his Grave,  
Whose life was so important in this cause;  
Who for each wound he took, a wider gave,  
And lives to enjoy the pleasure of applause.

65

To say, how *Hugo* and Lord *Arnold* strove  
For victory, and mention their event,  
Were to provide such fun'ral rites for Love,  
As Death would be clost Monner, and repent.

L

Now

66.

Now *Laura's* blond back to her liver Aids  
 Tree *Beauty's* Mien: For by her *Howe's* Love's Throne,  
*Beauty's* call'd in, like *Corn*, when *Kings* are dead,  
 As if not current, now her *Love's* gone.

67.

And like her beauty, she had darkned life,  
 But that with sprinkled water they restore  
 (By sudden cold, with sudden heat and strife)  
 Her spirits to those walks they us'd before.

68.

She *Arnold's* calls, then lost that name again,  
 Which *Rebeld's*, and *Orna's* tears become,  
 Who busily would her spent strength sustain,  
 Though *Hope* has scarcely yet brought back their own.

69.

Now they her Temples chaf'd, and straight prepare  
 Hot Eastern Fumes to reach her Brains cool'd sense,  
 With Wine's fierce spirit these extracted are,  
 Which warm her slowly, though of swift expense.

70.

Yet now again she breath'd Lord *Arnold's* name,  
 Which her apt Tongue through custom best express'd  
 Then to stay Life, that so unwilling came,  
 With Cordial Epichems they bath'd her breast.

71.

Th' attendant Maids, by *Tybal's* ready aid,  
 To stop her Mourners tears, convey her now  
 Where she may ease in her own Curtain's shade,  
 Her weary heart, and grief more Tongue allow.

72.

No sooner was this pity'd *Laura* gone,  
 But *Oswald's* sister, *Garda* the renown'd  
 Enters, as if the world were overthrown,  
 Or in the tears of the afflicted drown'd.



73.

Unconquer'd as her beauty was her mind,  
Which wanted not a spark of *Oswald's* fire;  
Ambition lov'd, but not so Love was blind:  
Vex'd Thrones did more than quiet shades desire.

74.

Her Garments now in loose neglect she wore,  
As suited to her wild dishevell'd hair;  
Men in her shape might Nature's work adore,  
Yet ask, why Art's nice dress was absent there?

75.

But soon they found what made this change appear;  
For meeting Truth, which slowly follows Fame,  
Rage would not give her leasure for a Tear  
To quench (ere he thus spake) her passions flame.

76.

Blasted be all your beauties *Rhodolind*,  
Till you a shame, and terror be to light;  
Unwing'd be Love, and slow as he is blind,  
Who with your Looks poyson'd my Brothers fight!

77.

Low and neglected be your Father's Throne,  
Which like your beauty, *Oswald* did ore-rate;  
Let luckless war take Lands from his light Crown,  
Till those high cares he want that give it weight!

78.

Let Pow'r's consumption be his long disease,  
(Heav'n's vexing curb, which makes wild Monarchs tame)  
And be he forc'd in froward age to please  
His Favour's Monster, who devours his Fame.

79.

May you soon feel (though secret in your love,  
As if your love were Sin) the publick scorn!  
May *Gondibert*, who is your glory, move  
Your pitie, when none else but you shall mourn!

80.

To the dark Inn (where weary Valour, free  
 From thankless dangers rests) brave *Oswald's* gone!  
 But *Hubert* may, though vanquish'd, live to see  
 Your Victor with his victory undone!

81.

This said, she mounts (with a tempestuous Brow)  
 The Chariot her *Calabrian* Couriers drew;  
 Lifted by Slaves (who still about her bow)  
 As if with wings of swift Revenge she flew.

82.

To *Brescia's* Camp her course she had design'd;  
 And bids her *Tuscan* Charioter drive on;  
 As if his Steeds were dieted with wind!  
 Slow seems their speed while thoughts before them run

83.

The pav'd Streets kindle with her Chariot wheels;  
 The Omen of wars fire the Clie spies,  
 Which with those sparks struck by her Couriers heels,  
 Shine not so much as rage does in her Eyes.

84.

Those that observ'd her anger, grief, and haste,  
 With ancient *Roman* melancholy mourn;  
 She seem'd their Cities Genius as she pass'd,  
 Who by their Sins expell'd, would ne'r return.

85.

The gentle Ladies, she has left in tears,  
 Who no example need, nor cause to melt;  
 For soon even grief's Alarms, our foremost tears,  
 Kill those whose pain by Love's quick sence is felt.

86.

And *Rhodan* her fatal love does blame,  
 Because she finds it now by *Gartha* spy'd;  
 And does lament Love's fire, which bashfull shame  
 Cannot reveal, nor her discretion hide.

She

87.

She would not have it waste, nor publick grow;  
But last conceal'd like that in *Tullia's* Urn;  
Or that which prosperous *Chymists* nicely show;  
Which as it thrives, must more in private burn.

88.

Yet straight (grown valiant with her Victors fare)  
She would have *Hymen* hold his Torches high;  
And Love's fire priz'd, as *Vestals* theirs did rate;  
Which none durst quench, though free to ev'ry eye.

89.

Resolves her love whilst this new valour lasts,  
Shall undisguis'd her Father's fight endure;  
And *Orna* now to her dear Lover hastes;  
Whose outward wounds stay for her inward cure.

90.

But here a wonder may arrest our thought,  
Why *Tybalt* (of his usual piny void)  
To such soft Ears these direfull sorrows brought,  
Since to the King he onely was employ'd?

91.

But these are Riddles of mysterious Love!  
*Tybalt* in private long for *Laura* pin'd;  
And try'd how *Arnold* would her passion move  
In death, who living ever fill'd her mind?

92.

And by this trial how she *Arnold* us'd,  
He gravely meant to urge or stay his heart;  
But much by Love the Cautious are abus'd,  
Who his wild Riddles would reduce to Art.

L 3

CAN.

## CANTO the Third.

## The ARGUMENT.

Dead OSWALD to his Camp by HUBERT brought;  
 The Camp from pirate, are to fairs wrought;  
 Yet find, when GARTHA's looks does them surpris,  
 Their forward Harts diverted by their Eyes:  
 Till with her voice new urg'd, they deeds pursue  
 Which even Revenge would, had it Eyes, esteem.

1.

WHEN from the final Forrest Hubert rode,  
 To profane he and Burgie bent their way;  
 That their, though dead, yet much important Load,  
 They might with honour to the Camp convey.

2.

Revenge, impatient Hubert proudly fought;  
 Revenge, which even when just the wise deride;  
 For on past wrongs we spend our time and thought;  
 Which scarce against the future can provide.

3.

But Fame before him came, where those are bred  
 Who to her dismal Tales, faint credit give;  
 Who could not think their mighty Oswald dead,  
 Whilst they unconquer'd and unwounded live.

4.

Nor could Fame hope to make this Camp her Seat;  
 Her Tales, the talking, idle, fearful, hear;  
 But these are silent as in stoic retreat  
 Busy as life, and like the Dead, past fear.

5.

Near Melas flowry Bank this Army lay,  
 Which Oswald's Syre, and Oswald oft had led  
 Against the Vandals King; and twice the Day  
 They gain'd, whilst he from them and Empire fled.

From

An Heroick Poem

97

6.

From Youth expos'd, like Castles in the Field;  
And not taught to watch, as Lions hunt the Hind;  
But colds and falls, to kill us to be kill'd;  
Like th' Elements their birth began with war.

7.

So rev'rend now, and strong in age appear,  
As if maintain'd by more than humane breath;  
So grave, as if the Councilours they were,  
Not Executioners of Tyrant Death.

8.

With silence (order's help, and mark of care)  
They chide that noise which heedless youth affect;  
Still courie for use, for health they cleanly were,  
And save us well fix'd Arms, all accidents check'd.

9.

They thought, those that disarm'd expos'd still life,  
But naked Nature valiantly bestrid;  
Who was, though naked, safe, till pride made strife;  
But made defence must use, now dangers made.

10.

And those who toy'd of Armour cannot bide,  
Lose Nature's force, which these in custom find;  
And make (since strength's but Nature hourly dy'd)  
The Body weak by softness of the mind.

11.

They seem'd so calm, and with their age so grave,  
So just and civil in their killing trade,  
As if all life were crime but what they live;  
Or Murder were by method lawfull made.

12.

Yet now that Manhood which those Victors makes  
(So weak is Man, where most he may be proud)  
Pitie, the tender'st of affections, shakes;  
And they become from order, loose, and loud.

13.

For when they saw the Brother of their Chief  
 Led to their Camp by a defeated Train,  
 They soon, too late scorn'd Rumour, gave belief,  
 And then by Hubert's wounds thought Oswald slain:

14.

But when disguis'd in death they Oswald saw,  
 In a slow Chariot brought, with funeral pace;  
 Themselves in an united Crowd they draw;  
 And give all grief one universal Face.

15.

Wonder (which grows unactive by excess)  
 Awhile did their unruly passion stay;  
 The object lasting made their wonder less,  
 Which fled to give their grief and anger way.

16.

Yet first their grief (which Manhood should restrain)  
 They vent in womens sighs, with tears allay'd;  
 As if those women taught them to complain  
 Who by their Swords are weeping widows made.

17.

As Icie Rocks which frosts together bind,  
 Stand silent, till as silently they melt,  
 But when they meet in Currents unconfin'd,  
 Swell, and grow loud, as if they freedom felt;

18.

So these, unmov'd before, melt quietly  
 In their first grief, till grief (when tears meet tears,  
 And sighs meet sighs from ev'ry Breast and Eye)  
 Unruly grows, and danger's visage bears.

19.

When hastily they heard by whose dire hand  
 Their Gen'ral fell, they think it cold to pause  
 Till anger may be guided by command;  
 And vain to ask of cureless Death the cause.

Some

20.

Some would to Bergamo their Ensignes bear,  
Against those Youth which Gondibert had led,  
Whom they in sacrifice would offer there,  
T'appeale the living, and revenge the dead.

21.

And some ( to shew their rage more eminent )  
VVould to Verona march, and there do deeds  
Should make the shining Court in blacks lament,  
And weep, whilst the Victorious Faction bleeds.

22.

Hubert ( who saw Revenge advance so fast,  
VVhilst Prudence, slower pac'd was left behind )  
VVould keep their anger bent, yet slack their haste;  
Because the rash fall oftner then the blind.

23.

He first their melting Pity kindly prais'd,  
VVhich water'd Anger's forge, and urg'd their fire;  
That like to Meteors lasts by being rais'd,  
But when it first does sink, does straight expire.

24.

Commends their anger, yet that flame he prays  
May keep the temp'rate Chymicks equal heat;  
That they in furie might not need allays,  
Nor charge so rashly as to want retreat.

25.

Begs they this dismal night would there remain,  
And make the hopeful Morn their Guid; whilst Grief  
( Which high Revenge, as tameness should disdain )  
Sleep shall conceal, and give his wounds relief.

26.

He Vasco, Paradine, and Dargonet,  
VVith Osvold, to the red Pavilion sent;  
( Death's equal Prisoners now for Nature's debt )  
And then retires with Borgia to his Tent.

<sup>27</sup>  
 This is the night the ~~Swiss~~ so bemoan'd ;  
 Who left their beds , and on their walls appear'd ;  
 As if th'oppressed World in Earth-quakes groan'd ,  
 Or that some ruin'd Nation's sighs they heard ;

<sup>28</sup>  
 Admir'd what in that Damp such griefs could raise ,  
 Where serious Death so oft had been abus'd ,  
 When even their sportive Fencers Monthly Plays  
 Profan'd that shape , which States for terror us'd .

<sup>29</sup>  
 Yet this loud mourning will no wonder breed ,  
 When we with life lay Oswald's errors by ;  
 And use him as the Living as the Dead ;  
 Who first allow men virtue when they die .

<sup>30</sup>  
 Still lib'ral of his life , of wealth as free ;  
 By which he chief in fighting Crowds became ;  
 Who must their Leaders Valors often see ;  
 And follow them for Bounty more than fame .

<sup>31</sup>  
 This gen'ral mourning was to loudness rais'd ,  
 By shewing Gifts he gave , and wounds he took ;  
 They chid at last his life which they had prais'd ,  
 Because such virtue it so soon forsook .

<sup>32</sup>  
 Now Night , by Grief neglected , hastes away !  
 And they the Morn's officious Usher spie ,  
 The close Attendant on the Lord of Day ;  
 Who shows the warmer of the World is night .

<sup>33</sup>  
 And now the Drums, the Camps low Thunder, make  
 War's thick united noise from ev'ry Guard ;  
 Though they *Reveillers* scorn, whom grief does wake ,  
 And sleep, think Nature's curse, not toys reward .



<sup>44</sup>  
All night proud *Borgia* (chief in *Hubert's* trust)  
With haughtie hopes, the Camp does waking keep:  
Ambition is more vigilant than Lust,  
And in hope's fever is too hot to sleep.

<sup>45</sup>  
Now Day, and *Hubert's* haste to publick views,  
His wounds (unluckie more than dangerous)  
Are so refresh'd, that he the Army drew  
To a wide grove, and urg'd their Anger thus.

<sup>46</sup>  
Friends to my Father! In whose wounds I see  
They envy'd Merit whence his triumphs came;  
And Fathers to my Brother, and to me  
For onely you adopted us to Fame!

<sup>47</sup>  
Forgive me that I there have feebly fought,  
Where *Oswald* in your cause did nobly strive;  
Whence of his blood these veins so much have brought,  
As makes me blush that I am still alive!

<sup>48</sup>  
Gone is your fighting Youth, whom you have bred  
From milkie Childhood to the years of blood!  
By whom you joy'd so often to be led,  
Where firm, as now your Trophies, then you stood!

<sup>49</sup>  
Gon is he now, who still with low regard  
Bow'd to your age, your wounds as beantie kist;  
Knew Age was of your remittance the reward;  
And Counts in beauty by your scars subsist.

<sup>50</sup>  
Yet was he not for mean pretensions slain,  
Who for your int'rest, nor his own has fought;  
Vex'd that the Empire which your wounds did gain,  
Was by a young unwounded Army sought!

41.  
For *Gondibert* (to whom the Court must bow,  
Now War is with your Fav'rite overthrown)  
Will by his Camp of Boys at *Bergamo*,  
Wed her, who to your Valour owes the Crown.

42.  
Blame not your Chief for his ambitious fire;  
Who was but temp'rate, when he understood  
He might the Empire in your right require;  
The scant reward of your exhausted blood.

43.  
Thus *Hubert* spake; but now so fierce they grow,  
That *Borgia* strove to quench whom *Hubert* warm'd;  
To *Bergamo*, they cry'd, to *Bergamo*!  
And as they loon were vex'd, as soon are arm'd.

44.  
For to distinct and spacious Tents they hie,  
Where quick as Vests of *Persia* shifted are,  
Their Arms (which there in cleanly order lie)  
They take from moving Ward-robcs of the War.

45.  
Arm'd soon as *Porcupins*! as if like those,  
Their very rage them with defence supplies;  
As born with it, and must have winged Foes  
That stoop from Heav'n to harm them by surprise.

46.  
With Ensigns now display'd, there Force they draw  
To hastie order, and begin to move;  
But are amus'd by something that they saw,  
Which look'd like all that ere they heard of Love.

47.  
Unusual to their Camp such objects were,  
Yet this no ill effect from wonder wrought;  
For it appeas'd them by approaching near,  
And satisfi'd their Eyes in all they sought.

48.

And this was *Gartha* in her Chariot drawn;  
Who through the swarthy Region of the Night  
Drove from the Court, and as a second dawn  
Breaks on them like the Morn's Relieve of Light.

49.

Through all the Camp she moves with Funnal pace,  
And still bows meekly down to all she saw;  
Her grief gave speaking beautie to her Face,  
Which lowly look'd, that it might pitie draw.

50.

When by her Slaves her name they understood,  
Her Lines of feature heedfully they view,  
In her complexion track their General's blood;  
And find her more than what by fame they knew.

51.

They humbly her to that Pavilion guide,  
Where *Hubert* his bold Chiefs with furie fir'd;  
But his ambition, when he *Gartha* spy'd  
(To give his sorrow place) a while retr'y'd.

52.

With his respectfull help she does descend;  
Where they, with dear embraces mingle Tears;  
But now her Male Revenge would grief suspend;  
Revenge, through Grief, too feminine appears.

53.

But when her dear Allies, dead *Paradine*,  
And *Dagonet* she saw, that Manliness  
Which her weak Sex assum'd, she does declines,  
As bred too soft, to manage griefs excess.

54.

Then soon return'd, as loth to shew her Eyes  
No more of *Oswald* than she must forsake;  
But sorrow's moisture heat of anger dries;  
And mounted in her Chariot, thus she spake:

55.  
If you are those of whom I oft have heard  
My Father boast, and that have *Oswald* bred;  
Ah, where is now that rage our Tyrant fear'd;  
Whose Darling is alive, though yours be dead?

56.  
The Court shines out at *Rhodolind*'s commands;  
To me (your drooping Flow're) no beam can spare;  
Where *Oswald*'s name new planted by your hands,  
Withers, as if it lost the planters care.

57.  
From *Rhodolind* I thus disorder'd flies  
Lest she should say, thy Fate unpity'd comes!  
Go sing, where now thy Fathers Fighters lie,  
Thy Brothers Requiem, to their conqu'ring Drums!

58.  
The happy Fields by those grave Warriours fought,  
(Which from the Dictates of thy aged Syre,  
*Oswald* in high Victorious Numbers wrote)  
Thou shalt no more sing to thy silenc'd Lyre!

59.  
Such scorns, pow'r on unlucky virtue throws,  
When Courts with prosp'rous vices wanton are;  
Who your Authentrick age dispise for those,  
Who are to you but Infants of the war.

60.  
Thus though she spake, her looks did more perswade;  
Like virtuous anger did her colour rise,  
As if th' injurious world it would invade,  
Whilst tears of rage not pitie drown her Eyes.

61.  
• The sun did thus to threatned Nature show  
His anger red, whilst guilt look'd pale in all;  
When Clouds of Flouds did hang about his Brow,  
And then shrunk back to let that anger fall.

62.  
And so she turn'd her Face, not as to grieve  
At ruin, but to lence what she rais'd;  
Whilst they (like common Throngs) all Tongues believe  
When Courts are rais'd, but none when they are rais'd.

63.  
Like Commets, Courts afflict the Vulgar Eye;  
And when they largest in their glory blaze,  
People through Ignorance think plagues are nigh,  
And till they waste with acquiring wonder gaze.

64.  
These scorn the Courts dissolution for their ages  
The Active, ease impos'd like pains and aches;  
For though eatn self does Ages pains all wage,  
Yet few the sickness own to get the cure.

65.  
To Heav'n they lift their looks, who the Sun ne'r saw  
Rage so agreed, as now he does behold;  
Their shining Swords all at an instant draw,  
And bade him judge next day if they were bold.

66.  
And of Verona wish'd him take his leave;  
Which ere his third return they will destroy,  
Till none shall guess by ruins where to grieve,  
No more than Phrygians where to weep for Troy.

67.  
Thus Bergamo is soon forgot, whilst all  
Aloud, Verona cry! Verons must  
(That reach'd the Clouds) low as her Quarries fall!  
They Court they'll bury in the Cities dust.

C A N T O

## CANTO the Fourth.

## The ARGUMENT.

As OSWALD's Camp arrives wife HERMEGILD,  
 whose presence does a new diversion yield;  
 In Council he reveals his secret Breasts  
 would mingle Love with Ambition's interests  
 From right returns, he goes the Camp inviting,  
 who OSWALD's Favour grant with Roman Rites!

IN this distemper whilst the humours strive  
 To assemble, they again diverted are,  
 For tow'rs their Trenches Twentie Chariots drive,  
 Swiftly as Syriacs when they charge in war.

They HERMEGILD with Court attendants spy,  
 whose haste to HUBERT does advice intend,  
 To warn him that just Fate can ne'r provide  
 For rash beginnings a successfull end.

But fate for HERMEGILD provided well;  
 This Story else (which him the wife does call)  
 would here his private ruin sadly tell;  
 In hastning to prevent the publick Fall.

His noble blood obscurely had been shed,  
 His undistinguish'd Limbs torn and unknown,  
 As is the dust of Victors long since dead,  
 Which March in April's wary Eyes has blown.

Such was their rage when on Verona's way  
 (With his rich Train) they saw from Court he came;  
 Till some did their impetuous furie stay;  
 And gave his life protection for his fame,

6.

Told them his Valour had been long allow'd,  
That much the Lombards to his conduct owe;  
And this preserv'd him, for the very Crowd  
Felt Honour here, and did to valour bow.

7.

Vain Wrath! Deform'd, unquiet Child of Pride!  
Which in a few the People madness call;  
But when by Number they grew dignify'd,  
What's rage in one, is liberty in all.

8.

Through dangers of this lawless liberty,  
He like authentick Pow'r does boldly pass;  
And with a quier and experienc'd Eye,  
Through Death's foul Vizard, does despise his face.

9.

At Hubert's Tent alights, where Hubert now  
With Gartha of this Torrent does advise;  
Which he believes does at the highest flow,  
And must like Tides, sink when it cannot rise.

10.

When Hermegild he saw, he did disperse  
Those cares assembled in his looks, and strove  
(Though to his Master, and the Court perverse)  
To shew him all the civil signs of Love.

11.

For him in stormy war he glorious knew;  
Nor in calm Counsels was he less renown'd;  
And held him now to Oswald's Faction true,  
As by his love, the world's first Tenure, bound.

12.

For he (though wasted in the ebb of blood,  
When Man's Meridian tow'rd his Evening turns)  
Makes against Nature's Law, Loy's Charter good,  
And as in raging Youth for Gartha burns.

M

Who

13.

Who did his fair not once disapprove,  
 Because the summer of his life was past;  
 And she fresh blown; but that even highest love  
 Grows tasteless to Ambition's higher taste.

14.

Yet now in such a great and single cause,  
 With nice Ambition, nice Loves complies;  
 And she (since to revenge he usefull was)  
 Perswades his hope with Rhet'rick of her Eyes.

15.

A close division of the Tent they straight  
 By outward Guards secure from all resort;  
 Then *Hermegild* does thus the cause relate,  
 Which to the Camp dispatch'd him from the Court.

16.

Important Prince! who justly dost succeed  
 To *Oswald's* hopes, and all my loyal aid;  
 Virtue as much in all thy wounds does bleed,  
 As love in me, since wounded by that Maid.

17.

Long have I say'd through Times vexations sea;  
 And first set out with all that Youth is worth;  
 The Tropicks pass'd of bloods hot bravery,  
 With all the Sayls, gay Flags, and Streamers forth!

18.

But as in hotter voyages, Ships most  
 Decay their trim, yet then they chiefly gain  
 By inward stowage, what is outward lost;  
 So Men, decays of youth, repair in brain.

19.

If I experience boast when youth decays,  
 Such vanity may *Gartha's* pitie move,  
 Since so I seek your service by self-praise;  
 Rather than seem unusefull where I love.



20.

And never will I (though by Time supply'd  
 With such discretion as does Man improve)  
 To shew discretion, wiser Nature hide,  
 By seeming now ashamed to say I love.

21.

For Love his pow'r has in gray Senates shown,  
 Where he, as to green Courts, does freely come;  
 And though loud youth, his visits makes more known,  
 With grayer Age he's privately at home.

22.

Scarce Greece, or greater Rome a Victor shows,  
 Whom more victorious Love did not subdue;  
 Then blame not me who am so weak to do so,  
 Whilst Gartha all exceeds, that ere they knew.

23.

Hope (Love's first food) I ne'r till now did know,  
 Which Love, as yet has temp'rately devour'd;  
 And claims not love for love, since Garthalla  
 For Autumn Leaves, should banter Summer Flowers.

24.

I dare not vainly with her to be kind,  
 Till for her love, my Arts and Pow'r be sell'd;  
 The Crown on thee, adorn'd with Rhododendron,  
 Which yet for Gartha is a prize too low.

25.

This said, he press'd; and now the hottest heat  
 Of Ovals's blood, doubled their Pulses pace;  
 Which high, as if they would be heard, did beat,  
 And hot Ambition shinn'd in eithers face.

26.

For Hermegild they knew, could much out-do  
 His words, and did possess great Aribert,  
 Not in the Courts cheap Glais of civil show,  
 But by a study'd Tenure of the heart.

27.

Whilst this try'd truth does make their wishes sure,  
Hubert on Gartha looks, with suing Eyes  
For Hermegild, whose love she will endure,  
And make Ambition yield what Youth denies.

28.

Yet in this bargain of her self, she knows  
Not how to treat; but all her chief desires,  
Bids Hubert, as the Twins of his, dispose  
To glory and revenge; and then retires.

29.

But with such blushes Hermegild she leaves,  
As the unclouded Evening's Face adorn;  
Nor much he for her parting glory grieves,  
Since such an Evening bodes a happy Morn.

30.

Now Hermegild by vows does Hubert binde,  
(Vows by their fate in Lombard Story known)  
He Gartha makes the price of Rhodolind,  
And Tribers his Tenant to the Crown.

31.

He bids him now the Armies rage allay,  
By rage (said he) onely they Masters are  
Of those they chuse, when temp'rate to obey  
Against themselves th' impatient chiefly war.

32.

We are the Peoples Pilots, they our winds;  
To change by Nature prone, but Art Laveers;  
And rules them till they rise with Stormy Minds;  
Then Art with danger against Nature Steers.

33.

Where calms have first amuz'd, Storms most prevail;  
Close first with calms the Courts suspicious Eyes;  
That whilst with all their trim they sleeping sail,  
A sudden Gust may wrack them by surprize.

34.

Your Army will (though high in all esteem  
That ever rev'renc'd Age to action gave)  
But a small Party to *Verona* seem;  
Which yearly to such Numbers yields a Grave.

35.

Nor is our vast Metropolis, like those  
Tame Towns, which peace has soft'ned into fears;  
But Death deform'd in all his Dangers knows;  
Dangers, which he like frightfull Vizards wears.

36.

From many Camps, who forreign winters felt,  
*Verona* has her conqu'ring Dwellers ta'en;  
In War's great Trade, with richest Nations dealt;  
And did their Gold and Fame with Iron gain.

37.

Yet to the mighty *Aribert* it bows;  
A King out-doing all the *Lombards* Line!  
Whose Court (in Iron clad) by courteness shows  
A growing pow'r, which fades when Courts grow fine.

38.

Scorn not the Youthfull Camp at *Bergamo*,  
For they are Victors, though in years but young;  
The war does them, they it by action know,  
And have obedient Minds in bodies strong.

39.

Be slow, and stay for aids, which haste forsakes!  
For though Occasion still does Sloth out-go,  
The rash, who run from help, she ne'r ore-takes,  
Whose haste thinks Time, the Post of Nature, slow.

40.

This is a cause which our Ambition fills;  
A cause, in which our strength we should not waste,  
Vainly like Giants, who did heave at Hills;  
'Tis too unwildy for the force of haste.

41.

A cause for graver Minds that learned are  
 In mistick Man; a cause, which we must gain  
 By surer methods than depend on war;  
 And respite Valour, to employ the brain.

42.

In the King's Scale your merits are too light,  
 Who with the Duke, weighs his own partial heart;  
 Make then the gift of Empire publick right,  
 And get in Rhodantid the Peoples part.

43.

But this rough Tide, the meeting Multitude  
 If we oppose, we make our voyage long,  
 Yet when we with it row, it is subdu'd;  
 And we are wile, where Men in vain are strong.

44.

Then to the People sue, but hide your force,  
 For they believe the strong are still unjust;  
 Never to armed Sutors yield remorse;  
 And where they see the pow'r, the right distrust.

45.

Assault their pitie, as the weakest part,  
 Which the first Plaintiff never fails to move;  
 They search but in the face to find the heart,  
 And grief in Princes, more than triumph, love.

46.

And to prepare their pitie, *Gaius* now  
 Should in her sorrows height with me return;  
 For since their Eyes at all distresses flow,  
 How will they at afflicted beauty mourn?

47.

Much such a pledge of Peace will with the King  
 (Urg'd by my interest here) my pow'r improve;  
 And much my power will to your interest bring,  
 If from the watchfull Court you hide my Love.

48.

If *Gartha* deigns to love, our love must grow  
Unseen, like *Mandrakes* weeded under ground;  
That I (still seeming unconcern'd) may know  
The Kings new depths, which length of trust may sound!

49.

Thus *Hermegild* his study'd thoughts declar'd;  
Whilst *Hubert* (who believ'd, discover'd love,  
A solid Pledge for hidden faith) prepar'd,  
To stay the Camp so furious to remove.

50.

And now their rage (by correspondence) pred  
*Borgio* allays, that else like sparks of fire  
(which drops at first might drown) by matter fed,  
At last to quench the flame may seas require.

51.

As with the Sun they rose in wrath, their wrath  
So with his heat increas'd; but now he hastes  
Down Heav'n's steep Hill, to his *Atlantick Bath*,  
Where he refreshes till his Fever wastes.

52.

With his (by *Borgia's* help) their heat declin'd;  
So soon lov'd Eloquence does Throngs subdue;  
The common Mistress to each private Mind;  
Painted and dress'd to all, to no Man true.

53.

To Court his *Gartha* *Hermegild* attends,  
And with old Lovers vain poetick Eyes,  
Marks how her beauty, when the Sun descends,  
His pity'd Evening poverty supplies.

54.

The Army now to Neighb'ring *Brescia* bear,  
With dismal pomp, the slain: In hallow'd ground  
They *Paradiné*, and *Dagonet* interr,  
And Vastly much in painfull war renown'd.

55.

To *Oswald* (whose illustrious *Roman* mind  
Shin'd out in life, though now in dying hid)  
*Hubert* these *Roman* fun'ral rites assign'd,  
Which yet the world's last law had not forbid.

56.

Thrice is his Body clean by bathing made,  
And when with Victor's Oyl anointed ore,  
'Tis in the Palace Gate devoutly laid,  
Glad in that Vest which he in Battel wore.

57.

Whilst seven succeeding Suns pass sadly by,  
The Palace seems all hid in Cypress Boughs;  
From ancient Lore of Man's mortalitie  
The Type, for where 'tis lopp'd it never grows.

58.

The publick fun'ral voice, till these expire,  
Cries out, Here greatness, tir'd with honour, rests!  
Come see what Bodies are, when Souls retire;  
And visit death, ere you become his Guests!

59.

Now on a purple Bed the Corps they raise,  
Whilst Trumpets summon all the common Quire  
In tune to mourn him, and disperse his praise;  
And then move slowly tow'rd's the Fun'ral fire!

60.

They bear before him Spoils they gain'd in war,  
And his great Ancestours in Sculpture wrought;  
And now arrive, where *Hubert* does declare  
How oft and well, he for the *Lombards* fought.

61.

Here, in an Altar's form, a Pile is made  
Of Unctious Fir, and Sleepers fatal Yew;  
On which the Body is by Mourners laid,  
Who there sweet Gums (their last kind Tribute threw.)

*Hubert*

62.

Hubert his Arm, Westward, averfly stretch'd;  
 whilst to the hopefull East his Eyes were turn'd;  
 And with a hallow'd Torch the Pyle he reach'd;  
 VVhich seen, they all with utmost clamour mourn'd.

63.

VVhilst the full Flame aspires, Oswald (they cry)  
 "Farewell! we follow swiftly as the Hours!  
 For with Time's wings, tow'rd Death, even Cripples flie!  
 This said, the hungrie Flame its food devours.

64.

Now Priests with VVine the Ashes quench, and hide  
 The Rev'renc'd Reliques in a Marble Urn.  
 The old dismissive *Illicet* is cry'd  
 By the Town voice, and all to Feasts return.

65.

Thus Urns may Bodies shew, but the fled Mind  
 The Learn'd seek vainly, for whose Quest we pay,  
 VVith such success as cosen'd Shepherds find,  
 VVho seek to VVizards when their Cattel stray.

---

CANTO

## CANTO the Fifth.

## The ARGUMENT.

The house of ASTRAGON; where in distress  
Of Nature, GONDIBERT, for Art's redress  
Was by old ULFIN brought: where Arts hard strife,  
In studying Nature for the end of Life,  
Is by full wealth and conduct assiduous made,  
And Truth much visited, though in her shade.

From Brescia swiftly o're the bord'ring Plain,  
Return we to the House of Astragon;  
Where Gondibert, and his successfull Train,  
Kindly lament the Victorie they won.

But though I Fame's great Book shall open now,  
Expect a while, till she that Decad reads,  
Which does this Dukes eternal Story show,  
And aged Ulfen cites for special deeds.

Where Friendship is renown'd in Ulfmores,  
Where th' ancient musick of delightfull verse;  
Does it no less in Goltbo's Breast adore,  
And th' union of their equal hearts rehearse.

These wearie Victors the descending Sun  
Led hither, where swift Night did them surprize;  
And where, for variant toils, wise Astragon,  
With sweet rewards of sleep, did fill their Eyes.

When to the needie World Day did appear,  
And freely op'd her Treasure of light,  
His house (where Art and Nature Tenants were)  
The pleasure grew, and bus'ness of their fight.

Where



6.  
Where *Ulfen* (who an old Domestick seems,  
And rules as Master in the Owners Breast)  
Leads *Goltbo* to admire what he esteems;  
And thus, what he had long observ'd, exprest.

7.  
Here Art by such a diligence is serv'd,  
As does th' unwearied Planets imitate;  
Whose motion (life of Nature) has preserv'd  
The world, which God vouchsaf'd but to create.

8.  
Those heights, which else Dwarf-life could never reach,  
Here by the wings of Diligence they climb;  
Truth (skar'd with Terms frō Canting Schools) they reach;  
And buy it with their best sav'd Treasure, Time.

9.  
Here all Men seem Recov'ers of time past;  
As busie as Intentive *Emmets* are;  
As alarm'd Armies that intrench in hastes;  
Or Cities, whom unlook'd-for Sieges skare.

10.  
Much it delights the wise observers Eye,  
That all these toils direct to sev'ral skills;  
Some from the Mine to the hot Fornace hie,  
And some from flowrie Fields to weeping Sails.

11.  
The first to hopefull *chymicks* matter bring,  
Where Med'cine they extract for instant cures,  
These bear the sweeter burthens of the Springs;  
Whose virtues (longer known) though slow, are sure.

12.  
See there wet *Driers* from *Fassone* sent!  
Who of the Seas deep Dwellers knowledge gives,  
Which (more unquiet than their Element)  
By hungrie war, upon each other live.

<sup>13.</sup>  
 Pearl to their Lord, and Cordial Coral these  
 Present; which must in sharpest liquids melt;  
 He with *Nigella* cures that dull disease  
 They get, who long with stupid Fish have dwelt.

<sup>14.</sup>  
 Others through Quarries dig, deeply below  
 Where Desert Rivers, cold, and private run;  
 Where Bodies conservation best they know,  
 And Mines long growth, and how their veins begun.

<sup>15.</sup>  
 He shews them now Tow'rs of prodigious height,  
 Where Nature's Friends, Philosophers, remain,  
 To censure Meteors in their cause and flight;  
 And watch the Wind's authoritie on Rain.

<sup>16.</sup>  
 Others with Optick Tubes the Moons scant face  
 (Vast Tubes, which like long Cedars mounted lie)  
 Attract through Glasses to so near a space,  
 As if they came not to survey, but prie.

<sup>17.</sup>  
 Nine hastie Centuries are now fulfill'd,  
 Since Opticks first were known to *Astragons*;  
 By whom the Moderns are become so skill'd,  
 They dream of seeing to the Maker's Throne.

<sup>18.</sup>  
 And wisely *Astragons* thus busie grew,  
 To seek the Stars remote societies;  
 And judge the walks of th'old, by finding new;  
 For Nature's law in correspondence lies.

<sup>19.</sup>  
 Man's pride (grown to Religion) he abates,  
 By moving our lov'd Earth; which we think fix'd;  
 Think all to it, and it to none relates;  
 With others motion scorn to have it mix'd:

20.

As if 'twere great and stately to stand still  
 Whilst other Orbs dance on; or else think all  
 Those vast bright Globes (to shew God's needles skill)  
 Were made but to attend our little Ball.

21.

Now near a sever'd Building they discern'd  
 (Which seem'd, as in a pleasant shade, retir'd)  
 A Throng, by whose glad diligence they learn'd,  
 They came from Toils which their own choice desir'd.

22.

This they approach, and as they enter it  
 Their Eyes were stay'd, by reading o're the Gate,  
 Great Natures Office, in large letters writ  
 And next, they mark'd who there in office sat.

23.

Old busie Men, yet much for wisdom fam'd;  
 Hastie to know, though not by haste beguild;  
 These fitly, Natures Registers were nam'd;  
 The Throng were their Intelligencers styl'd:

24.

Who stop by snares, and by their chase oretake  
 All hidden Beasts the closter Forrest yields,  
 All that by secret sence their rescue make,  
 Or trust their force, or swiftness in the Fields.

25.

And of this Throng, some their employment have  
 In fleeting Rivers, some fixed Lakes beset;  
 Where Nature's self, by shifts, can nothing save,  
 From trifling Angles, or the swall'wing Net.

26.

Some, in the spacious Ayr, their Prey oretake,  
 Cos'ning, with hunger, Faulcons of their wings;  
 whilst all their patient observations make,  
 Which each to Natures Office duely brings.

And

37.  
And there of ev'ry Fish, and Fowl, and Beast,  
The wits these learned Registers record,  
Courage, and fears, their motion and their rest;  
Which they prepare for their more learned Lord.

28.  
From hence to Nature's Purserit they go;  
Where seems to grow all that in Eden grew;  
And more (if Art her mingled Species show)  
Than th' Hebrew King, Nature's Historian, knew.

29.  
Impatient Simples climb for Blossoms here;  
When Dews (Heaven's secret milk) in unseen shows  
First feed the early Childhood of the year;  
And in ripe Summer, stoop for Herbs and Flowers.

30.  
In Autumn, Seed, and Berries they provide;  
Where Nature a remaining force preserves;  
In Winter dig for Roots, where she does hide  
That flock, which if consum'd, she next Spring stirs.

31.  
From hence (fresh Nature's flourishing Estate!)  
They to her wither'd Receptacle come;  
Where she appears the loathsome Slave of Fate;  
For here her various Dead possess the Room.

32.  
This dimm'd Gall'ry, lofty, long and wide;  
Was hung with *Shells* of ev'ry kind;  
Humane, and all that learned humane pride  
Thinks made t'obey Man's high immortal Mind.

33.  
Yet on that Wall hangs he too, who so thought;  
And she dry'd by him, whom that He obey'd;  
By her an *El'phant* that with Heards had fought,  
Of which the smallest Beast made her afraid.

34.

Next it, a Whale is high in Cables ty'd,  
 Whose strength might Herds of Elephants congre;  
 Then all, (in payres of evry kind) they spyd,  
 VVhich Death's wrack leaves, of Fishes, Beasts & Fowl.

35.

These *Astragals* to watch with curious Eie  
 The different Tenements of living beaſt;  
 Collects, with what ſar Travellers ſupplie;  
 And this was call'd, The Cabinet of Morte.

36.

VVhich ſome the Monument of Bodies, name;  
 The Ark, which ſaves from Graves all dying kind;  
 This to a ſtructure led, long known to Fame,  
 And call'd, The Monument of vaniſh'd Spine.

37.

VVhere, when they thought they ſaw in well ſought Books,  
 Th'aſſembled ſouls of all that Men held wiſe,  
 It bred ſuch awful reverence in their looks,  
 As if they ſaw the buryd writers riſe.

38.

Such heaps of written thoughts (Gold of the Dead,  
 VVhich Time does ſtill diſperſe, but not devour)  
 Made them preſume all was from Deluge free'd,  
 Which long-liv'd Authours wit ere Noah's Show.

39.

They ſaw Egyptian Roles, which vaſtly great,  
 Did like ſain Pillars lie, and did diſplay  
 The tale of Nature's life, from her firſt heat,  
 Till by the flood o're-cool'd, ſhe ſelt decay.

40.

And large as theſe (for Pens were Pencils then)  
 Others that Egypt's chiefſt Science ſhow'd;  
 VVhoſe River forc'd Geometry on Men,  
 VVhich did diſtinguiſh what the Nile o're-flow'd.

41.  
Near them, in Piles, *Chaldean* Col'ners lies;  
Who the hid bus'ness of the Stars relate;  
Who make a Trade of worshipp'd Prophecy,  
And seem to pick the Cabinet of Fate.

42.  
There *Persian* Magi stand, for wisdom prais'd;  
Long since wise States-men, now *Magicians* thought;  
Altars and Arts are soon to fiction rais'd,  
And both would have, that miracles are wrought.

43.  
In a dark Text, these States-men left their Minds;  
For well they knew, that Monarch's Misterie  
(Like that of Priests) but little rev'rence finds,  
When they the Curtain ope to ev'ry Eye.

44.  
Behind this Throng, the talking *Greeks* had place;  
Who Nature turn'd to Art, and Truth disguise,  
As skill does native beautie oft deface;  
With *Terms* they charm the weak, and pose the wise.

45.  
Now they the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Roman* spies  
Who for the Peoples ease, yolk'd them with Laws  
Whom else, ungovern'd lusts would drive awrie;  
And each his own way frowardly would draw.

46.  
In little Tomes these grave first Lawyers lie,  
In Volumes their Interpreters below;  
Who first made Law an Art, than Misterie;  
So clearest springs, when troubled, cloudie grow.

47.  
But here, the Souls chief Book did all precede;  
Our Map tow'nds heav'n to common Crowds deny'd;  
Who proudly aym to teach, ere they can read;  
And all must stray, where each will be a Guide.

48.

About this sacred little Book did stand  
Unwieldy Volumes, and in number great;  
And long it was since any Readers hand  
Had reach'd them from their unfrequented Seat.

49.

For a deep Dust (which Time does softly shed,  
Where onely Time does come) their Covers bear;  
On which, grave Spiders, streets of webs have spred;  
Subtle, and slight, as the grave Writers were.

50.

In these, Heav'n's holy fire does vainly burn;  
Nor warms, nor lights, but is in sparkles spent,  
Where froward Authours, with disputes, have torn  
The Garment seamless as the Firmament.

51.

These are the old *Polemicks*, long since read,  
And shut by *Astragon*; who thought it just,  
They, like the Authours (Truth's Tormentors) dead,  
Should lie unvisited, and lost in dust.

52.

Here the *Arabian's* Gospel open lay,  
(Men injure Truth, who Fiction nicely hide)  
Where they the *Monk's* audacious stealth survey,  
From the World's first, and greater second Guide.

53.

The Curious much perus'd this, then, new Book;  
As if some secret ways to Heav'n it taught;  
For straying from the old, men newer look,  
And prize the found, not finding those they sought.

54.

We, in Tradition (Heav'n's dark Map) descrie  
Heav'n worse than ancient Maps far *Indian* show;  
Therefore in new, we search where Heav'n does lie;  
The Minds sought Ophir, which we long to know.

N

Or

55.

Or as a Planter, though good Land he spies,  
Seeks new, and when no more so good he finds,  
Doubly esteems the first; so Truth men prize;  
Truth, the discovery made by trav'ling Minds.

56.

And this false Book, till truly understood  
By *Astruc*, was openly display'd  
As counterfeit; false Princes, rather should  
Be shewn abroad, than in close Prison held.

57.

Now to the old *Philosophers* they come;  
Who follow'd Nature with such just despair,  
As some do Kings far off; and when at home,  
Like Courtiers boast, that they deep secrets share.

58.

Near them are grave dull *Moralists*, who give  
Counsel to such, as still in publick dwell;  
Arise, at Courts, in Camps, and Cities live,  
And scorn experience from th' unpractis'd Cell.

59.

*Aesop* with these stands high, and they below;  
His pleasant wisdom mocks their gravitie;  
Who Virtue like a redious Matron show,  
He dresses Nature to invite the Eye.

60.

High skill their *Eschels* seems, whilst he stoops down  
To make the People wise; their learned pride  
Makes all obscure, that Men may prize the Gown;  
With ease he teaches, what with pain they hide.

61.

And next (as if their bus'ness rul'd Mankind)  
*Historians* stand, big as their living looks;  
Who thought swift Time they could in fetters bind;  
Till his Confessions they had ta'en in books.



62.

But Time oft seap'd them in the shades of Night;  
And was in Princes Closets oft conceal'd,  
And hid in Battels smoke; so what they write  
Of Courts and Camps, is oft by guess reveal'd.

63.

Near these, Physicians stood; who but relieve  
Life like a Judge, whom greater pow'r does awe;  
And cannot an Almighty pardon give;  
So much yields Subject Art to Nature's Law.

64.

And not weak Art, but Nature we upbraid,  
When our frail essence proudly we take ill;  
Think we are rob'd, when first we are depriv'd,  
And those were murder'd whom her law did kill.

65.

Now they refresh, after this long survey,  
With pleasant Poets, who the Soul sublime  
Fame's Her *altars*, in whose Triumphs they make way;  
And place all those whom Honour helps to climb.

66.

And he, who seem'd to lead this ravish'd Race,  
Was Heav'n's lov'd *Laureat*, that in *Jove's* writ;  
Whose Harp approach'd Gods Ear, though none his Face  
Durst see, and first made inspiration, wiz.

67.

And his Attendants, such blest Poets are,  
As make unblemish'd Love, Courts best delight;  
And sing the prosp'rous Battels of just War;  
By these the loving, Love, and valiant, fight.

68.

O hireless Science! and of all alone  
The liberal! Meantly the rest each State  
Is pension treats, but this depends on none;  
Whose worth they rey'rendly forbear to rate.

## CANTO the Sixth.

## The ARGUMENT.

How **ASTRAGON** to Heav'n his duty pays  
 In Pray'r, and Penitence, but most in Praise:  
 To these he sev'ral Temples dedicates:  
 And **ULFIN** their distinguish'd use relates.  
 Religion's Rites, seem here, in Reasons sway;  
 Though Reason must Religion's Laws obey.

1.

**T**He noble Youths (reclaim'd by what they saw)  
 Would here unquiet war, as pride, forsake;  
 And study quiet Nature's pleasant Law,  
 Which Schools, through pride, by Art uneasy make.

2.

But now a sudden Shout their thoughts diverts!  
 So chearfull, general, and loud it was,  
 As pass'd through all their Ears, and fill'd their Hearts;  
 Which lik'd the joy, before they knew the cause.

3.

This **Ulfen** by his long Domestick Skill  
 Does thus explain, The Wise I here observe,  
 Are wise tow'rd's God; in whose great service still,  
 More than in that of Kings, themselves they serve.

4.

He who this Building's Builder did create,  
 As an Apartment here Triangular;  
 Where **Astragon** Three Fanes did dedicate,  
 To days of Praise, of Penitence, and Pray'r.

5.

To these, from diff'rent motives, all proceed;  
 For when discov'ries they on Nature gain,  
 They praise high Heav'n which makes their work success;  
 But when it falls, in Penitence complain.

6.

If after *Praise*, new blessings are not giv'n,  
Nor mourning *Penitence* can ill repair;  
Like practis'd *Beggars*, they sollicit *Heav'n*,  
And will prevail by violence of *Pray'r*.

7.

The Temple built for *Pray'r*, can neither boast  
The Builder's curious Art, nor does declare  
By choice Materials he intended cost;  
To shew, that nought should need to tempt to *Pray'r*.

8.

No Bells are here! Unhing'd are all the Gares!  
Since craving in distress is natural,  
All lies so ope that none for entrance waits,  
And those whom Faith invites, can need no call.

9.

The Great have by distinction here no name;  
For all so cover'd come, in grave disguise,  
(To shew none come for decency or fame)  
That all are strangers to each others Eyes.

10.

But *Penitence* appears unnatural;  
For we repent what Nature did perswade;  
And we lamenting Man's continu'd fall,  
Accuse what Nature necessary made.

11.

Since the requir'd extream of *Penitence*  
Seems so severe, this Temple was design'd,  
Solemn and strange without, to catch the sense,  
And dismal shew'd within, to aw the mind.

12.

Of sad black Marble was the outward Frame,  
A mourning Monument to distant sight,  
But by the largeness when you near it came,  
It seem'd the Palace of Eternal Night.

N 3

Black

13.

Black beaury (which black *Africans* had prais'd  
Above their own) gravely adorn'd each part;  
In Stone, from Nile's head Quarries, slowly rais'd,  
And slowlyer polish'd by *Namidian* Art.

14.

Hither a loud Bell's tale, rather commands,  
Than seems to invite the persecuted Ear;  
A summons Nature hardly understands;  
For few, and those are those who enter here.

15.

Within a dismal Majesty they find!  
All gloomy great, all silent does appear!  
As *Chaos* was, ere th' Elements were design'd;  
Man's evil fate seems hid and fashion'd here.

16.

Here all the Ornament is render'd black;  
Here, the check'd Sun his universal Face  
Stops bashfully, and will no entrance make;  
As if he spy'd Night naked through the Glass.

17.

Black Curtains hide the Glass; whilst from on high  
A winking Lamp still threatens all the Room;  
As if the lazy flame just now would die:  
Such will the Sun's last light appear at Doom!

18.

This Lamp was all, that here inform'd all Eyes;  
And by reflex, did on a Picture gain  
Some few false Beams, that thence from *Sodom* rise,  
Where Pencils feign the fire which Heav'n did rain.

19.

This on another Tablet did reflect,  
Where twice was drawn the am'rous *Marydaine*;  
Whilst beaury was her care, then her neglect,  
And brightest through her Tears she seem'd to shine.

Nec

20.

Near her, seem'd crucifi'd, that lucky Thief  
 (In Heav'n's dark Lottery prosp'rous, more than wife)  
 Who grasp'd at last, by chance, for Heav'n's relief,  
 And Throngs undoes with Hope, by one drawn Prize.

21.

In many Figures by reflex were sent,  
 Through this black Vault (instructive to the mind)  
 That early, and this tardy Penitent;  
 For with *Obsidian* stone 'twas chiefly lin'd.

22.

The Seats were made of *Ethiops* swarthy wood,  
 Absterfive Ebony, but thinly fill'd;  
 For none this place by nature understood;  
 And practise, when unpleasant, makes few skill'd.

23.

Yet these whom Heav'n's mysterious choice fetch'd in,  
 Quickly attain Devotion's utmost scope;  
 For having softly mourn'd away their sin,  
 They grow so certain, as to need no Hope.

24.

At a low Door they enter'd, but depart  
 Through a large Gate, and to fair Fields proceed;  
 Where *Astragon* makes Nature last by Art,  
 And such long Summers shews, as ask no seed.

25.

Whilst *Ulfen* this black Temple thus express  
 To these kind Youths, whom equal soul endears;  
*Golsbo* and *Ulfenore*, (in friendship blest)  
 A second general shout salutes their Ears.

26.

To the glad House of Praise this shout does call!  
 To Pray'r (said he) no Summons us invites,  
 Because distress does thither summon all)  
 As the loud role to Penitence excites.

27.

But since dull Men, to gratitude are slow,  
 And joy'd consent of Hearts is high Heav'n's choice;  
 To this of Praise, shouts summon us to go;  
 Of Hearts assembled, the unfeign'd Voice.

28.

And since, wise *Astragon*, with due applause,  
 Kind Heav'n, for his success, on Nature pays;  
 This day, Victorious Art, has given him cause,  
 Much to augment Heav'n's lov'd reward of praise.

29.

For this effectual day his Art reveal'd,  
 What has so oft made Nature's spies to pine,  
 The Load-stones mystick use, so long conceal'd  
 In clos allyance with the courser Mine.

30.

And this in sleepy Vision, he was bid  
 To register in Characters unknown;  
 Which Heav'n will have from Navigators hid,  
 Till *Saturn's* walk be twenty Circuits grown.

31.

For as Religion (in the warm East bred)  
 And Arts (which next to it most needfull were)  
 From Vices sprung from their corruption, fled;  
 And thence vouchsaf'd a cold Plantation here;

32.

So when they here again corrupted be,  
 (For Man can even his Antidotes infect)  
 Heav'n's reserv'd world they in the West shall see;  
 To which this stone's hid virtue will direct.

33.

Religion then (whose Age this world upbraids,  
 As scorn'd deformitie) will thither steer;  
 Serv'd at fit distance by the Arts, her Maids,  
 Which grow too bold, when they attend too neer.

And

34.  
And some, whom Traffick thither tempts, shall thence  
In her exchange (though they did grudge her shrines,  
And poorly baptis'd her to save expence)  
Bring home the Idol, Gold, from new-found Mines.

35.  
Till then, sad Pilots must be often lost,  
VVhilst from the Ocean's dreaded Face they shrink,  
And seeking safetie near the cos'ning Coast,  
VVith winds surpris'd, by Rockie Ambush sink.

36.  
Or if success rewards, what they endure,  
The VVorlds chief Jewel, Time, they then ingage  
And forfeit (trusting long the *Cynosure*)  
To bring home nought but wretched Gold, and Age.

37.  
Yet when this plague of ignorance shall end,  
(Dire ignorance, with which God plagues us most,  
Whilst we not feeling it, him most offend)  
Then lower'd Sayls no more shall tie the Coast.

38.  
They with new Tops to Fore-masts and the Main,  
And Misens new, shall th' Ocean's Breast invade;  
Stretch new sayls out, as Arms to entertain  
Those winds, of which their Fathers were afraid.

39.  
Then (sure of either Pole) they will with pride,  
In ev'ry storm, salute this constant Stone!  
And scorn that Star, which ev'ry Cloud could hide;  
The Sea-men's spark! which soon, as seen, is gone!

40.  
'Tis sung, the Ocean shall his bonds untie,  
And Earth in half a Globe be pent no more;  
Typhis shall sail, till Thube he discerie,  
But a domestick step to distant Shore!

41.

This *Astragol* had read ; and what the *Greek* ;  
 Old crates in Egyptian Books had found ;  
 By which , his travail'd soul , new Worlds did seek .  
 And sh<sup>d</sup>l<sup>d</sup>re find the old *Atlas* drown'd .

42.

Grave *Ulfu* thus discours'd ; and now he brings  
 The Youth to view the Temple built for Praise ;  
 Where *Olive* , for ch<sup>d</sup> *Olympian* Victor Springs ;  
*Mirtle* , for Love's ; and for War's triumph , Bay.

43.

These , as rewards of praise about is grew ;  
 For lib<sup>l</sup>al praise from an abundant Mind  
 Does even the Conqueror of Fate subdue ;  
 Since Heav'n's good King is Captive to the Kind .

44.

Dark are all Thronet to what this Temple seem'd ,  
 Whose Marble veins our shin'd Heav'n's various Bow ,  
 And would ( eclipsing all proud *Rome* esteem'd )  
 To Northern Eies , like Eastern Mornings show .

45.

From *Paras* Isle , was brought the milkie white ;  
 From *Spanta* , came the Green , which cheers the view ;  
 From *Araby* , the blushing *Oniebite* ,  
 And from the *Misruian* Hills , the deeper Blew .

46.

The arched Front did on Vast Pillars fall ;  
 Where all harmonious Instruments they spie  
 Drawn out in Bols ; which from the *Astrigall*  
 To the flat *Evise* in apt resemblance lie .

47.

Toss'd Cymbals ( which the sullen Jews admir'd )  
 Were figur'd here , with all of ancient choies  
 That joy did ere invent , or breath inspir'd ,  
 Or flying Finger's touch'd into a voice .



48.

In Statue o're the Gate, God's Fav'rite-King  
 The author of Celestial praise ) did stand ;  
 His Quire ( that did his sonnets set and Sing )  
 In *Niches* rang'd , attended either Hand.

49.

From these , old *Greeks* sweet Musick did improve ;  
 The Solemn *Dorian* did in Temples charm ,  
 The softer *Lydian* sooth'd to Bridal Love ,  
 And warlick *Phrygian* did to Battall warm !

50.

They enter now , and with glad reverence saw  
 Glory , too solid great to taste of pride ;  
 So sacred pleasant , as preserves an awe ;  
 Though jealous Priests , it neither praise nor hide ,

51.

Tapers and Lamps are not admitted here ;  
 Those , but with shadows , give false beauty grace ;  
 And this victorious glory can appear  
 Unvail'd before the Sun's Meridian Face :

52.

whose Eastern lustre rashly enters now ;  
 Where it his own mean Infancy displays ;  
 Where it does Man's chief obligation show ,  
 In what does most adorn the House of Praise ;

53.

The great Creation by bold Pencils drawn ;  
 Where a feign'd Curtain does our Eyes forbid ,  
 Till the Sun's Parent , Light , first seem to dawn  
 From quiet *Chaos* , which that Curtain hid.

54.

Then this all-rev'renc'd Sun ( God's hasty Spark  
 Struck out of *Chaos* , when he first struck Light )  
 Flies to the Sphears , where first he found all dark ,  
 And kindled there th'unkindled Lamps of Night.

Then

55.

Then Motion, Nature's great Preservative,  
Tun'd order in this World, Life's restless Inn;  
Gave Tydes to Seas, and caus'd stretch'd Plants to live;  
Else Plants but Seeds, and Seas but Lakes had bin.

56

But this Fourth *Fiat*, warming what was made,  
(For Light ne'r warm'd, till it did motion get)  
The Picture fills the World with woodie shade;  
To shew how Nature thrives by Motion's heat.

57.

Then to those Woods the next quick *Fiat* brings  
The Feather'd kind; where merrily they fed,  
As if their Hearts were lighter than their Wings;  
For yet no Cage was fram'd, nor Net was spread.

58.

The same Fifth voice does Seas and Rivers Store;  
Then into Rivers Brooks the Painter powres,  
And Rivers into Seas; which (rich before)  
Return their gifts, to both exhal'd in Showrs.

59.

This voice (whose swift dispatch in all it wrought,  
Seems to denote the Speaker was in haste,  
As if more Worlds were framing in his thought)  
Ads to this World one *Fiat*, as the last.

60.

Then straight an universal Herd appears;  
First gazing on each other in the shade;  
Wond'ring with levell'd Eyes, and lifted Ears,  
Then play, whilst yet their Tyrant is unmade.

61.

And Man, the Painter now presents to view;  
Haughtie without, and busie still within;  
Whom, when his Furr'd and Horned Subjects knew,  
Their sport is ended, and there fears begin.

But

62.

But here (to cure this Tyrant's follennes)  
The Painter has a new false Curtain drawn;  
Where Beauty's hid, Creation to expresse;  
From thence, harmles as light, he makes it dawn.

63.

From thence breaks lovely forth, the Worlds first Maid;  
Her Breast, Love's Cradle; where Love quiet lies;  
Nought yet had seen so foul, to grow afraid,  
Nor gay, to make it crie with longing Eyes.

64.

And thence, from stupid sleep, her Monarch steals;  
She wonders, till to vain his wonder grows;  
That it his feeble sov'reignie reveals;  
Her Beautie then, his Manhood does depose.

65.

Deep into shades the Painter leads them now,  
To hide their future deeds; then storms does raise  
Ore Heav'n's smooth face, because their life does grow  
Too black a storie for the House of Praise.

66.

A noble painted Vision next appears;  
Where all Heav'ns Frowns in distant prospect waste;  
And nought remains, but a short showre of Tears,  
Shed, by its pitie, for Revenges past.

67.

The Worlds one Ship, from th' old to a new World bound,  
Fraighted with Life (chief of uncertain Trades!)  
After Five Moons at drift, lies now aground;  
Where her frail Stowage, she in haste unlades.

68.

On *Persian Caucasus* the Eight descend,  
And seem their trivial essence to deplore,  
Griev'd to begin this World in th' others end,  
And to behold wrack'd Nations on the Shore.

Each

69.

Each humbled thus his Beasts led from aboard,  
 As fellow-Passengers, and Heirs to breath;  
 Joynt Tenants to the VWorld, he not their Lord;  
 Such likeness have we in the Glass of Death.

70.

Yet this humilitie begets their joy;  
 And taught, that Heav'n (which fully sin surveys)  
 VVas partial where it did not quite destroy;  
 So made the whole VWorld's Dings their song of praise.

71.

This first redemption to another led,  
 Kinder in deeds, and nobler in effects;  
 That but a few did respit from the Dead,  
 This all the Dead from second Death protects.

72.

And know, lost Nature, this resemblance was  
 Thy frank Redeemer in ascension shown;  
 VVhen Hell he conquer'd in thy desp'rate cause;  
 Hell, which before Man's common Grave was grown.

73.

By an Imperial Pencil this was wrought;  
 Rounded in all the Curious would behold;  
 VVhere life came out, and Met the Painters thought;  
 The Force was tender, though the strokes were bold.

74.

The holy Mourners, who this Lord of Life  
 Ascending saw, did seem with him to rise;  
 So well the Painter drew their Passions strife,  
 To follow him with Bodies, as with Eyes.

75.

This was the chief which in this Temple did,  
 By Pencils Rhetorick to praise perswades;  
 Yet to the living here, compar'd, seems hid;  
 VVho shine all painted Glory into shade.

76.

Lord *Astragon* a Purple Mantle wore,  
Where Nature's florid was in Colours wrought;  
And though her ancient Text seem'd dark before,  
'Tis in this pleasant Comment clearly taught.

77.

Such various Flow'rs Wreaths th' Assembly wear,  
As shew'd them wisely proud of Nature's pride;  
Which so adorn'd them, that the courtiest here  
Did seem a prosperous Bride-groom, or a Bride.

78.

All shew'd as fresh, and fair, and innocent,  
As Virgins to their Lovers first away;  
Joy'd as the Spring, when March his sighs has spent,  
And April's sweet rash Tears are dry'd by May.

79.

And this confederate joy so swell'd each Breast,  
That joy would turn to pain without a vent;  
Therefore their voices Heav'n's renown express,  
Though Tongues ne'r reach, what minds so nobly sent.

80.

Yet Musick here shew'd all her Art's high worth;  
Whilst Virgin-Trebblers, seem'd, with bashfull grace,  
To call the bolder marry'd Tenor forth,  
Whose Manly voice challeng'd the Giant Bass.

81.

To these the swift soft Instruments reply;  
Whisp'ring for help to those whom winds inspire;  
Whose tender Notes, to Neighbouring Forrests flie,  
And summon Nature's Voluntarie Quire.

82.

These *Astragon*, by secret skill had taught,  
To help, as if in artfull Confort bred;  
Who sung, as if by chance on him they thought,  
Whose care their careless merry Fathers Fed.

83.

Hither, with borrow'd strength, Duke *Gondibert*  
 Was brought, which now his rip'ning wounds allow;  
 And high Heav'n's praise in musick of the heart,  
 He inward sings, to pay a Victor's vow.

84.

*Praise*, is devotion fit for mightie Minds!  
 The diff'ring World's agreeing Sacrifices;  
 VVhere Heav'n divided Faiths united finds;  
 But *Pray'r* in various discord upward flies.

85.

For *Pray'r* the Ocean is, where diversly  
 Men steer their Course, each to a sev'ral Coast;  
 VVhere all our int'rests so discordant be,  
 That half beg winds by which the rest are lost.

86.

By *Penitence*, when we our selves forsake,  
 'Tis but in wise design on pitious Heav'n;  
 In Praise we nobly give, what God may take,  
 And are without a Beggers blush forgiv'n.

87.

Its utmost force, like Powder's, is unknown!  
 And though weak Kings excess of Praise may fear,  
 Yet when 'tis here, like Powder, dang'rous grown,  
 Heav'n's Vault receives, what would the Palace rear.

CANTO

CANTO the Seventh.

The ARGUMENT.

The Duke's wife a death in doubtful wounds affar'd;  
who gets new wounds before the old are cur'd:  
Nature in BIRTHA, Art's weak help derides,  
which strives to kill, but it at best but hides;  
Shows Nature's counter works, to bid, more counsels;  
As Sin conceal'd, and unconfess'd, grows worse.

1.

Let none our *Lambard* Author rudely blame,  
who from the Story has thus long digress;  
But for his righteous pains, may his fair Fame  
For ever travel, whilst his ashes rest.

2.

Ill could he leave Art's Shop of Nature's Store;  
Where she the hidden Soul would make more known;  
Though common Faith seeks Souls, which is no more  
Than long Opinion to Religion grown.

3.

A while then let this sage Historian stay  
With *Astragon*, till he new wounds reveal,  
And such (though now the old are worn away)  
As Balm, nor juice of Pyre, never heals.

4.

To *Astragon*, Heav'n for succession gave  
One onely Pledge, and *Birtha* was her name;  
Whose Mother slept, where Flowers grew on her Grave;  
And she succeeded her in Face, and Fame.

5.

Her beaurty, Princes, durst not hope to use,  
Unless, like Poets, for their Morning Theam;  
And her Minds beaurty they would rather chuse,  
Which did the light in Beaurtie's Lanthorn scent.

©

She

6.

She ne'r saw Courts, yet Courts could have undone  
 With untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart;  
 Her Nets, the most prepar'd, could never shun;  
 For Nature spred them in the scorn of Art.

7.

She never had in busie Cities bin,  
 Ne'r warm'd with hopes, nor tre alloy'd with fears;  
 Not seeing punishment, could guess no Sin;  
 And Sin not seeing, ne'r had use of tears.

8.

But here her Father's precepts gave her skill,  
 Which with incessant bus'ness fill'd the Hours;  
 In spring, she gather'd Blossoms for the Sill,  
 In Autumn, Berries; and in Summer, Flow'rs.

9.

And as kind Nature with calm diligence  
 Her own free virtue silently employs;  
 Whilst she, unheard, does rip'ning growth dispence,  
 So were her virtues busie without noise.

10.

Whilst her great Mistress, Nature, thus she tends,  
 The busie Household waits no less on her;  
 By secret law, each to her beauty bends;  
 Though all her lowly Mind to that prefers.

11.

Gracious and free, she breaks upon them all  
 With Morning looks, and they when she does rise,  
 Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall,  
 And droop like Flow'rs, when Evening shuts her Eyes.

12.

The sooty Chymist (who his sight does waste,  
 Attending lesser Fires) she passing by,  
 Broke his lov'd Lymbick, through enamour'd haste,  
 And let, like common Dew, th' Elixir fly.



12.

And here the grey Philosophers repose,  
Who all to her, like crafty Courtiers, bow;  
Hoping for secrets known in Nature's Court,  
Which onely she (her favorite Maid) can know.

13.

These, as the Lords of Science, she respects,  
And with familiar beams their age she cheers;  
Yet all those civil forms seem but neglect  
To what she shows, when a stranger appears.

14.

For as she once from him her being took,  
She hourly takes her Laws, reads with swift sight,  
His will, even at the opening of his look,  
And shews, by haste, obedience her delight.

15.

She makes (when she at distance to him bows)  
His interest in her Mother's beauty known;  
For that's th' Original whence her copy grows,  
And near Originals, copies are not shewn.

16.

And he, with dear regard, her gifts does wear  
Of Flowers, which she in mystick order ties;  
And with the sacrifice of many a tear  
Salutes her loyal Mother in her Eyes.

17.

The just Historians, thus express,  
And tell how by her Oyes Example taught,  
She serv'd the wounded Duke in Life's distress,  
And his fled Spirits back by Cordials brought.

18.

Black melancholy Mists, that fed despair  
Through wounds long rage, with sprinkled *Veron* cheer'd  
Strew'd Leaves of *willow* to refresh the air,  
And with rich Fumes his fallen senses cheer'd.

20.

He that had serv'd great Love with rev'rend heart;  
 In these old wounds, worse wounds from him endures,  
 For Love, makes ~~for~~ the shift with Death, his Dart,  
 And she kills faster than her Father's care.

21.

Her heedless innocence as little knew  
 The wounds she gave, as those from Love she took;  
 And Love lifts high each secret Shaft he drew;  
 Which at their Scars he first in triumph shook.

22.

Love he had lik'd, yet never lodg'd before;  
 But finds him now a bold unquiet Guest;  
 Who climbs to windows, when we shut the Door;  
 And enters, never less the Master rest.

23.

So strange disorder, now he pines for health;  
 Makes him conceal this Reveller with shame;  
 She not the Robber knows, yet feels the stealth;  
 And never but in Songs had heard his name.

24.

Yet then it was, when she did smile at Hearts  
 Which Country Lovers wear in bleeding Seals;  
 Ask'd where his pretty Godhead found such Darts,  
 As make those wounds, that only Hymen heals.

25.

And this, her ancient Maid, with sharp complaints  
 Heard, and rebuk'd; shook her experienc'd Head;  
 With tears brought her not to rest in Saints;  
 Nor mock those Martyrs, Love had Captive led.

26.

Nor think the pious Poets ere would waste  
 So many tears in Ink, to make Maids mourn;  
 If injur'd Lovers had in ages past  
 The lucky Mirke, more than willow-worn.

This

27.

This grave rebuke, *Officious Memory*  
 Presents to *Birba's* thought, who now believ'd  
 Such fighting Songs, as tell why Lovers die,  
 And prais'd their faith, who wept, when Poets grieve

28.

She, full of inward questions, walks alone,  
 To take her heart aside in secret Shade;  
 But knocking at her breast, it seem'd, or gone,  
 Or by confed'racie was useless made;

29.

Or else some stranger did usurp its room,  
 One so remote, and new in ev'ry thought,  
 As his behaviour shews him not at home,  
 Nor the Guide sober that him thither brought.

30.

Yet with this forseign Heart, she does begin  
 To treat of Love, her most unstudy'd Theme;  
 And like young conscienc'd Casuists, thinks that sin,  
 Which will by talk and practise lawfull seem.

31.

With open Ears, and ever-waking Eyes,  
 And flying Feet, Love's fire she from the sight  
 Of all her Maids does carry, as from Spies;  
 Jealous, that what burns her, might give them light.

32.

Beneath a Mirtle Covert now does spend  
 In Maids weak wishes, her whole flock of thoughts  
 Fond Maids! who Love, with Minds fine stuff would mend,  
 Which Nature purposely of Bodies wrought,

33.

She fashions him she lov'd of Angels kind,  
 Such as in holy Story were employ'd  
 To the first Fathers from th' Eternal Mind,  
 And in short vision onely are enjoy'd.

34.

As Eagles then, when nearest Heav'n they fly;  
Of wild impossibles soon weary grow;  
Feeling their bodies find no rest so high,  
And therefore perch on Earthly things below:

35.

So now she yields; him she an Angel deem'd,  
Shall be a Man; the Name which Virgins fear;  
Yet the most harmless to a Maid he seem'd,  
That ever yet that fatal name did bear.

36.

Soon her opinion of his hurtless heart,  
Affection turns to faith; and then Loves fire  
To Heav'n, though bashfully, she does impart;  
And to her Mother in the Heav'nly Quire.

37.

If I do love, (said she) that love (O Heav'n!)  
Your own Disciple, Nature, bred in me;  
Why should I hide the passion you have given,  
Or blush to shew effects which you decree?

38.

And you, my alter'd Mother (grown above  
Great Nature, which you read, and rev'renc'd here)  
Chide not such kindness, as you once call'd Love,  
When you as mortal as my Father were.

39.

This said, her Soul into her breasts retires!  
With Love's vain diligence of heart she dreams  
Her self into possession of desires,  
And trusts unanchor'd Hope in fleeting Streams.

40.

Already thinks, the Duke her own spous'd Lord,  
Cur'd, and again from bloody battel brought;  
Where all false Lovers perish'd by his sword,  
The true to her for his protection fought.

She

41.

She thinks how her imagin'd Spouse and she,  
So much from Heav'n, may by her virtues gain;  
That they by Time shall ne'r overtaken be,  
No more than Time himself is overtaken.

42.

Or should he touch them as he by does pass,  
Heav'n's favour may repay their Summers gone,  
And he so mix their land in a flow Glass,  
That they shall live, and not as Time, but One.

43.

She thinks of *Eden*-life, and no rough wind,  
In their pacifique Sea shall wrinkles make;  
That still her lowliness shall keep him kind,  
Her cares keep him asleep, her voice awake.

44.

She thinks, if ever anger in him sway  
(The Youthfull Warriors most excus'd disease)  
Such chance her Tears shall calm, as showres allay  
The accidental rage of winds and Seas.

45.

She thinks that Babes proceed from mingling Eyes,  
Or Heav'n from Neighbourhood increase allows,  
As *Palm*, and the *Mamora* fructifies;  
Or they are got, by clost exchanging vows.

46.

Bur come they (as she hears) from Mothers pain,  
(Which by ch'unlocky first-Maids longing, proves  
A lasting curse) yet that she will sustain,  
So they be like this Heav'nly Man she loves.

47.

Thus to her self in day-dreams *Birba* talks;  
The Duke (whose wounds of war are healthfull grown)  
To cure Love's wounds, seeks *Birba* where she walks,  
Whose wandering Soul, seeks him to cure her own.

48.

Yet when her solitude he did invade,  
 Shame (which in Maids is unexperie'd fear)  
 Taught her to wish Night's help to make more shade,  
 That Love (which Maids think guilt) might not appear.

49.

And she had fled him now, but that he came  
 So like an aw'd, and conquer'd Enemy,  
 That he did seem offenceless, as her shame's  
 As if he but advanc'd for leave to flie.

50.

First with a longing Sea-mans look he gaz'd,  
 Who would ken Land, when Seas would him devour;  
 Or like a fearfull Scout, who stands amaz'd  
 To view the Foe, and multiplies their pow'r.

51.

Then all her knowledge which her Father had  
 He dreams in her, through purer Organs wrought;  
 Whose Soul (since there more delicately clad)  
 By lesser weight, more active was in thought.

52.

And to that Soul thus spake, with trembling voice,  
 The world will be (O thou, the whole world's Maid!)  
 Since now 'tis old enough to make wise choice,  
 Taught by thy mind, and by thy beavy sway'd.

53.

And I a needless part of it, unless  
 You'd think me for the whole a Delegate,  
 To treat, for what they want of your excess,  
 Virtue to serve the universal State.

54.

Nature (our first example) and our Queen,  
 Whose Court this is, and you her Minion Maid,  
 The World, thinks now, is in her sickness seen,  
 And that her noble influence is decay'd.

55.

And the Records so worn of her first Law,  
That Men, with Art's hard shifts, read what is good;  
Because your beautie many never saw,  
The Text by which your Mind is understood.

56.

And I with the apostate world should grow,  
From sov'reign Nature, a revolted Slave;  
But that my luckie wounds brought me to know,  
How with their cure, my sickler mind to save.

57.

A mind still dwelling idly in mine Eyes,  
Where it from outward pomp could ne'r abstain;  
But even in beautie, cost of Courts did prise,  
And Nature unassisted, thought too plain.

58.

Yet by your beautie how reform'd, I find  
All other onely errant by false light;  
Or but vain Visions of a fawcish mind;  
Too slight to stand the test of waking sight.

59.

And for my healthfull Mind (diseas'd before)  
My love I pay; a gift you may disdain,  
Since Love to you, Men give not, but restore;  
As Rivers to the Sea restore the Rain.

60.

Yet Eastern Kings, who all by birth possess, I know  
Take gifts, as gifts, from Vassals of the Crown;  
So think in love, your propertie not less,  
By my kind giving what was first your own.

61.

Lifted with Love, thus he with Lovers grace,  
And Love's wild wonders, spake, and he was rais'd  
So much with reverence of this learned place,  
That still he fear'd to injure all he prais'd.

And

62.  
And she in love unpractis'd and unread ;  
( But for some hints her Mistress, Nature, taught )  
Had it , till now , like grief with silence fed ;  
For Love and grief are nourish'd best with thought.

63.  
But this close Diet Love endures not long ;  
He must in sighs , or speech , take ayr abroad ;  
And thus , with his Interpreter , her Tongue ,  
He ventures forth , though like a stranger aw'd.

64.  
She said , those virtues now she highly needs ,  
Which he so pow'rfully does in her praise ,  
To check ( since vanitie on praises feed )  
That pride , which his authentick words may raise.

65.  
That if her Pray'rs , or care , did ought restore  
Of absent health , in his bemoan'd distress ,  
She beg'd , he would approve her duty more ,  
And so commend her feeble virtue less ,

66.  
That she , the payment he of love would make ,  
Less understood , than yet the debt she knew ;  
But coyns unknown suspiciously we take ,  
And debts , till manifest , are never due.

67.  
With bashfull Looks besought him to retire ,  
Lest the sharp Ayr should his new health invade ;  
And as she spake , she saw her reverend Syre  
Approach to seek her in her usual shade.

68.  
To whom with filial homage she does bow ;  
The Duke did first at distant duty stand ,  
But soon imbue'd his knees , whilst he more low  
Does bend to him , and then reach'd forth his hand.



69.

His Face, o'ercast with thought, does loobly pray  
 Th'assembled spires, which his Eyes detect  
 By her pale look, as by the Milkie way,  
 Men first did the assembled Stars suspect.

70.

As a Pris'ner, that in Prison pines,  
 Still at the utmost window grieving lies;  
 Even so her Soul, imprison'd, sadly shines,  
 As if it watch'd for freedom at her Eys!

71.

His guides him to her Pulse, th'Alarm Bell,  
 Which waits the insurrections of desire;  
 And rings so fast, as if the Cittadell,  
 Her newly conquer'd Breast, were all one fire!

72.

Then on the Duke, he casts a short survey;  
 Whose Veins, his Temples, with deep purple grace;  
 Then Love's despair gives them a pale allay;  
 And shifts the whole complexion of his Face.

73.

Nature's wise Spie does outward with them walk;  
 And finds, each in the midst of thinking starts;  
 Breath'd short, and swiftly in disorder'd talk,  
 To cool, beneath Love's Torrid Zone, their hearts,

74.

When all these Symprones he observ'd, he knows  
 From *Alga*, which is rooted deep in Seas,  
 To the high Cedar that on Mounrains grows,  
 No sov'raign hearb is found for their disease.

75.

He would not Nature's eldest Law resist,  
 As if wise Nature's Law could be impure;  
 But *Birthea* with indulgent Looks dismiss,  
 And means to counsel, what he cannot cure.

76.

With mourning Gaubbert he walks apart,  
 To watch his Passions force, who seems to bear  
 By silent grief, Two Tyrants ore his Heart,  
 Great Love, and his inferiour Tyrant, Fear.

77.

But *Astragon* such kind inquiries made,  
 Of all which to his Art's wise cares belong,  
 As his sick silence he does now dissuade,  
 And midst Love's fears, give courage to his Tongue.

78.

Then thus he spake with Love's humilities  
 Have pitie Father! and since first so kind,  
 You would not let this worthless Bodie die,  
 Vouchsafe more nobly to preserve my Mind!

79.

A Mind so lately luckie, as it here  
 Has Virtue's Mirrour found, which does reflect  
 Such blemishes as Custom made it wear,  
 But more authentick Nature does detect.

80.

A Mind long sick of Monarchs vain disease;  
 Not to be fill'd, because with glorie fed;  
 So busie it condemn'd even War of Ease,  
 And for their uselesse rest despis'd the Dead.

81.

But since it here has Virtue quiet found,  
 It thinks (though Storms were wish'd by it before)  
 All sick at least at Sea, that scape undrown'd,  
 Whom Glory serves as wind to leave the shore.

82.

All Virtue is to yours but fashion now,  
 Religion, Art; Internals are all gone,  
 Or outward turn'd, to satisfie with show,  
 Not God, but his inferiour Eye, the Sun.

And yet, though Virtue be as fashion taught,  
 And now Religion rules by Art's peain'd skill;  
 Fashion is Virtue's Mimmick, falsely taught,  
 And Art, but Nature's Ape, which plays her ill.

To this blest House (great Nature's Court) all Courts  
 Compar'd, are but dark Closets for retreat  
 Of private Minds, Battels but Childrens sports;  
 And onely simple good, is sold Great.

Let not the Mind, thus freed from Error's Night,  
 (Since you repriev'd my Body from the Grave)  
 Perish for being now in love with light.  
 But let your Virtue, Virtue's Lover save.

Arbitra I love, and who loves wisely so,  
 Steps far tow' rds all which Virtue can attain;  
 But if we perish, when tow' rds Heav' n we go,  
 Then have I learnt that Virtue is in vain.

And now his Heart (extracted through his Eyes  
 In Love's Elixir, Tears) does soon subdue  
 Old Astragon, whose pitie, though made wise  
 With Love's false Essences, likes these as true.

The Duke he to a secret Bowr does lead,  
 Where he his Youths first Storie may attend;  
 To guesse, ere he will let his love proceed;  
 By such a dawning, how his day will end.

For Virtue, though a rarely planted Flow'r,  
 Was in the seed now by this Florist known;  
 Who could foretell, even in springing hour,  
 What colours she shall wear when fully blown.

## CANTO the Eighth.

## THE ARGUMENT.

BIRTHA, *her first unpractis'd Love betrays,*  
*whilst GONDIBERT on ASTRAGON prevails,*  
*By shewing, high Ambition is of use,*  
*And Glory in the Good needs no excuse.*  
 GOLTHO & grief to ULFNORE reveals,  
*whilst he a greater of his own conceals.*

**B**irtha her griefs to her Apartment brought,  
 Where all her Maids to Heav'n were us'd to raise  
 Their voices, whilst their busie Fingers wrought  
 To deck the Altar of the House of Praise.

But now she finds their Musick turn'd to cares,  
 Their looks allay'd, like beanie over-worn;  
 Silent and sad as with'ring Faw'rites are,  
 Who for their sick indulgent Monarch mourn.

Tbula (the eldest of this flench'd Quire)  
 When Birtha at this change astorish'd was,  
 With haste whisper, begg'd her to retrace  
 And on her knees thus tells their sorrows cause.

Forgive me such experience, as too soon  
 Shew'd me unluckie Loves by which I guess  
 How Maids are by their innocence undone,  
 And trace those sorrows that them first oppress.

Forgive such Passion as to Speech persuades,  
 And to my Tongue my observation brought;  
 And then forgive my Tongue, which to your Maids,  
 Too rashly carry'd, what Experience taught.

6.

For since I saw this wounded stranger here,  
 Your inward musick still untun'd his heart  
 You, who could need no hope, have learnt to fear,  
 And practis'd grief, ere you did know to love.

7.

This being Love, to whom I told,  
 Did on her Tongue, as on a Kill Death reliev'd  
 But winged Love, she was too young to hold,  
 And, wanton-like, let it to others slide.

8.

Love, who in whisper scap'd, did publick grow,  
 Which makes them now their time in silence waste  
 Makes their neglected Bees move so slow,  
 And through their Eyes, their Hearts disrobe to fast.

9.

For oft, dire tales of Love has fill'd their Heads,  
 And w<sup>h</sup> He they doubt you in that Tyrant's pow'r,  
 The Spring (they think) may visit Woods and Meads,  
 But scarce shall hear a Bird, or see a Flow'r.

10.

Ah how (said Birtha) shall I dare confess  
 My griefs to thee, Love's rash, impatient Spies  
 Thou (Thula) who dost run to tell thy guests,  
 With secrets known, wilt to confession slide.

11.

But if I love this Prince, and have in Heav'n  
 Made any Friends by vows, you need not fear  
 He will make good the promise, Heav'n has given  
 And be as harmless as his looks appear.

12.

Yet I have heard, that Men whom Maids think kind,  
 Calm, as forgiven Sails, at their last Hour,  
 Oft prove like Seas, inrag'd by ev'ry wind,  
 And all who to their Bosoms trust, devour.

26.  
Howe'er Heav'n knows, (the witness of the Mind)  
My heart bears Men no malice, nor esteems  
Young Princes of the common cruel kind,  
Nor Love so foul as it in Seery seems.

27.  
Yet if this Prince brought Love, what ere it be,  
I must suspect, though I accuse it not;  
For since he came, my medicinal Hysterie,  
Confections, and my Siles, are all forgot.

28.  
Blossoms in winds, Berries in Frosts may fall!  
And Flow'rs sink down in Rain! For I no more  
Shall Maids to woods, for early garbings call;  
Nor haste to Gardens to prevent a shoure.

29.  
This said, retires, and now a lovely flame  
That she reveal'd so much, possess'd her Cheeks;  
In a dark Lanthorn she would bear Love's flame,  
To hide her self, whilst she her Lover seeks.

30.  
And to that Lover let our Song return:  
Whose Title so well was to her Father told;  
As the Philosopher did seem to mourn  
That Youth had reach'd such worth, and he so old.

31.  
Yet Birtha was so precious in his Eyes,  
Her vanish'd Mother still so near his mind;  
That farther yet he thus his prudence tries,  
Ere such a Pledge he to his trust resign'd.

32.  
Where (said he) in thy first story looks,  
Shall praise thy wise conversing with the Dead;  
For with the Dead he lives, who is with Books;  
And in the Camp (Death's moving Palace) bred.

20.

Wise Youth, in books and battels early finds  
What thoughtless lazy Men perceive too late;  
Books shew the utmost conquests of our Minds;  
Battels, the best of our lov'd Bodies fate.

21.

Yet this great breeding, joyn'd with Kings high blood  
(Whose blood Ambition's seaver over-heats)  
May spoil digestion, which would else be good,  
As stomachs are deprav'd with highest Meats.

22.

For though Books serve as Diet of the Mind,  
If knowledge, early got, self-value breeds,  
By false digestion it is turn'd to wind;  
And what should nourish, on the Eater feeds.

23.

Though Wars great shape best educates the sight,  
And makes small soft ning objects less our care;  
Yet War, when urg'd for glory, more than right,  
Shews Victors but authentick Murd'ers are.

24.

And I may fear that your last Victories,  
Where Glory's Toyls, and you will ill abide.  
(Since with new Trophies still you fed your Eyes)  
Those little objects which in Shades we hide.

25.

Could you in Fortunes smiles, foretel her frowns,  
Our old Foes slain, you would not hunt for new;  
But Victors, after wreaths, pretend at Crowns,  
And such think *Rhodolind* their Valour's due.

26.

To this the gentle *Gondibert* replies;  
Think not Ambition can my duty sway;  
I look on *Rhodolind* with Subjects Eyes,  
Whom he that conquers, must in right obey.

P

And

27.

And though I humanely have heretofore  
 All beauty lik'd, I never lov'd till now;  
 Nor think a Crown can raise his value more,  
 To whom already Heav'n does Love allow.

28.

Though, since I gave the *Huns* their last defeat,  
 I have the *Lombards* Ensigns outward led,  
 Ambition kindled not this Victors heat,  
 But 'tis a warmth my Fathers prudence bred.

29.

Who cast on more than Wolvish Man his Eye,  
 Man's necessary hunger judg'd, and saw  
 That caus'd not his devouring Maladie;  
 But like a wanton whelp he loves to gnaw.

30.

Man still is sick for pow'r, yet that disease  
 Nature (whose Law is Temp'rance) ne'r inspires;  
 But 'tis a humour, does his Manship please,  
 A luxury, fruition onely tires.

31.

And as in persons, so in publick States,  
 The lust of Pow'r provokes to cruel war;  
 For wisest Senates it intoxicates,  
 And makes them vain, as single persons are.

32.

Men into Nations it did first divide;  
 Whilst place, scarce distant, gives them different Stiles;  
 Rivers, whose breadth Inhabitants may stride,  
 Parts them as much as Continents, and Isles.

33.

On equal, smooth, and undistinguish'd Ground,  
 The lust of pow'r does liberty impair,  
 And limits by a border and a bound,  
 What was before as passable as Air.

Wh



34.

Whilst change of Languages oft breeds a war,  
 (A change which Fashion does as oft intrude  
 As womens dress) and oft Complexions are,  
 And different names, no less a cause of feud.

35.

Since Men so causelessly themselves devour,  
 (And lust'ning still, their else too hasty Fates,  
 Act but continu'd Massacres for pow'r,)  
 My Father meant to chastise Kings, and States.

36.

To overcome the world, till but one Crown  
 And universal Neighbourhood he saw;  
 Till all were rich by that alliance grown,  
 And want no more should be the cause of Law.

37.

One family the world was first design'd,  
 And though some fighting Kings so sever'd are,  
 That they must meet by help of Seas and wind,  
 Yet when they fight, 'tis but a civil war.

38.

Nor could Religions heat, if one rul'd all,  
 To bloody war the unconcern'd allure;  
 And hasten us from Earth, ere Age does call,  
 Who are (alas) of Heav'n so little sure.

39.

Religion, ne'r till divers Monarchies,  
 Taught that almighty Heav'n needs Armies aid;  
 But with contentious Kings she now complies,  
 Who seem for their own cause, of God's afraid.

40.

To joyn all sever'd Pow'rs (which is to end  
 The cause of War) my Father onward fought;  
 By war the Lombard Scepter to extend  
 Till peace were forc'd, where it was slowly sought.

41.

He lost in this attempt his last dear blood ;  
 And I (whom no remoteness can deterre,  
 If what seems difficult, be great and good)  
 Thought his Example could not make me erre.

42.

No place I merit in the Book of Fame !  
 Whose leaves are by the Greeks and Romans fill'd ;  
 Yet I presume to boast, she knows my name,  
 And she has heard to whom the *Huns* did yield.

43.

But let not what so needfully was done,  
 Though still pursu'd, make you ambition fear ;  
 For could I force all Monarchies to one,  
 That Universal Crown I would not wear.

44.

He who does blindly soar at *Rhodastind* ;  
 Mounts like feel'd Doves, still higher from his ease ;  
 And in the lust of Empire he may find,  
 High Hope does better than Fruition please.

45.

The Victor's solid recompence is rest ;  
 And 'tis unjust, that Chiefs who pleasure shun,  
 Toyling in Youth, should be in Age oppress'd  
 With greater Toyls, by ruling what they won.

46.

Here all reward of conquest I would find,  
 Leave shining Thrones for *Birtha* in a shade ;  
 With Nature's quiet wonders fill my mind,  
 And praise her most, because she *Birtha* made.

47.

Now *Astragon* (with joy suffic'd) perceiv'd  
 How nobly Heav'n for *Birtha* did provide ;  
 Q't had he for her vanish'd Mother griev'd,  
 But ean this joy, less than that sorrow hide.

48.

With tears, bids *Gondibert* to Heav'n's Eye make  
 All good within, as to the World he seems;  
 And in gain'd *Birtba* then from *Hymen* take  
 All youth can wish, and all his age esteems.

49.

Straight to his lov'd Philosophers he hies,  
 Who now at Nature's Counsel busie are  
 To trace new Lights, which some old Gazer spies,  
 Whilst the Duke seeks more busily his Star.

50.

But in her search, he is by *Goltbo* stay'd,  
 Who in a clofs dark Covert folds his Arms;  
 His Eyes with thought grow darker than that shade,  
 Such thought as brow and breast with study warms.

51.

Fix'd to unheeded object is his Eye!  
 His senses he calls in, as if t'improve  
 By outward absence inward extasie,  
 Such as makes Prophets, or is made by Love.

52.

Awake (said *Gondibert*) for now in vain  
 Thou dream'st of sov'reignty. and War's success;  
 Hope, nought has left, which Worth should wish to gain;  
 And all Ambition is but Hope's excess.

53.

Bid all our Worthies to unarm, and rest!  
 For they have nought to conquer worth their care;  
 I have a Father's right in *Birtba*'s breast,  
 And that's the peace for which the wise make war,

54.

At this starts *Goltbo*, like some Armie's Chief,  
 Whom untrench'd, a midnight Larum wakes,  
 By pause then gave disorder'd sence relief,  
 And this reply with kindled passion makes:

55.

What means my Prince to learn so low a boast,  
 Whose merit may aspire to *Rhodolind*?  
 For who could *Birtha* miss if she were lost,  
 That shall by worth the others treasure find?

56.

When your high blood, and conquests shall submit  
 To such mean joys, in this unmind'd shade,  
 Let Courts, without Heav'n's Lamps, in darkness sit,  
 And war become the lowly Shepherd's Trade.

57.

*Birtha*, (a harmless Cottage Ornament!)  
 May be his Bride, that's born himself to serve;  
 But you must pay that blood your Army spent,  
 And wed that Empire which our wounds deserve.

58.

This brought the Duke's swift anger to his Eyes;  
 Which his confid'rate Heart rebuk'd as fast;  
 He *Goltbo* chid, in that he nought replies;  
 Leaves him, and *Birtha* seeks with Lovers haste.

59.

Now *Goltbo* mourns, yet not that *Birtha's* fair;  
 Or that the Duke shuns Empire for a Bride,  
 But that himself must joyn love to despair;  
 Himself who loves her, and his love must hide.

60.

He curs'd that him the wounded hither brought  
 From *Oswald's* field; where though he wounds did scape  
 In tempting Death, and here no danger sought,  
 Yet here met worse than Death in Beauty's shape.

61.

He was unus'd to love, as bred in wars,  
 And not till now for beauty leisure had;  
 Yet bore Love's load, as Youth bears other Cares,  
 Till now despair makes Love's old weight too sad.

62.

But *Ulfmore*, does hither aptly come,  
His second breast, in whom his griefs excess  
He may ebb out, when they ore-flow at homes  
Such griefs, as thus in Throngs for utterance press.

63.

Forgive me that so falsely am thy Friend!  
No more our Hearts for kindness shall contest;  
Since mine I hourly on another spend,  
And now imbrace thee with an empty breast.

64.

Yet pard'ning me, you cancel Nature's fault;  
Who walks with her first force in *Birtha's* shape,  
And when she spreads the Net to have us caught,  
It were in youth presumption to escape.

65.

When *Birtha's* grief so comly did appear,  
Whilst she beheld our wounded Duke's distress;  
Then first my alter'd Heart began to fear,  
Lest too much Love should friendship dispossess;

66.

But this whilst *Ulfmore* with sorrow hears,  
Him *Goltso's* busier sorrow little heeds;  
And though he could reply in sighs and tears,  
Yet governs both, and *Goltso* thus proceeds.

67.

To Love's new dangers I have gone unarm'd;  
I lack'd experience why to be afraid,  
Was too unlearn'd to read how Love had harm'd,  
But have his will as Nature's law obey'd.

68.

Th'obedient and defenceless, sure; no law  
Afflicts, for law is their defence, and pow'r;  
Yet me, Love's sheep, whom rigour needs not aw,  
Wolf-Love, because defenceless, does devour:

69.

Gives me not time to perish by degrees,  
 But with despair does me at once destroy;  
 For none who *Gondibert* a Lover sees,  
 Thinks he would love, but where he may enjoy.

70.

*Birtha* he loves; and I from *Birtha* fear  
 Death that in rougher Figure I despise;  
 This *Ulsnore* did with distemper hear,  
 Yet with dissembled temperance thus replies:

71.

Ah *Golto*! who Love's Fever can assuage?  
 For though familiar seems that old disease;  
 Yet like Religion's fit, when Peoples rage,  
 Few cure those evils which the Patient please.

72.

Natures Religion, Love, is still perverse;  
 And no commerce with cold discretion hath,  
 For if Discretion speak when Love is fierce,  
 'Tis wav'd by Love, as Reason is by Faith.

73.

As *Gondibert* left *Golto* when he heard  
 His Saint profan'd, as if some Plague were nigh;  
 So *Golto* now leaves *Ulsnore*, and fear'd  
 To share such veng'ance, if he did not fly.

74.

How each at home ore-rates his miserie,  
 And thinks that all are musical abroad,  
 Unfetter'd as the Winds, whilst onely he  
 Of all the glad and licenc'd world is aw'd?

75.

And as Cap'd Birds are by the Fowlet set  
 To call in more, whilst those that taken be,  
 May think (though they are Pris'ners in the Net)  
 Th'incag'd, because they ne'r complain, are free.

76.  
So Goltso (who by *Ulsinore* was brought  
Here where he first Love's dangers did perceive  
In Beaurie's Field) thinks though himself was caught,  
Th' inviter safe, because not heard to grieve.

77.  
But *Ulsinore* (whom neighbourhood led here)  
Impressions took before from *Birtha*'s sight;  
*Ideas*, which in silence hidden were,  
As Heav'n's designs before the birth of Light.

78.  
This from his Father *Ulsin* he did hide,  
Who, strict to Youth, would not permit the best  
Reward of worth, the Bosom of a Bride,  
Should be but after Virtuous toils possess.

79.  
For *Ulsinore* (in blooming honour yet)  
Though he had learnt the count'nance of the Foe,  
And though his courage could dull Armies whet,  
The care ore Crouds, nor Conduct could not know,

80.  
Nor varie Battels shapes in the Foes view;  
But now in foreign Fields means to improve  
His early Arts, to what his Father knew,  
That merit so might get him leave to love.

81.  
Till then, check'd passion, shall not venture forth:  
And now retires with a disorder'd Heart;  
Griev'd, lest his Rival should by early'r worth  
Get Love's reward, ere he can gain desert.

82.  
But stop we here, like those who day-light lack;  
Or as misguided Travellers that rove,  
Oft find their way by going somewhat back;  
So let's return, thou ill Conductour Love!

83.

Thy little *Grecian* Godhead as my Guide  
 I have attended many a Winter night;  
 To seek whom Time for honour's sake would hide,  
 Since in mine age sought by a wasted light :

84.

But ere my remnant of Life's Lamp be spent,  
 Whilst I in Lab'rincths stray amongst the Dead;  
 I mean to recollect the paths I went,  
 And judge from thence the steps I am to tread.

85.

Thy walk (though as a common Deitie  
 The Croud does follow thee) misterious grows :  
 For *Rhodolind* may now clost Mourner die,  
 Since *Gondibert*, too late, her sorrow knows.

86.

Young *Hurgonil* above dear light prefers  
 Calm *Orna*, who his highest Love out-loves;  
 Yet envious Clouds in *Lombard* Registers  
 Orecast their Morn, what ere their Evening proves.

87.

For fatal *Laura* trustie *Tybal* pines;  
 For haughtie *Gartha*, subtle *Hermegild*;  
 Whilst she her beantie, youth, and birth declines;  
 And as to Fate, does to Ambition yield.

88.

Great *Gondibert*, to bashfull *Birtha* bends;  
 Whom she adores like Virtue in a Throne;  
 Whilst *Ulsinore*, and *Goltbo* (late vow'd Friends  
 By him) are now his Rivals, and their own.

89.

Through ways thus intricate to Lovers Urns,  
 Thou lead'st me, Love, to shew thy Trophies past;  
 Where time (less cruel than thy Godhead) mourns  
 In ruins, which thy pride would have to last.



90.

Where I on *Lombard* Monuments have read  
Old Lovers names, and their fam'd Ashes spy'd;  
But less can learn by knowing they are dead,  
And such their Tombes; than how they liv'd and dy'd.

91.

To *Paphos* flie! and leave me sullen here!  
This Lamp shall light me to Records, which give  
To future Youth, so just a cause of fear,  
That it will Valour seem to dare to live.

*The End of the Second Book.*

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G O N-

When I on lowly knees my prayers lay,  
 Thy mercies, Lord, my heart's desires lay;  
 Thy love, O Lord, my heart's desires lay,  
 Thy love, O Lord, my heart's desires lay.

Thy love, O Lord, my heart's desires lay,  
 Thy love, O Lord, my heart's desires lay;  
 Thy love, O Lord, my heart's desires lay,  
 Thy love, O Lord, my heart's desires lay.

Thy love, O Lord, my heart's desires lay.

CON.

# GONDIBERT.

## The Third Book.

*Written by the Authour during his  
Imprisonment.*

### CANTO the First.

#### THE ARGUMENT.

*The People, left by GARTHA, leave to mourn;  
And worship HERMEGILD for her return.  
The wounded HURGONIL by ORNA cur'd;  
Their loyal loves by marriage plight assur'd.  
In LAURA'S hasty change, Love's pow'r appears,  
And TYBALT seeks the kindness which he fears.*

<sup>1.</sup>  
**W**hen sad Verona saw in Gartha's shape (prais'd;  
Departed Peace brought back, the Court they  
And seem'd so joy'd as Cities which escape  
A Siege, even by their own brave Sallys rais'd.

<sup>2.</sup>  
And Hermegild, to make her triumph long,  
Through all the streets his Chariot slowly drove;  
Whilst she endures the kindness of the Throng,  
Though rude, as was their rage, is now their love.

<sup>3.</sup>  
On Hermegild (so longingly desir'd  
From Hubert's Camp) with Childish Eyes they gazes,  
They worship now, what late they but admir'd,  
And all his Arts to mightie Mag'ick raise.

On both they such abundant blessings throw,  
 As if those num'rous Priests who here reside,  
 (Loath to out-live this joy) assembled now  
 In haste to bless the Day that e'er they dy'd.

Thus dignify'd, and Crown'd through all the Streets  
 To Court they come; where them wife *Arbiter*  
 Not weakly with a publick passion meets;  
 But in his open'd Face conceal'd his heart.

With mod'rate joy he took this Pledge of Peace,  
 Because great joys infer to judging Eyes.  
 The mind distress'd before; and in distress,  
 Thrones, which are jealous Forts, think all are Spies.

Yet, by degrees, a Soul delighted shows  
 To *Gartha*, whom he leads to *Rhodolind*;  
 And soon to *Hermigild* as artless grows  
 As Maids, and like successfull Lovers kind.

And *Rhodolind*, though bred to daily fight  
 Of Courts feign'd Faces, and pretended hearts,  
 (In which disguises Courts take no delight,  
 But little mischiefs shun by little Arts.)

She, when she *Gartha* saw, no kindness feign'd;  
 But faithfully her former rage excus'd;  
 For now she others sorrows entertain'd,  
 As if to love, a Maid's first sorrow us'd,

Yet did her first with cautious gladness meet;  
 Then soon from grave respect to fondness grew;  
 To kisses in their taste and odour sweet,  
 As *Hybla Honey*, or *Arabian Dew*.

And

11.

And *Gartha* like an Eastern Monarch's Bride,  
 This publick love with bashfull homage took,  
 For she had learn'd from *Hermegild* to hide  
 A rising Heart, behind a falling Look.

12.

Thus, mask'd with meekness, she does much intreat  
 A pardon for that Storm her sorrow rais'd;  
 Which *Rhodolind* more fues she would forget,  
 Unless to have so just a sorrow praised.

13.

Soon is this joy through all the Court dispers'd;  
 So high they vantage peace, who daily are  
 In Prides invasions, private factions, vers'd;  
 The small, but fruitfull seed of publick war.

14.

Whilst thus sweet Peace had others joys assur'd,  
*Orna* with hopes of sweeter Love was pleas'd;  
 For of war's wounds brave *Hungrail* was cur'd;  
 And those of love, which deeper reach'd, were eas'd.

15.

In both these cures her Sov'raign help appears,  
 Since as her double Patient he receiv'd  
 For War's wounds, Balm, dropp'd in her precious tears,  
 And Love's, her more accepted vows, reliev'd.

16.

She let no medic'nal Flow'r in quiet grow,  
 No Art lie bid, nor Artist ease his thought,  
 No Fane be shut, no Priest from Altars go,  
 Nor in Heav'n's Quire no Saint remain unsought,

17.

Nor more her Eys could ease of sleep esteem  
 Than sleep can the world's Eye, the Sun, conceal;  
 Nor breath'd she but in vows to Heav'n, or him,  
 Till Heav'n, and she, his diff'rent wounds did heal.

18.

BUT now she needs those ayds she did dispence ;  
 For scarce her cures were on him perfect grown,  
 E're shame afflicts her for that diligence,  
 Which Love had in her fits of pity shown.

19.

When she ( though made of shunning bashfulness )  
 Whilst him in wounds a smarting Feaver burn'd,  
 Invok'd remotest aydes to his redress,  
 And with a loud ungovern'd kindness mourn'd.

20.

When o're him then, whilst parting life She ru'd,  
 Her kisses faster ( though unknown before )  
 Then Blossoms fall on parting Spring, she strew'd;  
 Than Blossoms sweeter, and in number more.

21.

BUT now when from her busie Maid she knew  
 How wildly Grief had led her Love abroad,  
 Unmask'd to all, she her own Pris'ner grew;  
 By shame, a Virgin's Native Conscience, aw'd.

22.

With undirected Eies which careless rove,  
 With thoughts too singly to her self confin'd,  
 She blushing starts at her remember'd love,  
 And grieves the world had Eyes, when that was blind.

23.

Sad darkness, which does other Virgins fright,  
 Now boldly and alone, she entertain'd;  
 And shuns her Lover, like the Traytor, light,  
 Till he her curtains drew, and thus complain'd.

24.

Why, bashfull Maid, will you your beauty hide,  
 Because your fairer Mind, your Love, is known?  
 So Jewellers conceal with artfull pride  
 Their second wealth, after the best is shown.

25.

In pity's passion you unvail'd your mind;  
Let him not fall, whom you did help to climb;  
Nor seem by being bashfull so unkind,  
As if you think your pity was a crime.

26.

Useless shame! Officious bashfulness!  
Virtues vain sign; which onely there appears  
where Virtue grows erroneous by excess,  
And shapes more sins, than frighted Confidence fears.

27.

Your blushes, which to meet complexion grow,  
You must, as Nature, not as Virtue own;  
And for your open'd Love, you but blush so  
As guiltless Roses blush that they are blown.

28.

As well the Morn (whose essence Poets made,  
And gave her bashfull Eyes) we may believe  
Does blush for what she sees through Night's thin shade;  
As that you can for love discover'd grieve.

29.

Rise! and all the Flow'rs of ev'ry Mead  
(which weeping through your Sails my health restor'd)  
Bring to the Temple to adorn your Head;  
And there where you did worship, be ador'd.

30.

This with a low regard (but voice rais'd high  
By joys of Love) he spake; and not less kind  
As now (ent'ring with native harmony,  
Like forward spring) the blooming *Rhodolind*:

31.

Like Summer, goodly *Gartba*, fully blown;  
Like *Laura*, like Autumn, with as ripe a look;  
Shew'd, by some chill griefs, her Sun was gone,  
Arnold, from whom she Life's short glory took.

Q

Like

32.

Like Winter, *Hermion*, yet not so gray  
 And cold, but that his fashion seem'd to boast,  
 That even weak Winter is allow'd long day,  
 And the Air clear, and healthfull in a Frost.

33.

All these, and *Tybalt* too (unless a Spie  
 He be, watching who chives in *Laura's* sight)  
 Came hither, as in kind conspiracy,  
 To hasten *Orna* to her marriage plight.

34.

And now the Priests prepare for this high vow  
 All Rites that to their Laws can add a grace;  
 To which the sequent knot they not allow,  
 Till a spent Morn recovers all her Face.

35.

And now the streets like Summer Meads appear;  
 For with sweet flewings Maids left Gardens bare,  
 As Lovers with their sweeter Bosoms were,  
 When hid unkindly by dishevell'd Hair.

36.

And *Orna* now (impertin'd to possess  
 Her long wish'd joys) breaks through her blushes so,  
 As the fair Morn breaks through her rosiness,  
 And from a like guilt did their blushes grow.

37.

She thinks her Love's high sickness now appears  
 A fit so weak, as does no medicine need;  
 So soon societie can cure those fears  
 On which the Coward, Solitude, does feed.

38.

They with united joy blest *Hurgonil*  
 And *Orna* to the sacred Temple bring;  
 Whilst all the Court in triumph shew their Skill,  
 As if long bred by a triumphant King.



39.

Such days of joy, before the marriage day,  
The *Lambards* long by custom had embrac't;  
Custom, which all, rather than Law obey,  
For Laws by force, Customs, by pleasure last.

40.

And wisely Ancients by this needfull snare  
Of gilded joys, did hide such bitterness  
As most in marriage swallow with that care,  
Which basely the wife will ne'r confess.

41.

'Tis Sares-mens musick, who States Fowlers be,  
And singing Birds, to catch the wilder, fer;  
So bring in more to tame societie;  
For wedlock, to the wild, is the States Net.

42.

And this loud joy, before the marriage Rites;  
Like Bartels Musick which to fights prepare,  
Many to strife and sad success invires;  
For marriage is too oft but civil war.

43.

A truth too amply known to those who read  
Great *Hymen's* Roles; though he from *Lovers Eyes*  
Hides his most Tragick stories of the Dead,  
Lest all, like *Goths*, should 'gainst his Temple rise.

44.

And thou (what ere thou art, who dost perchance  
With a hot Reader's haste, this Song pursue)  
May'st find, too soon, thou dost too far advance,  
And wish it all unread, or else untrue.

45.

For it is sung (though by a mourning voice)  
That in the *Ides* before these Lovers had,  
With *Hymens* publick hand, confirm'd their choice,  
A cruel practise did their peace invade.

46.

For *Hermegild*, too studiously foresaw  
 The Counts alliance with the Duke's high blood,  
 Might from the *Lambards* such affection draw,  
 As could by *Hubert* never be withstood.

47.

And he in haste with *Gartha* does retire,  
 Where thus his breast he opens to prevent,  
 That *Hymen's* hallow'd Torch may not take fire,  
 When all these lesser lights of joy are spent.

48.

High Heav'n (from whose best Lights your beauty grows,  
 Born high, as highest Minds) preserve you still  
 From such, who then appears resistless Foes,  
 When they alliance joyn to Arms and Skill.

49.

Most by conjunction Planets harmfull are;  
 So Rivers joyning overflow the Land,  
 And Forces joyn'd make that destructive war,  
 Which else our common conduct may withstand.

50.

Their Knees to *Hurgonil* the People bow  
 And worship *Orna* in her Brothers right;  
 They must be sever'd, or like Palms will grow,  
 Which planted near, out-climb their native height.

51.

As Winds, whose violence out-does all art,  
 Act all unseen; so we as secretly  
 These branches of that Cedar *Gondibert*  
 Must force, till his deep Root in rising die.

52.

If we make noise whilst our deep workings last,  
 Such rumour through thick Towns unheeded flies,  
 As winds through woods, and we (our great work past)  
 Like winds will silence Tongues, and scape from Eyes.

Ere

53.

Ere this dark lesson she was clearer taught,  
His enter'd Slaves place at her rev'renc'd Feet  
A spacious Cabinet, with all things fraught,  
Which seem'd for wearing artfull, rich, and sweet.

54.

With leisurely delight, she by degrees  
Lifts ev'ry Till, does ev'ry Drawer draw,  
But nought which to her Sex belongs she sees;  
And for the Male all nice adornments saw.

55.

This seem'd to breed some strangeness in her Eyes,  
Which like a wanton wonder there began;  
But straight she in the lower Closet spies  
Th'accomplish'd dress, and Garments of a Man.

56.

Then starting, she her Hand shrunk nicely back,  
As if she had been stung; or that she fear'd  
This Garment was the skin of that old Snake,  
Which at the fatal Tree like Man appear'd.

57.

Th'ambitious Maid at scornfull distance stood,  
And bravely seem'd of Love's low vices free;  
Though vicious in her mind, nor in her blood:  
Ambition is the Minds immodestie!

58.

He knew great minds disorder'd by mistake,  
Defend through pride, the errors they repent;  
And with a Lovers fearfulness he spake  
Thus humbly, that extreams he might prevent.

59.

How ill (delightfull Maid!) shall I deserve  
My Life's last flame, fed by your beauty's fire,  
If I shall vex your virtues, that preserve  
Others weak virtues, which would else expire.

60.

How, more than death, shall I my life despise,  
 When your fear'd frowns, make me your service fear;  
 When I scarce dare to say, that the disguise  
 You shrink to see, you must vouchsafe to wear.

61.

So rude a Law your int'rest will impose;  
 And solid int'rest must not yield to shame:  
 Vain shame, which fears you should such honour lose,  
 As lasts but by intelligence with Fame.

62.

Number, which makes opinion Law, can turn  
 This shape to fashion, which you scorn to use,  
 Because not by your Sex as fashion worn;  
 And fashion is but that which Numbers chuse.

63.

If you approve what Numbers lawfull think,  
 Be bold, for Number cancels bashfulness;  
 Extreame, from which a King would blushing shrink,  
 Unblushing Senates act as no excess.

64.

Thus he his thoughts (the picture of his mind)  
 By a dark Vayl to sudden sight deny'd;  
 That she might prize, what seem'd so hard to find;  
 For Curtains promise worth in what they hide.

65.

He said her Manhood would not strange appear  
 In Court, where all the fashion is disguise;  
 Where *Masquerades* are serious all the year,  
 None known but strangers, nor secure but Spies.

66.

All rules he reads of living great in Courts,  
 Which some the Art of wise dissembling call;  
 For Pow'r (born to have Foes) much weight supports  
 By their false strength who thrust to make it fall.

67.

He bids her wear her beauty free as light ;  
By Ears as open be to all endear'd ;  
For the unthinking Croud judge by their sight,  
And seem half eas'd, when they are fully heard.

68.

He shuts her breast even from familiar Eyes ;  
For he who secrets (Pow'r's chief Treasure) spends  
To purchase Friendship, friendship dearly buys :  
Since Pow'r seeks great Condescendances, more than friends.

69.

And now with Counsels more particular ,  
He taught her how to wear tow'rs *Rhodolind*  
Her looks, which of the Mind false pictures are,  
And then how *Orna* may believe her kind.

70.

How *Laura* too may be (whose practis'd Eyes  
Can more detect the shape of forward love )  
By treaty caught, though not by a surprize ;  
Whose aid would precious to her faction prove.

71.

But here he ends his Lecture, for he spy'd  
(Adorn'd, as if to grace Magnifick Feasts )  
Bright *Rhodolind*, with the elected Bride ;  
And with the Bride, all her selected Guests.

72.

They *Garth* in their civil prize sought,  
Whom they in midst of triumphs mis'd, and scorn'd  
Left her full breast (with *Humbert's* sorrows fraught)  
She, like a Mourner, came to empty here.

73.

But she, and *Hermyld*, are wild with haste,  
As Traitors are whom Visitants surprize ;  
Decyphring that which fearfully they cast  
In some dark place, where worse Treason lies.

74.

So open they the fatal Cabinet,  
 To shut things slighter with the Consequent;  
 Then soon their rally'd looks in posture set;  
 And boldly with them to their triumphs went.

75.

Tybal, who *Laura* gravely ever led,  
 With ceaseless whispers lags behind the Train;  
 Tries, since her wary Governour is dead,  
 How the fair Fort he may by Treaty gain.

76.

For now unhappy *Arnold* she forsakes;  
 Yet he is blest that she does various prove;  
 When his spent heart for no unkindness akes;  
 Since from the Light as sever'd as from Love.

77.

Yet as in storms and sickness newly gone,  
 Some Clouds a while, and strokes of faintness last;  
 So, in her brow, so much of grief is shown,  
 As shews a Tempest, or a sickness past.

78.

But him no more with such sad Eyes she seeks,  
 As even at Feasts would make old Tyrants weep;  
 Nor more attempts to wake him with such shrieks  
 As threatned all where Death's deaf Pris'ners sleep.

79.

Hugo and him, as Leaders not the same,  
 Not much as Lovers does their fame approve;  
 Nor her own fate, but chance of batrel blames,  
 As if they dy'd for honour, not for love.

80.

This Tybal saw, and finds that the turn'd Stream  
 Came fairly flowing to refresh his heart;  
 Yet could he not forget the kind esteem  
 She lately had of *Arnold's* high desert.

Nor

Nor does it often scape his memorie,  
How gravely he had vow'd, that if her Eyes,  
After such Show'rs of Love, were quickly drie,  
He would them more than Lamps in Tombs despise.

82.

And Whilst he watch'd like an industrious Spie  
Her Sexes changes, and revolt of Youth;  
He still reviv'd this vow as solemnly,  
As Senates Count'nance Laws or Synods, Truth.

83.

But men are frail, more Glas than Women are!  
Tybalt who with a stay'd judicious heart  
Would love, grows vain amidst his gravest care:  
Love, free by nature, scorns the Bonds of Art!

84.

Laura (whose Fort he by approach would gain)  
With a weak sigh blows up his Mine, and Smiles;  
Gives fire but with her Eye, and he is slain;  
Or treats, and with a whisper him beguiles.

85.

Nor force of Arms or Arts (O Love!) endures  
Thy mightiness; and since we must discern  
Diseases fully ere we studie cures;  
And our own force by othes, weakness learn;

86.

Let me to Courts and Camps thy Agent be,  
Where all their weakness and diseases spring  
From their not knowing, and not honouring thee  
In those who Nature in thy triumphs sing.

CANTO

## CANTO the Second.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Whilst BIRTHA and the Duke their joys pursue  
In conqu'ring Love, Fate doth them both subdue  
With triumphs, which from Court young ORGO brought;  
And have in GOLTHO greater triumphs wrought;  
Whose hopes the quiet ULFINORE does bear  
With patience feign'd, and with a hidden fear.*

<sup>1.</sup>  
**T**He prosp'rous Gondibert from Birtha gains  
All bashfull plights a Maids first bounties gives;  
Fast vows, which bind Love's Captives more than chains,  
Yet free Love's Saints in chosen bondage live.

<sup>2.</sup>  
Few were the days, and swiftly seem'd to waste,  
Which thus he in his minds fruition spent;  
And lest some envious Cloud should overcast  
His Lov's fair Morn, oft to his Camp he sent

<sup>3.</sup>  
To Bergamo, where still intrenched were  
Those Youth, whom first his Father's Army bred;  
Who ill the rumour of his wounds did bear,  
Though he that gave them, of his own be dead.

<sup>4.</sup>  
And worse those haughtie threat'nings they abhor,  
Which Fame, from Brescia's ancient Fighters brought;  
Vain Fame, the Peoples trusted Orator,  
Whose speech (too fluent) their mistakes has wrought.

<sup>5.</sup>  
Oft Goltbo with his temp'rate Counsels went,  
To quench whom Fame to dang'rous furie warm'd;  
Till temp'rately his dangers they resent,  
And think him safest in their patience arm'd.



6.  
And safe now is his love, as love could be,  
If all the World like old *Arcadia* were;  
Honour the Monarch, and all Lovers free  
From jealousie, as safetie is from fear.

7.  
And *Birthe's* heart does to his civil Breast  
As much for ease and peace, as safetie, comes;  
For there 'tis serv'd and treated as a Guest,  
But watch'd, and taught, and often chid at home.

8.  
Like great and good Confed'rates, whose design  
Invades not others, but secures their own:  
So they in just and virtuous hopes combine,  
And are, like new Confed'rates, busie grown.

9.  
With whisper earnest, and now grave with thought  
They walk consulting, standing they debate;  
And then seek shades, where they in vain are sought,  
By servants who intrude, and think they wait.

10.  
In this great League, their most important care  
Was to dispatch their Rites; Yet so provide,  
That all the Court might think them free as air,  
When fast as faith, they were by *Hymen* ty'd.

11.  
For if the King (said he) our love surprise,  
His stormie rage will it Rebellion call;  
Who claims to chuse the Brides of his Allies;  
And in that storm our joys in blossom fall.

12.  
Our love, your cautious Father, onely knows  
(On whose safe prudence, Senates may depend)  
And *Gotho*, who to time few reck'nings owes,  
Yet can discharge all duties of a Friend.

13.  
Such was his mind, and hers (more busie) shows  
That bonds of love does make her longer fast  
Than *Hymen's* knot, as plain Religion does,  
Longer than Rites (Religion's fashions) last.

14.  
That her discretion somewhat does appear,  
Since she can Love, her minds chief beautie, hides;  
Which never farther went than *Thula's* Ear,  
Who had (alass) but for that secret dy'd.

15.  
That she alreadie had disguises fram'd,  
And sought out Caves where she might closd reside;  
As being, nor unwilling nor asham'd  
To live his Captive, so she die his Bride.

16.  
Full of themselves, delight them onward leads,  
Where in the Front was to remoter view  
Exalted Hills, and nearer prostrate Meads,  
With Forrests flank'd, where shade to darknes grew.

17.  
Beneath that shade, Two Rivers slyly steal,  
Through narrow walks, to wider *Adiect*,  
Who swallows both, till she does proudly swell,  
And hasts to shew her beaurie to the Sea.

18.  
And here, whilst forth he sends his raging Eye,  
Orgo he spies, who plies the spur so fast,  
As if with news of Vict'rie he would flie  
To leave swift Fame behind him by his haste.

19.  
If (said the Duke) because the Boy is come,  
I second gladness shew, do not suppose  
I spread my Breast to give new Comforts room,  
That were to welcome rain where *Nilus* flows.

Though

20.

Though the unripe appearance of a Page  
 For weightie trust, may render him too weak,  
 Yet this is he, who more than cautious Age,  
 Or like calm Death, will bury what we speak.

21.

This, *Birthe*, is the Boy, whose skilless face  
 Is safe from jealousie of oldest spies,  
 In whom, by whisper, we from distant place  
 May meet, or wink our meaning to his Eyes.

22.

More had he said to gain him her esteem,  
 But *Orgo* enters speechless with his Speed;  
 And by his looks more full of haste did seem,  
 Than when his spurs provok'd his flying Steed.

23.

And with his first recover'd breath he cries,  
 Hail my lov'd Lord, whom Fame does value so,  
 That when she swift with your successes flies,  
 She fears to wrong the World in being slow.

24.

I bring you more than taste of Fortune's love,  
 Yet am afraid I err, in haying dar'd  
 To think her favours could your gladness move,  
 Who have more worth than Fortune can reward.

25.

The Duke, with smiles, forewarns his hastie Tongues  
 As loth he should proceed in telling more;  
 Kindly afraid to do his kindness wrong,  
 By hearing what he thought he knew before.

26.

Thy diligence (said he) is high desert;  
 It does in Youth supply defects of skill;  
 And is of dutie the most usefull part;  
 Yet art thou now but slow to *Hurguil*.

who

27.

Who hither by the stony imperfect light  
 Came and return'd, without the help of day,  
 To tell me he has *Orma's* Virgin plight,  
 And that their Nuptials for my presence stay.

28.

*Orge* reply'd, though that a triumph be  
 Where all false Lovers are, like savage Kings,  
 Led Captive after Love's great Victorie,  
 It does but promise what your triumph brings.

29.

It was the Eve to this your Holy-day,  
 And now *Perona* Mistress does appear  
 Of *Lambardy*; and all the Flow'rs which *May*  
 Ere wore, does as the Countie's favours wear.

30.

The wearie Echo from the Hills makes haste,  
 Vex'd that the Bells still calls for her replies  
 When they so many are, and ring so fast,  
 Yet oft are silenc'd by the Peoples cries:

31.

Who send to Heav'n the name of *Rhodaling*,  
 And then Duke *Gondibert* as high they raise,  
 To both with all their publick passion kind,  
 If kindness shine in wishes and in praise.

32.

The King this day made your adoption known,  
 Proclaim'd you to the Empire next ally'd,  
 As heir to all his Conquests and his Crown,  
 For royal *Rhodaling* must be your Bride.

33.

Not all the dangers valour finds in war;  
 Love meets in Courts, or pride to Courts procures,  
 When sick with Peace the hot in Faction are,  
 Can make such fears as now the Duke endures.

34.

Nor all those fears which ev'ry Maid has found,  
On whose first Guards, Love by surprises steaks,  
(whose fightless Arrow makes a cureless wound)  
Are like to this which doubtfull Births feels.

35.

He from his looks wild wander strives to chace,  
Strives more to reach his Manhood to resist  
Death in her Eyes, and then with all the grace  
Of seeming pleasure, Orgo he dismiss.

36.

And Orgo being gone, low as her knees  
Could fall, she falls, and soon he bends as low  
With weight of hearts, griev'd that no Grave he feels,  
To sink, where love no more can sorrow know.

37.

Her sighs as show'rs by winds, are calm'd with tears,  
And parting life seems stay'd awhile to take  
A civil leave, whilst her pale visage wears  
A clearie Skie, and thus she weeping spake.

38.

Since such a Prince has forfeited his pow'r,  
Heav'n give me leave to make my dutie less,  
Let me my vows, as sudden oaths abhor,  
Which did my passion, not my truth express.

39.

Yet yours I would not think were counterfeit,  
But rather ill and rashly understood;  
For 'tis impossible I can forget  
So soon, that once you fatally were good.

40.

Though cruel now as Beasts where they have pow'r;  
Chusing, like them to make the weakest bleed;  
For weakness soon invites you to devour,  
And a submission gives you ease to feed.

To

41.  
To fighting Fields, send all your Honour back,  
To Court your dangerous Tongue and civil shape;  
That Country Maids may Men no more mistake,  
Nor seek their Death, than they may Love escape: A

42.  
Now soon to Heav'n her Soul had found the way,  
(For there it oft had been in play, and praise)  
But that his vows did life with Madness stay,  
And life's warm help did soon her Body raise: A

43.  
And now he gently leads her, for no more  
He lets the unhallow'd Ground a fall Flow'rs wear;  
Sweeter than Nature's Bosom ever wore,  
And now these vows send kindly to her Bed: A

44.  
If (Births) I am false, think none too blame  
For thinking Truth (by which the Soul subsists)  
No farther to be found than in the name;  
Think humane kind betrayed ev'n by their Priests: A

45.  
Think all my Sex so vile, that you may chide  
Those Maids who to your Mothers Nuptials ran;  
And praise your Mothers who so early dy'd,  
Remembering whom the marry'd was a Man: A

46.  
This great Court miracle you straight receive  
From Orgo, and your faith the whole allows;  
Why since you Orgo's words so soon believe,  
Will you less civilly suspect my vows? A

47.  
My Vows, which want the Temples seal, will bind  
(Though private kept) surer than publick Laws;  
For Laws but force the Body, but my Mind  
Your Virtue Counsels, whilst your beauty draws: A

48.

Thus spake he, but his mourning looks did more  
Attest his grief, and fear does hers renew;  
Now losing (were he lost) more than before,  
For then she fear'd him false, now thinks him true.

49.

As sick Physicians seldom their own Art  
Dare trust to cure their own disease; so these  
Were to themselves quite useless, when apart;  
Yet by consule, each can the other ease.

50.

But from themselves they now diverted stood;  
For *Orgo's* News (which need not borrow wings,  
Since *Orgo* for his Lord believ'd it good)  
To *Astragon*, the joyfull Household brings.

51.

But *Astragon*, with a judicious thought,  
This day's glad news took in the dire portent;  
A day, which mourning Nights to *Biriba* brought;  
And with that fear in search of *Biriba* went.

52.

And here he finds her in her Lover's Eyes;  
And him in hers; both more afflicted grown  
At his approach; for each his sorrow spies;  
Who thus would counsel theirs; and hide his own.

53.

Though much this fatal joy to anger moves,  
Yet reason's aids shall anger's force subdue;  
I will not chide you for your hasty Loves,  
Nor ever doubt (great Prince) that yours is true.

54.

In chiding Love, because he hasty was,  
Or urging errors, which his swiftness brings,  
I find effects, but dare not tax the cause;  
For Poets were inspir'd; who gave him wings.

R

When

55.

When low I dig, where desert-Rivers run,  
Dive deep in Seas, through Forrests follow winds,  
Or reach with Optick Tubes the ragged Moon,  
My sight no cause of Love's swift motion finds.

56.

Love's faral haste, in yours, I will not blame,  
Because I know not why his wings were giv'n;  
Nor doubt him true, not knowing whence he came,  
Nor *Birtba* chide, who thought you came from Heav'n.

57.

If you lay snares, we erre when we escape;  
Since evil practise learns Men to suspect  
Where fallshood is, and in your noble shape  
We should by finding it, our skill detect.

58.

Yet both your griefs I'll chide, as ignorance;  
Call you unthankfull; for your great griefs show  
That Heav'n has never us'd you to mischance,  
Yet rudely you repine to feel it now.

59.

If your contextures be so weak, and nice,  
Weep that this windy world you ever knew;  
You are not in those Calms of Paradise,  
Where slender Flow'rs as safe as Cedars grew.

60.

This which your Youth calls grief, was frowardness  
In flatter'd Infancy, and as you beat  
Unkindly now amidst Youth's joys distress,  
So then, unless still rock'd, you froward were.

61.

Griefs conflicts gave these Hairs their silver shine;  
(Torn Ensigns which victorious Age adorn)  
Youth is a Dress too garish, and too fine  
To be in foul tempestuous weather worn.

Grief's



62.

Grief's want of use does dangerous weakness make;  
But we by use of Burdens are made strong;  
And in our practis'd Age can calmly take  
Those sorrows, which like Fevers, vex the young.

63.

When you in Love's fair Books (which Poets keep)  
Read what they hide, his Tragick History,  
You will rejoyce that half your time is sleep;  
And smile at Love when Nature bids you die.

64.

Learn then that Love's diseases common are;  
Do not in sickness known (though new to you)  
Whilst vital heat does last, of cure despair:  
Love's vital heat does last, whilst Love is true.

65.

Thus spake the kind and prudent *Astragon*:  
And much their kind impatience he appeas'd,  
For of his griefs (which heavier than their own  
Were born by both) their duteous fears are eas'd.

66.

She begs that he would pardon her distress,  
Thought that even sin which did her sorrows move;  
And then with all her Mother's lowliness,  
His pardon craves for asking leave to love.

67.

The Duke who saw fair Truth so undisguis'd,  
And love in all, but love so unconcern'd,  
Pity'd the studious world, and all despis'd  
Who did not here unlearn, what they had learn'd.

68.

I am reform'd (said he) not that before  
I wanted love, or that my love was ill;  
But I have learnt to perfect Nature more  
By giving innocence a little skill.

69.

For 'tis some skill in innocence to bear  
 With temper the distempers of our Stars;  
 Not doubting griefs already come by fear  
 Of more, for fears but hasten threat'ned wars.

70.

But we will bravely suffer to inure  
 Our strength to weights against the new are laid;  
 That when 'tis known how much we can endure,  
 Our sufferings may make our Foes afraid.

71.

This Comet Glory shines but in portent;  
 Which from the Court does send her threatening Beams;  
 And looks as if it were by malice meant  
 To hasten O'wald's Faction to extremes.

72.

Since *Hugonil*, who just fore-ran the Boy  
 Could not instruct us, we as much may know  
 Of the first Light, as of these fires of joy;  
 Which is, that both did out of darkness grow.

73.

Yet this the King might hide in Kingly skill,  
 Wisely to make his bounty more his own;  
 Kings stoop for Counsel, who impart their will;  
 His Acts, like Heav'ns, make not their Causes known.

74.

Yet with as plain a heart as love untaught  
 In *Birtha* wears, I here to *Birtha* make  
 A vow, that *Rhodolind* I never sought,  
 Nor now would with her love her greatness take.

75.

Love's bonds are for her greatness made too straight;  
 And me Ambition's pleasures cannot please;  
 Ev'n Priests, who on the higher Altar wait;  
 Think a continu'd rev'rence loss of ease.

76.

Let us with secrecy our love protect;  
Hiding such precious wealth from publick view;  
The proffer'd glory I will first suspect  
As false, and shun it when I find it true.

77.

They now retire, because they *Goltbo* saw,  
Who hither came to watch with *Ulsinore*  
If much the Duke's woo'd Mistress did him awe;  
Since love woo'd him, and in the shape of Pow'r.

78.

But when he mark'd that he did from them move  
With sudden shyness, he suppos'd it shame  
Of being seen in chase of *Birtha*'s love;  
As if above it grown since *Orgo* came.

79.

*Goltbo* by nature was of Musick made,  
Chearfull as Victors warm in their success;  
He seem'd like Birds created to be glad,  
And nought but love could make him taste distress.

80.

Hope, which our cautious Age scarce entertains,  
Or as a Flatt'rer gives her cold respect,  
He runs to meet, invites her, and complains  
Of one hours absence as a years neglect.

81.

Hope, the world's welcome, and his standing Guest,  
Fed by the Rich, but feasted by the Poor;  
Hope, that did come in triumph to his breast,  
He thus presents in boast to *Ulsinore*.

82.

Well may I (Friend) auspicious Love adore,  
Seeing my mighty Rival takes no pride  
To be with *Birtha* seen; and he before  
(Thou knowst) enjoy'd that I his love should hide.

83.

Nor do I break his trust when 'tis reveal'd  
 To thee, since we are now so much the same,  
 That when from thee, it is from me conceal'd,  
 For we admit no difference but in name.

84.

But be it still from ev'ry other Ear  
 Preserv'd, and strictly by our mutual vow:  
 His Laws are still to my obedience dear,  
 Who was my Gen'ral, though my Rival now.

85.

And well thou knowst how much mine Eyes did melt  
 When our great Leader they did first perceive  
 Love's Captive led; whose sorrows then I felt,  
 Though now for greater of mine own I grieve.

86.

Nor do I now by love in duty erre;  
 For if I get what he would fain possess,  
 Then he a Monarch is, and I preferre  
 Him who undoes the world in being less.

87.

When Heav'n (which hath prefer'd me to thy brest  
 Where Friendship is inthron'd) shall make it known  
 That I am worth thy love, which is exprest  
 By making Heav'nly Birtha all mine own.

88.

Then at this quiet Eden thou wilt call,  
 And stay a while, to mark if Love's prais'd Plant  
 Have after Spring a ripeness, and a Fall,  
 Or never of the first abundance want.

89.

And I shall tell thee then if Poets are  
 In using Beauty's Pencil false, or blind;  
 For they have Birtha drawn but sweet and faire;  
 Stiles of her Face, the Currain of her Mind!

And

90.

And thou at parting shalt her picture wear,  
 For Nature's honour, not to shew my pride;  
 Try if like her, the seeming World does bear,  
 Then bring that Copy hither for thy Bride.

91.

And they shall love as quietly as we;  
 Their Beauty's pow'r no civil War will raise;  
 But flourish, and like neighb'ring Flow'rs agree;  
 Unless they kindly quarrel in our praise.

92.

Then we for change will leave such luscious peaces;  
 In Camps their Favours shall our Helms adorn;  
 For we can no way else our joys increase,  
 But by beholding theirs at our return.

93.

Thus cloath'd in Feathers, he on Steeple walks;  
 Not guessing yet, that silent *Ulsnore*,  
 Had study'd her of whom he loosely talks,  
 And what he likes, did solidly adore.

94.

But *Ulsnore* with cold discretion aw'd  
 His passion, and did grave with Love become;  
 Though youthfully he sent his Eyes abroad,  
 Yet kept with manly care, his Tongue at home.

95.

These Rival's hopes, he did with patience hear;  
 His count'nance not uneasie seem'd, nor stranger;  
 Yet meant his cares should more like Love appear,  
 If in the Duke Ambition bred a change.

96.

But as the Duke shun'd them for secrecy,  
 So now they from approaching *Orga* move,  
 Made by Discretion (Love's strict Tutor) shy,  
 Which is to Lovers painfull as their Love.

R 4

But

97.

But *Orgo* they did ill suspect, whose Youth  
 And nature yielded Lovers no offence;  
 Us'd by his Lord for kindness and for truth;  
 Both native in him as his innocence:

98.

And here pass'd by in haste, to Court employ'd;  
 That *Birba* may no more have cause to mourn:  
 Full was his little Breast, and over-joy'd  
 That much depended on his quick return!

99.

Many like *Orgo*, in their Manhoods Morn,  
 As Pages, did the Noble Duke attend;  
 The Sons of Chiefs, whom beauty did adorn,  
 And fairer Virtue did that beauty mend.

100.

These in his *Heroe's* Schools he bred (which were  
 In Peace his Palace, and in War his Tent)  
 As if Time's self had read sage Lecture there  
 How he would have his hours (Life's Treasure) spent.

101.

No action, though to shorten dreaded war,  
 Nor needfull Counsels, though to lengthen Peace,  
 Nor Love, of which wise Nature takes such care,  
 Could from this usefull work his cares release.

102.

But with the early Sun he rose, and taught  
 These Youths, by growing virtue to grow great;  
 Shew'd greatness is without it blindly fought,  
 A desp'rate charge which ends in base retreat.

103.

He taught them shame, the sudden sence of ill;  
 Shame, Nature's hasty Conscience, which forbids  
 Weak inclination ere it grow to will,  
 And stays rash will, before it grow to deeds.

He

104.

He taught them Honour, Virtue's bashfulness;  
A Fort so yieldlets, that it fears to treat;  
Like Pow'r, it grows to nothing, growing less;  
Honour, the moral Conscience of the Great!

105.

He taught them kindness, Souls civilities;  
In which, nor Courts, nor Cities have a part;  
For theirs is fashion, this from falshood free;  
Where Love, and pleasure, know no Lust nor Art.

106.

And Love he taught; the Soul's stoln Visit made;  
Though froward Age watch hard, and Law forbid;  
Her walks no Spie has trac'd, nor mountain staid;  
Her friendship's cause, is as the Loadstone's hid.

107.

He taught them love of Toyl, Toyl which does keep  
Obstructions from the Mind, and quench the bloods;  
Ease but belongs to us like sleep, and sleep  
Like Opium, is our Med'cine, not our Food.

108.

To dangers us'd them, which Death's Vizards are,  
More uglie than himself, and often chace  
From Battel Coward-life; but when we dare  
His Vizard see, we never fear his face.

**CANTO**

## CANTO the Third.

## The ARGUMENT.

The Poet takes the wife aside, to prove  
Ev'n them concern'd in all he writes of Love.

The duteous ORGO from the Court returns  
With joys, at which again fair BIRTHA mourns.

The Duke with open Arms does entertain  
Those Guests whom he receives with secret pain.

1.  
**T**Hou, whom some Ages hence these Roles dost read  
(Kept as Records by Lovers of Love's pow'r)  
Thou who dost live, when I have long been dead,  
And feed'st from Earth, when Earth does me devour.

2.  
Who liv'st, perhaps, amidst some Cities joys,  
Where they would fall asleep with Lazie peace,  
But that their triumphs make so great a noise,  
And their loud Bells cannot for Nuptials cease:

3.  
Thou, who perhaps, proudly thy bloomie Bride  
Lead'st to some Temple, where I withered lie;  
Proudly, as if the Age's Frosts desy'd;  
And that thy springing self could never die:

4.  
Thou, to whom then the chearfull Quire will sing,  
Whilst hallow'd Lamps, and Tapers, brave the Sun  
As a Lay-Light; and Bells in triumph ring,  
As when from sallies the Besiegers run.

5.  
Then when the Priest has ended, if thine Eyes  
Can but a little space her Eyes forbear,  
To shew her where my Marble Coffin lies;  
Her Virgin Garlands she will offer there:



6.

Confess, that reading me she learnt to Love;  
That all the good behaviour of her heart,  
Even tow'rd's thy self, my doctrine did improve  
Where Love by Nature is forewarn'd of Art.

7.

She will confess, that to her Maiden state  
This storie shew'd such Patterns of great Life,  
As though she then could those but imitate,  
They an Example make her now a Wife.

8.

And thy lif's fire could she a while out-live  
(which were, though lawfull, neither kind nor good)  
Then, even her sorrows would examples give,  
And shine to others through dark widowhood.

9.

And she will boast, how spite of Cynick Age,  
Of bus'ness, which does Pow'r uncivil make,  
Of ruder Cells, where they Love's Fire allwage  
By studying Death, and Fear for Virtue take:

10.

And spite of Courts (where loving now is made  
An Art, as dying is in Cells) my Laws  
Did teach her how by Nature to perswade,  
And hold by virtue whom her beautie draws.

11.

Thus when by knowing me, thou know'st to whom  
Love owes his Eyes, who has too long been blind;  
Then in the Temple leave my Bodies Tomb,  
To seek this Book, the Mon'ment of my Mind.

12.

Where thou may'st read; who with impatient Eyes  
For *Orgo* on the gilded *Tarras* stay;  
Which high, and golden shews, and open lies,  
As the Morn's Window when she lets out Day.

<sup>13.</sup>  
 Whose heighth Two rising Forrests over-looks;  
 And on *Pine*-tops the Eye-fight downward casts  
 Where distant Rivers seem bestrided Brooks,  
 Churches but Anchor'd Ships, their Steeple, Masts.

<sup>14.</sup>  
 Hence, by his little *Regian* Courser brought,  
 Orgo they spie, with diligence indu'd,  
 As if he would oretake fore-running Thought;  
 And he by many swiftly seem'd pursu'd.

<sup>15.</sup>  
 But his light speed left those awhile behind;  
 While with rais'd Dust, their swiftness hide the way;  
 Yet *Birtha* will, too soon, by Orgo find  
 What she by distance lost in this survey.

<sup>16.</sup>  
 Orgo a precious *Casket* did present  
 To his dear Lord, of *Pedian Saphyr* wrought;  
 For which, unknown to *Birtha*, he was sent,  
 And a more precious Pledge was in it brought.

<sup>17.</sup>  
 Then thus proclaim'd his joy, Long may I live!  
 Sent still with blessings from the Heav'nly Powers;  
 And may their bounties shew what they can give,  
 And full as fast as long expected Showers!

<sup>18.</sup>  
 Behold the King, with such a shining Train  
 As dazles sight, yet can inform the Blind;  
 But there the Rich, and Beauteous shine in vain,  
 Unless they distance keep from *Rhodolind*.

<sup>19.</sup>  
 Me thinks, they through the Middle Region comes  
 Their Chariots hid in Clouds of Dust below;  
 And ore their Heads, their Coursers scatter'd Fome  
 Does seem to cover them like falling Snow.

20.

This Birtha heard, and she on O go cast  
A pitious look (for she no anger knew)  
But griev'd he knows not, that he brings too fast  
Such joys, as fain she faster would elchew.

21.

So Gondibert this Gust of glorie took,  
As Men whose Sayls are full, more weather takes,  
And she so gaz'd on him, as Sea-men look  
On long fought shore, when Tempests drive them back.

22.

But now these glories more apparent be;  
And justly all their observation claim'd;  
Great, as in greatest Courts less Princes see,  
When entertain'd to be eclips'd, and sham'd.

23.

West from Verona's Road, through pleasant Meads,  
Their Chariots cross, and to the Palace fleet;  
And Aribert this winged triumph leads;  
Which like the Planets Progress did appear.

24.

So shin'd they, and so noiseless seem'd their speeds,  
Like Spartans, touching but the silken Reins,  
Was all the conduct which their Coursers need,  
And proudly to sit still, was all their pains.

25.

With Aribert sat royal Rhodalinda  
Calm Orna by the Count, by Hermegild  
(Silver'd with time) the Golden Gartha shin'd;  
And Tybalt's Eyes were full by Laura fill'd.

26.

The lesser Beauties, numberless as Stars,  
Shew'd sickly and far off, to this Noon-day;  
And lagg'd like Baggage Treasure in the Warry  
Or onely seem'd another Milk-may.

<sup>27.</sup>  
The Duke perceiv'd, the King design'd to make  
This visit more familiar by surprize;  
And with Court art, he would no notice take  
Of that which Kings are willing to disguise.

<sup>28.</sup>  
But as in heedless sleep, the House shall seem  
New wak'd with this Alarm; and *Alfin* strait  
(Whose fame was precious in the Courts esteem)  
Must, as with casual light, their entrance wait.

<sup>29.</sup>  
To *Astragon* he doubles all his Vows;  
To *Birthea*, through his Eyes, his Heart reveal'd;  
And by some civil jealousies he shows  
Her beauty from the Court must be conceal'd.

<sup>30.</sup>  
Prays her, from Envy's danger to retire;  
The Palace war; which there can never cease,  
Till Beauty's force in age or death expire:  
A War disguis'd in civil shapes of Peace.

<sup>31.</sup>  
Still he the precious Pledge kept from her view;  
Who guess'd not by the *Caster* his intent;  
And was so willing not to fear him true,  
That she did fear to question what he ment.

<sup>32.</sup>  
Now hasts she to be hid; and being gon,  
Her Lover chinks the Planet of the day;  
So leaves the mourning World to give the Moon  
(Whose Train is mark'd but for their number) way.

<sup>33.</sup>  
And entring in her Closet (which took light  
Full in the Palace Front) she finds her Maids  
Gather'd to see this gay unusuall sight;  
Which Commer-like, their wondring Eyes invades

34.  
where *Thula* would by climbing highest be,  
Though ancient grown, and was in *Scatire* short;  
Yet did protest, she came not there to see,  
But to be hid from dangers of the Court.

35.  
Their curious longing *Birba* durst not blame  
(Boldness, which but to seeing did aspire)  
Since she her self, provok'd with Courts great Fame,  
Would fain a little see what all admire.

36.  
Then through the Caisement ventur'd so much Face;  
As Kings depos'd shew when through Graves they peep  
To see Deposers in their Crowding pails;  
But strait shrink back, and at the triumph weep.

37.  
Soon so her Eyes did too much glory find;  
For ev'n the first she saw was all; for she  
No more would view, since that was *Rhodanide*;  
And so much beauty could none others be.

38.  
Which with her Virtue weigh'd (no less renown'd)  
Afflicts her that such worth must fatal prove;  
And be in tears of the Possessor drown'd,  
Or she depose her Lover by her love.

39.  
But *Thula* (wildly earnest in the view  
Of such gay fights as she did ne'r behold)  
Mark'd not when *Birba* her sad Eyes withdrew;  
But dreamt the world was turn'd again to Gold.

40.  
Each Lady most, till more appear'd, ador'd;  
Then with rude liking prais'd them all aloud;  
Yet thought them foul and course to ev'ry Lord;  
And civilly to ev'ry Page she bow'd.

41.  
The objects past, our sigh'd lov'n those that woe;  
And fixt her Mistress at the Window mist;  
Then finding her in grief, our sigh'd her too;  
And her fair Hands with pining passion kiss'd.

42.  
Did with a Servants usual profess  
That all she saw was, to her beauty, black;  
Confess'd their Maids well bred, and knew to dress,  
But said those Courts are poor which painting lack.

43.  
Thy praise (said *Birtha*) poyson'd is with spite;  
May blisters seiz on thy uncivil Tongue,  
Which strives so wickedly to do me right,  
By doing *Rhodantia* and *Orna* wrong.

44.  
False Fame, thy Mistress tutor'd thee amiss;  
Who teaches School in streets, where Crowds resort;  
Fame, false, as that their beauty painted is;  
The common Country slander on the Courts of Lust.

45.  
With this rebuke, *Thula* takes gravely leave;  
Pretends she'll better judge ere they be gone;  
At least see more, though they her sight deceive;  
Whilst *Birtha* finds wilde Fear seeds best alone.

46.  
*Ulfen* receives, and through Art's Palace guides  
The King; who owns him with familiar grace;  
Though Twice seven Years from first observance hides  
Those Marks of valour which adorn'd his Face.

47.  
Then *Astragon* with hasty homage bows:  
And says, when thus his Beams he does dispence  
In lowly visits, like the Sun he shows  
Kings made for universal influence.

48.

Him with renown the King for Science pays ;  
 And Virtue ; which Gods likeſt pictures bee  
 Drawn by the Soul , whoſe onely hire is praiſe ;  
 And from ſuch Salary not Heav'n is free.

49.

Then kindly he inquires for *Gondibert* ;  
 When , and how far his wounds in danger were ?  
 And does the cautious progreſs of his Art  
 Alike with wonder and with pleaſure hear.

50.

Now *Gongibert* advanc'd , but with delay ;  
 As fetter'd by his love ; for he would fain  
 Diſſembled weakneſs might procure his ſtay ,  
 Here where his Soul does as in Heav'n remain.

51.

Him , Creature like , the King did boldly uſe  
 With publick love ; to have it underſtood  
 That Kings , like God , may chuſe whom they will chuſe ;  
 And what they make , judge with their own Eyes good.

52.

This grace the Duke at baſhfull diſtance takes ;  
 And *Rhodolind* ſo much concern'd is grown ;  
 That his ſurpriſal ſhe her trouble makes ;  
 Bluſhing , as if his bluſhes were her own.

53.

Now the bright Train with *Aſtragon* aſcend ;  
 Whilſt *Hermegild* , with *Gartha* moves behind ;  
 Whom much this gracious viſit did offend ;  
 But thus he practis'd to appeaſe her mind.

54.

Judge not you ſtrangely in this viſit ſhow ;  
 As well in Courts think wiſe diſembling new ;  
 Nor think the kindneſs ſtrange , though to your Foe ,  
 Till all in Courts where they are kind are true.

S

Why

55.

Why should your closter mourning more be worn !  
 Poor Priests invented Blacks for lesser cost;  
 Kings for their Syres in Regal Purple mourn,  
 Which shews what they have got, not what they lost.

56.

Though rough the way to Empire be, and steep,  
 You look that I should level it so plain,  
 As Babes might walk it barefoot in their sleep;  
 But Pow'r is the reward of patient pain!

57.

This high Hill Pow'r, whose Bowels are of Gold,  
 Shews near to greedy and unpractis'd fight;  
 But many grow in travel to it, old,  
 And have mistook the distance by the height.

58.

If those old Travellers may thither be  
 Your trusted Guides, they will your haste reform;  
 And give you fears of Voyages by Sea;  
 Which are not often made without a storm.

59.

Yet short our Course shall prove, our passage fair,  
 If in the *Storage* you will quiet stand,  
 And not make storms of ev'ry sigh of Air;  
 But think the Helm safe in the Pilots hand.

60.

You, like some fatal King (who all Men hears,  
 Yet trusts entirely none) your trust mistake,  
 As too much weight for one: One Pillar bears  
 Weight that would make a thousand shoulders ake.

61.

Your Brothers storm I to a calm have turn'd;  
 Who lets this gilded Sacrifice proceed  
 To *Hymen's* Altar, by the King adorn'd,  
 As Priests give Victims Garlands ere they bleed.

Hubert



62.

Hubert to triumph would not move so fast;  
Yet you (though but a kind Spectator) mean  
To give his triumph Laws, and make more haste  
To see it pass, than he does to be seen.

63.

With patience lay this Tempest of your heart!  
For you, ere long, this Angels form shall turn  
To fatal Man's; and for that shape of Art,  
Some may, as I for yours of Nature, mourn!

64.

Thus by her Love-sick States-men she was taught;  
And smil'd with joy of wearing Manly shape;  
Then smil'd, that such a smile his Heart had caught;  
Whose Nets camps break nor through, nor Senates scape.

S 2

CAN.

## CANTO the Fourth.

## The ARGUMENT.

The King to GONDIBERT is grown so kind,  
That he prevents the bounteous RHODALIND  
In giving of her love; and GONDIBERT  
Laments his Brast, holds but a single heart;  
Which BIRTHA grieves her beauty did subdue,  
Since he undoes the world in being true.

## 1.

Full grows the Presence now, as when all know  
Some stranger Prince must be receiv'd with state,  
When Courts shew those, who come to see the Show;  
And all gay Subjects like Domesticks wait.

## 2.

Nor Ulsnore nor Goltho absent were;  
Whose hopes expect what list'ning Birtha (hid  
In the adjoining Closet) fears to hear;  
And begs kind Heav'n in pitee would forbid.

## 3.

The King (who never time nor pow'r mispent  
In Subjects bashfulness, whiling great deeds  
Like Coward Councils, who too late consent)  
Thus to his secret Will aloud proceeds.

## 4.

If to thy fame (brave Youth) I could adde wings,  
Or make her Trumpet louder by my voice,  
I would (as an example drawn for Kings)  
Proclaim the cause, why thou art now my choice.

## 5.

But this were to suspect the world asleep,  
Or all our Lombards with their envy blind,  
Or that the Hunns so much for bondage weep,  
As their drown'd Eyes cannot thy Trophies find.

6.

When this is heard, none dare of what I give  
Presume their equal merit might have share;  
And to say more, might make thy Foes believe,  
Thy dang'rous worth is grown above reward.

7.

Reward even of a Crown, and such a Crown,  
As by Heav'n's Model ancient Victors wore;  
When they, as by their Coyn, by Laws were known;  
For Laws but made more curreant Victors pow'r.

8.

A Crown soon taught, by whom Pow'r first was given,  
When Victors (of Dominion cautious made  
By hearing of that old revolt in Heaven)  
Kept Pow'r too high for Subjects to invade.

9.

A Crown, which ends by Armies their debate,  
Who question height of Pow'r; who by the Law  
(Till plain obedience they make intricate)  
Would not the People, but their Rulers awe.

10.

To Pow'r, adoption makes thy Title good;  
Preferring worth, as birth gives Princes place;  
And Virtue's claim exceeds the right of blood,  
As Souls extraction does the Bodies Race.

11.

Yet for thy Bloods long walk through Princes veins,  
Thou maist with any Lombard measure times;  
Though he his hidden house in Illium feigns;  
And not step short, when Hubert self would climb.

12.

And Hubert is of highest Victors Breed;  
Whose worth I shall for distant Empire chase;  
If he will learn, that you by Fate precede,  
And what he never had, he cannot lose.

13.

His Valour shall the *Gothick* Conquest keep :  
 And would to Heav'n that all your mighty Minds  
 As soon were pleas'd, as Infants are with sleep,  
 And you had Musick common as the winds.

14.

That all the Year your Seasons were like Spring;  
 Alljoy'd as Birds, and all as Lovers kind;  
 That ev'ry famous Fighter were a King,  
 And each, like you, could have a *Rhodatind*.

15.

For she is yours, as your adoption, free;  
 And in that gift my remnant Life I give;  
 But 'tis to you, brave Youth! Who now are she;  
 And she that Heav'n where secondly I live.

16.

And richer than that Crown (which shall be thine,  
 When Life's long Progress I am gone with Fame)  
 Take all her love; which scarce forbears to shine  
 And own thee, through her Virgin-Curtain, *Shame*.

17.

Thus spake the King, and *Rhodatind* appear'd  
 Through publish'd Love, with so much bashfulness,  
 As young Kings shew, when by surprize ore-heard,  
 Moaning to Fav'rite Ears a deep distress.

18.

For Love is a distress, and would be hid  
 Like Monarchs grief, by which they bashfull grow;  
 And in that shame beholders they forbid;  
 Since those blush most, who must their blushes show.

19.

And *Gondibert* with dying Eyes did grieve  
 At her vail'd love (a wound he cannot heal)  
 As great Minds mourn, who cannot then relieve  
 The virtuous; when through shame they want conceal.

20.

And now cold *Birthe's* roſie looks decay ;  
Who in Fear's Froſt had like her beauty dy'd ;  
But that Attendant Hope perſwades her ſtay  
A while, to hear her Duke, who thus reply'd :

21.

Victorious King ! Abroad your Subjects are  
Like Legats ſafe, at home like Altars free !  
Ev'n by your fame they conquer as by war ;  
And by your Laws ſafe from each other be.

22.

A King you are ore Subjects, ſo as wife  
And noble Huſbands ſeem ore Loyal Wives ;  
Who claim not, yet confeſs their liberties ;  
And brag to ſtrangers of their happy lives.

23.

To Foes a winter ſtorm; whiſt your Friends bow  
Like Summer Trees, beneath your bounty's load ;  
To me (next him whom your great ſelf, with low  
And chearfull duty ſerves) a giving God.

24.

Since this is you, and *Rhodolind* (the Light  
By which her Sex fled virtue find) is yours ;  
Your *Diamond*, which teſts of jealous fight,  
The ſtroke, and fire, and *Oſel's* juice endures ;

25.

Since ſhe ſo precious is, I ſhall appear  
All counterſeit, of Art's diſguiſes made ;  
And never dare approach her Luſtre near ;  
Who can ſcarce hold my value in the ſhade.

26.

Forgive me that I am not what I ſeem ;  
But falſly have diſſembled an exceſs  
Of all ſuch virtues as you moſt eſteem ;  
And now grow good but as I ill confeſs.

27.

Far in Ambition's Feaver am I gone !  
 Like raging Flame aspiring is my Love ;  
 Like flame destructive too , and like the Sun  
 Does round the world tow'nds change of Objects run ,

28.

Nor is this now through virtuous shame confess'd ;  
 But *Rhodolind* does force my conjur'd fear ,  
 As Men whom evil spirits have possess'd ,  
 Tell all when faintly Votaries appear.

29.

When she will grace the Bridal dignitie ,  
 It will be soon to all young Monarchs known ;  
 Who then by posting through the World, will trie  
 Who first can at her Feet present his Crown.

30.

Then will *Verona* seem the Inn of Kings ;  
 And *Rhodolind* shall at her Palace Gate  
 Smile, when great Love these royal Sisters brings ;  
 Who for that smile would as for Empire wait.

31.

Amongst this ruling Race she choice may take  
 For warmth of Valour, coolness of the mind,  
 Eyes that in Empires drowfie Calms can wake ,  
 In storms look out, in darkness dangers find.

32.

A Prince who more enlarges pow'r than lands ;  
 Whose greatness is not what his Map contains ;  
 But thinks that his, where he at full commands ,  
 Not where his Coyn does pass, but pow'r remains.

33.

Who knows that Pow'r can never be too high  
 When by the Good possess'd ; for 'tis in them  
 The swelling Nyle, from which, though people flie,  
 They prosper most by rising of the stream.

34.

Thus (Princess) you should chuse, and you will find,  
 Even he, since Men are Wolves, must civilize  
 (As light does tame some Beasts of savage kind)  
 Himself yet more, by dwelling in your Eyes.

35.

Such was the Duk's reply, which did produce  
 Thoughts of a divers shape through sev'ral Ears:  
 His jealous Rivals mourn at his excuse;  
 But *Astragon* it cures of all his fears.

36.

*Birthe* his praise of *Rhodolind* bewails;  
 And now her hope a weak Physician seems,  
 For Hope, the common Comforter prevails  
 Like common Med'cines, slowly in extreams.

37.

The King (secure in off'rd Empire) takes  
 This forc'd excuse, as troubled bashfulness,  
 And a disguise which suddain passion makes,  
 To hide more joy than prudence should express.

38.

And *Rhodolind* (who never lov'd before,  
 Nor could suspect his love was giv'n away)  
 Thought not the treasure of his Breast so poor,  
 But that it might his debts of honour pay.

39.

To haften the rewards of his deferr,  
 The King does to *Verona* him command;  
 And kindness so impol'd, not all his Art  
 Can now instruct his dutie to withstand.

40.

Yet whilst the King does now his time dispose  
 In seeing wonders, in this Palace shown,  
 He would a parting kindness pay to those  
 Who of their wounds are yet not perfect grown.

41.  
And by this fair preence, whilst on the King  
Lord *Astragon* through all the house attends,  
Young *Orgo* does the Duke to *Birtha* bring;  
Who thus her sorrows to his bosom sends.

42.  
Why should my Storm your Life's calm voyage vex?  
Destroying wholly Virtues Race in ones;  
So by the first of my unluckie Sex,  
All in a single ruin were undone.

43.  
Make Heav'nly *Rhodafind* your Bride! Whilst I  
Your once lov'd Maid, excuse you, since I know  
That virtuous Men forsake so willingly  
Long cherish'd life, because to Heav'n they go.

44.  
Let me her servant be! A dignities,  
which if your pitie in my fall procures;  
I still shall value the advancement high,  
Not as the Crown is hers, but she is yours.

45.  
Ere this high sorrow up to dying grew,  
The Duke the Casket op'ned, and from thence  
(Form'd like a Heart) a chearfull *Emrauld* drew;  
Chearfull, as if the lively stone had sence.

46.  
The Thirti' th *Charraff* it had doubled Twice;  
Nor taken from the *Attick* silver Mine,  
Nor from the Brass, though such (of nobler price)  
Did on the Necks of *Parthian* Ladies shine :

47.  
Nor yet of those which make the *Ethiop* proud;  
Nor taken from those Rocks where *Bactrians* climb;  
But from the *Scithian*, and without a Cloud;  
Not sick at *fire*, nor languishing with time.

Then



48.

Then thus he spake, This (*Birthe*) from my Male  
Progenitours, was to the loyal she  
On whose kind Heart they did in love prevail,  
The Nuptial Pledge, and this I give to thee!

49.

Seven Centuries have pass'd since it from Bride  
To Bride did first succeed; and though 'tis known  
From ancient lore, that Gems much virtue hide,  
And that the *Emrault* is the Bridal Stone.

50.

Though much renown'd because it chastens loves,  
And will, when worn by the neglected wife,  
Shew when her absent Lord disloyal proves,  
By faintness, and a pale decay of life;

51.

Though *Emraults* serve as Spies to jealous Brides,  
Yet each compar'd to this does counsel keep;  
Like a false Stone, the Husbands falsehood hides,  
Or seems born blind, or feigns a dying sleep.

52.

With this take *Orya*, as a better Spy;  
Who may in all your kinder fears be sent  
To watch at Court, if I deserve to die  
By making this to fade, and you lament.

53.

Had now an artfull Pencil *Birthe* drawn  
(With grief all dark, then straight with joy all light)  
He must have fancy'd first in early dawn,  
A sudden break of beautie out of Night.

54.

Or first he must have mark'd what Paleness, Fear,  
Like nipping Frost, did to her visage bring;  
Then think he sees, in a cold backward year,  
A Rosie Morn begin a sudden Spring.

Her joys (too vast to be contain'd in speech)  
 Thus she a little spake, Why stoop you down,  
 My plighted Lord, to lowly *Birtha's* reach,  
 Since *Rhodaling* would lift you to a Crown?

Or why do I, when I this plight imbrace,  
 Boldly aspire to take what you have given?  
 But that your virtue has with Angels place,  
 And 'tis a virtue to aspire at Heav'n.

And as tow'rd's Heav'n all travel on their Knees,  
 So I tow'rd's you, though Love aspire, will move:  
 And were you Crown'd, what could you better please  
 Than aw'd obedience led by bolder Love?

If I forget the depth from whence I rise,  
 Far from your bosom banish'd be my heart;  
 Or claim a right by beautie to your Eyes,  
 Or proudly think my chastitie desert.

But thus ascending from your humble Maid  
 To be your plighted Bride, and then your Wife,  
 Will be a Debt that shall be hourly paid,  
 Till Time my dutie cancel with my life.

And fruitfully if Heav'n ere make me bring  
 Your Image to the World, you then my pride  
 No more shall blame, than you can tax the Spring  
 for boasting of those Flow'r's she cannot hide.

*Orgo*, I so receive as I am taught  
 By dutie to esteem what ere you love;  
 And hope the joy he in this Jewel brought,  
 Will luckier than his former triumphs prove.

62.

For though but Twice he has approach'd my fight,  
 He Twice made haste to drown me in my Tears:  
 But now I am above his Planets spite,  
 And as for sin beg pardon for my fears.

63.

Thus spake she; and with fix'd continu'd sight,  
 The Duke did all her bashfull beauties view;  
 Then they with kisses seal'd their sacred plight;  
 Like Flowr's still sweeter as they thicker grew.

64.

Yet must these pleasures feel, though innocent,  
 The sickness of extremes, and cannot last;  
 For Pow'r ( Love's shun'd Impediment ) has sent  
 To tell the Duke, his Monarch is in hast:

65.

And calls him to that triumph which he fears  
 So as a Saint forgiven ( whose Breast does all  
 Heav'n's joys contain ) wisely lov'd Pomp for bears,  
 Lest tempt'd Nature should from blessings fall.

66.

He often takes his leave, with Love's delay;  
 And bids her hope, he with the King shall find,  
 By now appearing forward to obey,  
 A means to serve him less in *Rhodolind*.

67.

She weeping to her Closet-window hies;  
 Where she with tears does *Rhodolind* survey;  
 As dying Men, who grieve that they have Eyes,  
 When they through Curtains spie the rising Day.

68.

The King has now his curious sight suffic'd  
 With all lost Arts, in their revival view'd;  
 Which when restor'd, our pride thinks new devis'd:  
 Fashions of Minds, call'd new when but renew'd!

69.

The busie Court prepares to move; on whom  
 Their sad offended Eyes the Countrey cast;  
 Who never see enough where Monarchs come,  
 And nothing so uncivil seems as haste.

70.

As Men move slow, who know they lose their way,  
 Ev'n so the Duke tow'rd *Rhodolind* does move;  
 Yet he does duteous fears, and wonder pay,  
 Which are the first, and dang'rous signs of Love.

71.

All his addresses much by *Goltbo* were  
 And *Ulsinore* observ'd, who distant stand,  
 Not daring to approach his presence near;  
 But shun his Eyes to scape from his command:

72.

Lest to *Verona* he should both requires  
 For by remaining here, both hope to light  
 Their *Hymen's* Torches at his parting fire,  
 And not despair to kindle them to night.

73.

The King his Golden Chariot now ascends;  
 Which near fair *Rhodolind* the Duke contains,  
 Though to excuse that grace he lowly bends;  
 But honour so refus'd more honour gains.

74.

And now their Chariots (readie to take wing)  
 Are ev'n by weakest breath, a whisper stay'd;  
 And but such whisper as a Page does bring  
 To *Laura's* woman from a Household Maid.

75.

But this low voice did raise in *Laura's* Ear  
 An Eccho, which from all redoubled soon;  
 Proclaiming such a Countrey beautie here,  
 As makes them look like Ev'ning to her Noon.

And

76.

And *Laura* (of her own high beantie proud,  
Yet not to others cruel) softly prays  
She may appear<sup>l</sup> but *Gartha*, bold, and loud,  
With Eyes impatient as for conquest, stays.

77.

Though *Alragon* now owns her, and excus'd  
Her presence, as a Maid but rudely taught,  
Infirm in health, and not to greatness us'd;  
Yet *Gartha* still calls out to have her brought!

78.

But *Rhodolind* (in whose relenting Breast  
Compassion's self might fit at School, and learn)  
Knew bashfull Maids with publick view distress;  
And in their Glass, themselves with fear discern;

79.

She stopt this Challenge which Court Beantie made  
To Countrey shape, not knowing Nature's hand  
Had *Birtha* dress'd, nor that her self obey'd  
In vain, whom conqu'ring *Birtha* did command.

80.

The Duke (whom virtuous kindness soon subdues)  
Though him his Bonds from *Birtha* highly please,  
Yet seems to think, that luckie he, who sues  
To wear this royal Maid's, will walk at ease.

81.

Of these a brief survey sad *Birtha* takes;  
And *Orgo's* help directs her Eye to all;  
Shews her for whom grave *Tybast* nightly wakes;  
Then at whose feet wise *Hermegild* does fall.

82.

And when calm *Orna* with the Count she saw,  
Hope (who though weak, a willing Painter is,  
And busily does ev'ry Pattern draw)  
By that example could not work amiss.

83.

For soon she shap'd her Lord and her so kind,  
 So all of love; till fancie wrought no more  
 When she perceiv'd him sit with *Rhodolind*;  
 But froward-Painter-like the Copie tore.

84.

And now they move; and she thus robb'd, believes  
 (Since with such haste they bear her wealth away)  
 That they at best are but judicious Thieves,  
 And know the noble value of their prey.

85.

And then she thus complain'd, why royal Maid!  
 Injurious Greatness! Did you hither come  
 Where Pow'r's strong Nets of Wire were never laid?  
 But childish Love took Cradle as at home.

86.

Where can we safe our harmless blessings keep,  
 Since glorious Courts our solitude invade?  
 Bells which ring out, when th' unconcern'd would sleep;  
 False lights to scare poor Birds in Countrey shade!

87.

Or if our joys their own discov'rie make,  
 Envie (whose Tongue first kills whom she devours)  
 Calls it our Pride; Envie, The poys'nous snake,  
 Whose breath blasts Maids, as innocent as Flow'rs!

88.

Forgive me beautilous Greatness, if I grow  
 Distemper'd with my fears, and rudely long  
 To be secure; or praise your beautie so  
 As to believe that it may do me wrong.

89.

And you my plighted Lord, forgive me too,  
 If since your worth and my defects I find,  
 I fear what you in justice ought to do;  
 And praise your judgement when I doubt you kind.

Now

90.

Now suddain fear ore all her beauty wrought  
The pale appearance of a killing Frost;  
And carefull *Orgo*, when she started, thought  
She had her Pledge, the precions *Emrauld*, lost.

91.

But that kind Heart, as constant as her own,  
She did not miss; 'twas from a suddain sence,  
Left in her Lover's heart some change was grown,  
And it grew pale with that intelligence.

92.

Soon from her bosom she this *Emrauld* took;  
If now (said she) my Lord my Heart deceives,  
This Stone will by dead paleness make me look  
Pale as the Snowy skin of Lilly Leaves.

93.

But such a chearfull green the Gem did fling  
Where she oppos'd the Rays, as if she had  
Been dy'd in the complexion of the Spring,  
Or were by Nymphs of *Brittain* Valleys clad.

94.

Soon she with earnest passion kist the Stone;  
Which ne'r till then had suffer'd an eclips;  
But then the Rays retir'd, as if it shone  
In vain, so near the Rubies of her Lips.

95.

Yet thence remov'd, with publick glory shines!  
She *Orgo* blest, who had this Relique brought;  
And kept it like those Reliques lock'd in shrines,  
By which the latest Miracles were wrought.

96.

For soon respect was up to reverence grown;  
Which fear to Superstition would sublime,  
But that her Father took Fear's Ladder down;  
Lose steps by which distress to Heav'n would climbe.

T

He

He knew, when Fear shapes Heav'nly Pow'r so just,  
 (And terrible parts of that shape drawn true)  
 It vails Heav'n's beauty, Love; which when we trust  
 Our courage honours him to whom we sue!



### CANTO the Fifth.

#### The ARGUMENT.

The deep Designs of BIRTHA in distress;  
 Her Emraula's virtue shows her Love's success.  
 wise ASTRAGON with reason cures despair,  
 And the Afflicted chides for partial Pray'r.  
 With grief the secret Rivals take their leave,  
 And but dark hope for bidden love receive.

#### 1.

**T**O shew the Morn her passage to the East,  
 Now Birtha's dawn, the Lover's Day, appears!  
 So soon Love bears Revellies in her Breast,  
 And like the Dewy Morn, she rose in tears:

#### 2.

So much she did her jealous dreams dislike,  
 Her Maids straight kindle by her light their Eyes;  
 Which when to hers compar'd, Poets would strike  
 Such sparks to light their Lamps, ere Day does rise.

#### 3.

But, O vain Jealousie! why dost thou haste  
 To find those evils which too soon are brought?  
 Love's frantick Valour! which so rashly fast  
 Seeks dangers, as if none would come unsought.



4.

As often fairest Morns soon cover'd be,  
So she with dark'ning thoughts is clouded now;  
Looks so, as weaker Eyes small objects see;  
Or studious States-men who contract the Brow.

5.

Or like some thinking Sybill that would find  
The sence of mystick words by Angels giv'n!  
And this fair Politick bred in her mind  
(Restless as Seas) a deep designe on Heav'n.

6.

To Pray'rs plain Temple she does hast unseen;  
Which though not grac'd with curious cost for show,  
Was nicely kept; and now must be as clean,  
As Tears make those who thence forgiven go.

7.

For her own Hands ( by which best Painter drew  
The Hands of Innocence ) will make it shine;  
Penance, which newly from her terrors grew,  
And was ( alas ! ) part of her deep designe.

8.

And when this holy huswifry was past,  
Her vows she sends to Heav'n, which thither fly  
Intire; not broken by unthinking hast;  
Like Sinners Sparks that in ascending dye.

9.

Thence she departs; but at this Temple Gate  
A needy Crowd ( call'd by her Summons there )  
With such assurance for her bounty waite;  
As if ne'r failing Heav'n their Debtor were.

10.

To these she store of Antique Treasure gave  
( For she no Money knew ) Medals of Gold,  
Which curious Gath'ers did in travell save,  
And at high worth were to her Mother sold.

## 11.

Figures of fighting Chiefs, born to overcome  
 Those who without their leave would all destroy ;  
 Chiefs, who had brought renown to *Athens, Rome,*  
 To *Carthage, Tyre,* and to lamented *Troy.*

## 12.

Such was her wealth, her Mothers Legacy ;  
 And well she knew it was of special price ;  
 But she has begg'd what Heav'n must not deny ;  
 So would not make a common Sacrifice.

## 13.

To the black Temple she her Sorrow bears ;  
 Where she out-begg'd the tardy begging Thief ;  
 Made weeping *Magdaline* but poor in Tears,  
 Yet Silent as their Pictures was her Grief.

## 14.

Her purpos'd penance she did here fulfill ;  
 Those Pictures dress'd, and the spent Lamp reliev'd  
 With fragrant Oyls, dropp'd from her Silver Still ;  
 And now for those that there sat mourning, griev'd.

## 15.

Those Penitents, who knew her innocence,  
 Wonder what Parents sin she did bemoan ;  
 And venture (though they go unpardon'd thence )  
 More sighs for her redress than for their own.

## 16.

Now jealousy no more benights her face,  
 Her courage beauteous grows, and grief decays ;  
 And with such joy as shipwrack'd Men imbrace  
 The Shore, she hastens to the House of Praise.

## 17.

And there the Gem she from her bosom took,  
 (With which till now she trembled to advise)  
 So far from pale, that *Gondibert* would look  
 Pale, if he saw, how it out-shin'd her Eyes.

18.

These Rays she to a Miracle prefers ;  
And lustre that such beauty so defies ,  
Had Poets seen (Love's partial Jewellers ,  
Who count nought precious but their Mistress Eyes)

19.

They would with grief a miracle confess !  
She enters straight to pay her gratitude ;  
And could not think her beauty in distress ,  
Whilst to her Love, her Lord is still subdu'd.

20.

The Altar she with Imag'ry array'd ;  
Where Needles boldly, as a Pencil, wrought  
The Story of that humble Syrian Mayd ,  
Who Pitchers bore, yet Kings to *Juda* brought.

21.

And there she of that precious Linnen spreads ,  
Which in the consecrated Moneth is spun  
By *Lombard* Brides ; for whom in empty Beds  
Their Bridegrooms sigh till the succeeding Moon.

22.

'Tis in that Moon, bleach'd by her fuller Light ;  
And wash'd in Suds of Amber, till it grow  
Clean as this spreaders Hands, and those were white  
As rising Lilies, or as falling Snow.

23.

The voluntary Quire of Birds she feeds ,  
Which oft had here the Virgin-Consort fill'd ;  
She diets them with *Aromatick* seeds ;  
And quench'd their Thirst with *Rainbowe-Dew* distill'd.

24.

Lord *Astragon*, whose tender care did wait  
Her progress, since her Morn so cloudy broke ,  
Arrests her passage at this Temple Gate ,  
And thus, he with a Father's license, spoke.

25.

Why art thou now, who hast so joyfull liv'd  
 Ere love thou knew'st, become with Love so sad?  
 If thou hast lost fair Virtue, then be griev'd;  
 Else shew thou know'st her worth, by being glad.

26.

Thy love's high soaring cannot be a crime;  
 Nor can we, if a Spinster loves a King,  
 Say that her love ambitiously does climb:  
 Love seeks no honour, but does honour bring;

27.

Mounts others value, and her own lets fall!  
 Kings honour is but little, till made much  
 By Subjects Tongues! *Elixir*-Love turns all  
 To pow'rfull Gold, where it does onely touch.

28.

Thou lov'st a Prince above thine own degree:  
 Degree is Monarch's Art; Love, Nature's Law;  
 In Love's free State all Pow'rs so levell'd be,  
 That there, affection governs more than aw.

29.

But thou dost love where *Rhodolind* does love;  
 And thence thy griefs of jealousy begin;  
 A cause which does thy sorrow vainly move;  
 Since 'tis thy noble fate, and not thy Sin.

30.

This vain and voluntary Load of grief  
 (For Fate sent Love, thy will does sorrow bear)  
 Thou to the Temple carry'st for relief,  
 And so to Heav'n art guided by thy fear.

31.

Wild Fear! Which has a Common-wealth devis'd  
 In Heav'n's old Realm, and Saints in Senates fram'd;  
 Such as by which, were Beasts well civiliz'd,  
 They would suspect their Tamer Man, untam'd.

Wild

32.

wild Fear! Which has the *Indian* worship made,  
Where each unletter'd Priest the Godhead draws  
In such a form, as makes himself afraid;  
Disguising Mercy's shape in Teeth and Claws.

33.

This false Guide, Fear, which does thy Reason sway,  
And turns thy valiant virtue to despair,  
Has brought thee here, to offer, and to pray;  
But Temples were not built for Cowards pray'r.

34.

For when by Fear thy noble Reason's led  
(Reason, not Shape gives us so great degree  
Above our Subjects, Beasts) then Beasts may plead  
A right in Temples helps as well as we.

35.

And here, with absent Reason thou dost weep  
To beg success in love; that *Rhodolind*  
May lose, what she as much does beg to keep,  
And may at least an equal audience find.

36.

Mark *Birtha*, this unrighteous war of prayer!  
Like wrangling States, you ask a Monarch's aid,  
When you are weak, that you may better dare  
Lay claim, to what your passion would invade.

37.

Long has th'ambitious World rudely prefer'd  
Their quarrels, which they call their pray'rs, to Heav'n;  
And thought that Heav'n would like themselves have err'd,  
Depriving some, of what's to others giv'n.

38.

Thence Modern Faith becomes so weak and blind,  
Thinks Heav'n in ruling other Worlds employ'd,  
And is not mindfull of our abject Kind,  
Because all Sutes are not by all enjoy'd.

39.

How firm was Faith, when humbly Sutes for need,  
 Not choice were made? then (free from all despair  
 As moderate Birds, who sing for daily seed)  
 Like Birds, our Songs of praise included pray'r.

40.

Thy Hopes are by thy Rivals virtue aw'd;  
 Thy Rival *Rhodolind*, whose virtue shines  
 On Hills, when brightest Planets are abroad;  
 Thine privately, like Miners Lamps, in Mines.

41.

The Court (where single Patterns are disgrac'd;  
 Where glorious Vice, weak Eyes admire;  
 And Virtue's plainness is by Art out-fac'd)  
 She makes a Temple by her Vestal Fire.

42.

Though there, Vice sweetly dress'd, does tempt like bliss  
 Even Cautious Saints; and single Virtue seem  
 Fantastick, where brave Vice in fashion is;  
 Yet she has brought plain Virtue in esteem.

43.

Yours is a virtue of inferiour rate,  
 Here in the dark a Pattern, where 'tis barr'd  
 From all your Sex that should her imitate,  
 And of that pomp which should her Foes reward:

44.

Rétir'd, as weak Monasticks flee from care;  
 Or devout Cowards steal to Forts, their Cells,  
 From pleasures, which the worlds chief dangers are:  
 Hers passes yours, as Valour Fear excels.

45.

This is your Rival in your suit to Heav'n:  
 But Heav'n is partial if it give to you  
 What to her bolder Virtue should be giv'n;  
 Since yours, pomps, Virtue's dangers, never knew.

Your

46.

Your suit would have your love with love repay'd ;  
To which Arts conquests, when all science flows,  
Compar'd, are Students dreams; and triumphs made  
By glorious Courts and Camps, but painted shows.

47.

Even Art's Dictators, who give Laws to Schools,  
Are but dead Heads ; States-men, who Empire move,  
But prosp'rous Spies ; and Victors, fighting Fools,  
When they their Trophies rank with those of Love.

48.

And when against your fears I thus declame,  
(Yet make your danger more, whilst I decry  
Your worth to hers) then wisely fear I blame ;  
For fears are hurtfull't when attempts are high.

49.

And you should think your noble dangers less,  
When most my praise does her renown prefer ;  
For that takes off your hasty hope's excess ;  
And when we little hope, we nothing fear.

50.

Now you are taught your sickness, learn your cure ;  
You shall to Court, and there serve *Rhodolind* ;  
Trie if her virtue's force you can endure  
In the same Sphear, without eclipse of mind.

51.

Your Lord may there your Souls compare ; for we,  
Though Souls, like stars, make not their greatnes known,  
May find which greater than the other be ;  
The Stars are measur'd by Comparison !

52.

Your plightd Lord shall you ere long prefer  
To near attendance on this royal Maid :  
Quit then officious Fear ! The Jealous fear  
They are not fearfull, when to death afraid.

<sup>53.</sup>  
 These words he clos'd with kindness, and retir'd ;  
 In which her quick Ey'd Hope three blessings spy'd ;  
 With joy of being near her Lord, inspir'd,  
 With seeing Courts', and having Virtue try'd.

<sup>54.</sup>  
 She now with jealous questions utter'd fast,  
 Fills *Orgo's* Ear, which there unmark'd are gon,  
 As Throngs through guarded Gates, when all make haste,  
 Not giving Warders time t' examine one.

<sup>55.</sup>  
 She ask'd if Fame had render'd *Rhodolind*  
 With favour, or in Truth's impartial shape ?  
 If *Orns* were to humble Virtue kind,  
 And beauty could from *Gartha's* envy scape ?

<sup>56.</sup>  
 If *Laura* ( whose faire Eyes those but invites  
 who to her wit ascribe the Victory )  
 In conquest of a speechless Mayd delights ?  
 And ere to this prompt *Orgo* could reply,

<sup>57.</sup>  
 She ask'd, in what consist the Charms of Court ?  
 Whether those pleasures so resistless were  
 As common Country Travailers report,  
 And such as innocence had cause to fear ?

<sup>58.</sup>  
 What kind of Angels shape young Fav'rites take ?  
 And being Angels, how they can be bad ?  
 Or why delight so cruelly to make  
 Fair Country Mayds, return from Court so sad ?

<sup>59.</sup>  
 More had she ask'd ( for study warm'd her brow,  
 With thinking how her love might prosp'rous be )  
 But that young *Alfinore* approach'd her now,  
 And *Golsbo*, warmer with design than she.

Though



60.

Though *Golto's* hope ( in *Indian* Feathers clad )  
 Was light, and gay, as if he meant to flie ;  
 Yet he no farther than his Rival had  
 Advanc'd in promise, from her Tongue, or Eye.

61.

When distant, talk'd, as if he plighted were ;  
 For hope in Love, like Cowards in the War,  
 Talks bravely till the enterprize be near ;  
 But then discretion dares not venture far.

62.

He never durst approach her watchfull Eye  
 With studious gazing, nor with sighs her Ear ;  
 But still seem'd frolick, like a States-man's Spie ;  
 As if his thoughtfull bus'ness were not there.

63.

Still, Superstitious Lovers Beauty paint,  
 ( Thinking themselves but Devils ) so divine,  
 As if the thing below'd, were all a Saint ;  
 And ev'ry place she enter'd, were a Shrine.

64.

And though last Night were the auspicious time  
 When they resolv'd to quit their bashfull fears ;  
 Yet soon ( as to the Sun when *Eaglets* climbe )  
 They stoop'd, And quench'd their daring Eyes in tears.

65.

And now ( for Hope, that formal *Country*, stands  
 All Winds and Showrs though there but vainly plac'd,  
 They to *Verona* beg her dear commands ;  
 And look to be with parting kindness grac'd.

66.

Both dayly journies meant, 'twixt this and Court :  
 For taking leave is twice Love's sweet Repast ;  
 In being sweet, and then in being short ;  
 Like *Manna*, ready still, but cannot last.

Her

67.

Her Favours not in lib'ral looks she gave,  
 But in a kind respectfull lowliness,  
 Them honour gives, yet did her honour save;  
 Which gently thus she did to both express.

68.

High heav'n that did direct your Eyes the way  
 To chuse so well, when you your friendship made,  
 Still keep you joyn'd, that daring Envie may  
 Fear such united Virtue to invade!

69.

In your safe Breasts, the noble *Gondibert*  
 Does trust the secret Treasure of his love;  
 And I (grown Conscious of my low desert)  
 Would not, you should that wealth for me improve.

70.

I am a Flow'r that merit not the Spring!  
 And he (the World's warm Sun,) in passing by  
 Should think, when such as I leave flourishing,  
 His Beams to Cedars haste, which else would die.

71.

This from his humble Maid you may declare  
 To him, on whom the good of humane kind  
 Depends; and as his greatning is your care,  
 So may your early love successes find!

72.

So may that beauteous She, whom eithers Heart  
 For virtue and delight of life shall chuse,  
 Quit in your siege the long defence of Art,  
 And Nature's freedom in a treatie lose.

73.

This gave cold *Ulsnore* in Love's long Night  
 Some hope of Day; as Sea-men that are run  
 Far North-ward, find long Winters to be light,  
 And in the *Cynosure* adore the Sun.

74.

It shew'd to *Goltbo*, not alone like Day,  
But like a Wedding Noon, who now grows strong  
Enough to speak, but that her beauties stay  
His Eyes, whose wonder soon arrests his Tongue.

75.

Yet something he at parting seem'd to say,  
In prettie Flow'rs of Love's wild Rhetorick;  
Which mov'd not her, though Oratours thus sway  
Assemblies, which since wild, wild Musick like.



*CANTO the Sixth.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*Here ULFIN reads the art to ULFINORE  
Of wisely getting, and increasing Pow'r.  
The Rivals to VERONA haste, and there  
Young GOLTBO'S frailtie does too soon appear.  
Black DALGA'S fatal beautie is reveal'd;  
But her descent and Storie is conceal'd.*

1.

**O**Ld *Ulfen* parting now with *Ulfenore*,  
His study'd thoughts, and of a grave import  
Thus utter'd, as well read in ancient Lore;  
When prudence kept up greatness in the Court.

2.

Heav'n guide thee Son, through Honour's slipp'ry way;  
The Hill, which warie painfulness must climbe;  
And often rest, to take a full survey  
Of ev'ry path trod by Experienc'd Time.

<sup>3.</sup>  
 Rise glorious with thy Master's hopefull Morn!  
 His favour calls thee to his secret Breast;  
 Great *Gondiberts*! to spacious Empire born;  
 Whose carefull Head will in thy Bosom rest.

<sup>4.</sup>  
 Be good! and then in pitee soon be great!  
 For virtuous men should toil to compass pow'r,  
 Lest when the Bad possess Dominion's Seat,  
 We vainly weep for those whom they devour.

<sup>5.</sup>  
 Our virtue without pow'r but harmless is!  
 The Good, who lazily are good at home,  
 And safely rest in doing not amiss,  
 Flie from the Bad, for fear of Martyrdome.

<sup>6.</sup>  
 Be in thy greatness easie, and thy Brow  
 Still clear, and comforting as breaking Light;  
 The Great, with bus'ness troubled, weakly bow;  
 Pow'r should with publick Burdens walk upright!

<sup>7.</sup>  
 We chearfulness, as innocence commend!  
 The Great, may with benign and civil Eyes  
 The People wrong, yet not the wrong'd offend;  
 Who feel most wrong from those who them despise!

<sup>8.</sup>  
 Since wrongs must be, Complaints must shew the Grief;  
 And Favourites should walk still open Ear'd;  
 For of the suing Croud, half are reliev'd  
 With the innate delight of being heard:

<sup>9.</sup>  
 Thy greatness be in Arms! who else are great,  
 Move but like Pageants in the People's view;  
 And in foul weather make a scorn'd retreat;  
 The *Greeks* their painted Gods in Armour drew!

10.

Yield not in storms of State to that dislike,  
 Which from the People does to Rulers grow;  
 Pow'r (Fortun's Sail) should not for threatnings strike;  
 In Boats bestorm'd all check at those that row.

11.

Courts little Arts condemn dark Holes to save  
 Retreated Pow'r, when fear does Friendship feign;  
 Poor thieves retire to Woods! Chiefs, great and brave,  
 Draw out their Forces to the open Plain!

12.

Be by thy Virtue bold! when that Sun shines,  
 All Art's false lights are with disgrace put out;  
 Her streitness shews it self in crooked Lines;  
 And her plain T'xt the *Scepticks* dare not doubt.

13.

Revenge (weak Women's Valour, and in Men  
 The *Russians* Cowardise,) keep from thy Breast,  
 The factious Palace is that Serpent's Den;  
 Whom Cowards there, with secret slaughter feast.

14.

Revenge is but a braver Name for Fear,  
 'Tis *Indians* furious fear, when they are fed  
 With valiant Foes; whose Hearts their Teeth must tear  
 Before they boldly dare believe them dead.

15.

When thou giv'st death, thy Banners be display'd!  
 And move not till an open Foe appears!  
 Courts lurking war shews Justice is afraid;  
 And no broad Sword, but a clos'd Ponyard wears.

16.

To kill, shews Fear dares not more fears endure!  
 When wrong'd, destroy not with thy Foes thy fame,  
 The Valiant by forgiving mischief, cure;  
 And it is Heav'n's great conquest to reclaim?

17.

Be by thy bountie known! for since the needs  
Of life, so rudely press the bold and wise;  
The bounteous heart, all but his God exceeds;  
Whom bountie best makes known to Mortal Eyes!

18.

And to be bountefull, be rich! for those  
Fam'd *Talkers* who in Schools did wealth despise,  
Taught doctrine, which at whom would Empire lose,  
If not believ'd first by their Enemies.

19.

And though in ruling Ministers of State,  
The People wretched povertie adore,  
(Which Fools call innocence, and wise Men hate  
As sloth) yet they rebel for being poor.

20.

And to be rich, be diligent! Move on  
Like Heav'n's great Movers that enrich the Earth;  
Whose Moments sloth would shew the world undone,  
And make the Spring straight bury all her birth.

21.

Rich are the diligent! who can command  
Time, Nature's stock! and could his Hour-glass fall,  
Would, as for seed of Stars, stoop for the sand;  
And by incessant Labour gather all.

22.

Be kind to Beautie! that unluckie Shrine!  
Where all Love's Thieves come bowing to their Prey;  
And honour steal; which Beautie makes divine:  
Be thou still kind, but never to betray!

23.

Heav'n studie more in Nature, than in Schools!  
Let Nature's Image never by thee pass  
Like unmark'd Time; but those unthinking Fools  
Despise, who spie not Godhead through her Glass.

24.

These precepts *Ulsinore*, with duteous care,  
 In his Hearts Closet lock'd, his faithfull Brest!  
 And now the Rival-friends for Court prepare;  
 And much their Youth, is by their haste exprest.

25.

They yet ne'r saw *Verona*, nor the Court;  
 And expectation lengthens much their way;  
 Since by that great Inviter urg'd, Report;  
 And thither flie on Coursers of Relay.

26.

Ere to his Western Mines the Sun retir'd,  
 They his great Mint for all those Mines behold,  
*Verona*, which in Tow'rs to Heav'n aspir'd,  
 Guilt doubly, for the Sun now guilt their gold.

27.

They make their Entry through the Western Gate!  
 A Gothick Arch! Where, on an *Elephant*  
 Bold *Clephes*, as the second Founder, late;  
 Made to mock life, and onely life did want.

28.

Still strange, and divers seem their Objects now,  
 And still increase, where e're their Eyes they cast;  
 Of lazy Pag'ant-Greatness, moving slow,  
 And angry bus'ness, rushing on in haste.

29.

All strange to them, as they to all appear;  
 Yet less like strangers gaz'd than those they see;  
 Who this glad Day the Duke's Spectatours were;  
 To mark how with his fame his looks agree.

30.

And guess that these are of his fighting Train,  
 Renown'd in Youth; who by their wonder stay'd,  
 And by their own, but slowly passage gain;  
 But now much more their progress is delay'd:

31.

For a black Beauty did her pride display  
Through a large Window, and in Jewels shon,  
As if to please the World, weeping for day,  
Night had put all her Starry Jewels on.

32.

This Beauty gaz'd on both, and *Ulsnore*  
Hung down his Head, but yet did lift his Eyes;  
As if he fain would see a little more:  
For much, though bashful, he did beauty prize.

33.

*Golto* did like a blushing Statue stare;  
Boldly her practis'd boldness did out-look;  
And even for fear she would mistrust her snare,  
Was ready to cry out, *That he was took!*

34.

She, with a wicked Woman's prosp'rous Art,  
A seeming modesty, the Window clos'd;  
Wisely delay'd his Eyes, since of his Heart  
She thought, she had sufficiently dispos'd.

35.

And he thus straight complain'd! Ah *Ulsnore*,  
How vainly Glory has our Youth mist!ed?  
The Wind which blows us from the happy Shore,  
And drives us from the Living to the Dead:

36.

To bloody slaughters, and perhaps of those  
Who might beget such Beauties as this Maid;  
The Sleepy here are never wak'd with Poes;  
Nor are of ought but Ladies frowns afraid.

37.

Ere he could more lament, a little Page,  
Clean, and perfum'd (one whom this Dame did breed  
• To guess at ills, too manly for his age)  
Steps swiftly to him, and arrests his speed.

With



38.

With civil whisper cries, *My Lady Sir* ;  
 At this, *Goltbo* alights, as swiftly post  
 As Posters mount ; by ling'ring loath to erre,  
 As Wind-bound Men, whole sloth their first Wind left.

39.

And when his Friend advis'd him to take care ;  
 He gravely, as a Man new potent grown,  
 Protests he shall in all his Fortunes share ;  
 And to the House invites him as his own.

40.

And, with a Rival's wisdom, *Ulsnere*  
 Does hope, since thus blind Love leads him astray,  
 Where a false Saint he can so soon adore,  
 That he to *Birthe* ne'r will find the way.

41.

They enter, and ascend ; and enter then  
 Where *Dalga* with black eyes does Sinners draw ;  
 And with her voice holds fast repenting Men ;  
 To whose warm Jet, light *Goltbo* is but Straw.

42.

Nicely as Bridegrooms was her Chamber drest,  
 Her Bed, as Brides ; and richer than a Throne,  
 And sweeter seem'd than the *Circasia's* Nest,  
 Though built in Eastern Groves of *Cinnamon*.

43.

The price of Princes pleasure, who her love  
 (Though but false ware) at rates so costly bought  
 The wealth of many, but may hourly prove  
 Spoils to some one, by whom her self is caught.

44.

She sway'd by sinfull Beauties destiny,  
 Finds her Tyrannick Pow'r must now expire,  
 Who meant to kindle *Goltbo* in her Eye,  
 But to her breast has brought the raging fire.

45.

Yet evn in simple Love she uses Art,  
 Though weepings are from looser Eyes but Leaks;  
 Yet eldest Lovers scarce would doubt her heart,  
 So well she weeps, and thus to *Golto* speaks:

46.

I might, if I would ask your pardon, Sir,  
 Suspect that pitie which the noble feel  
 When women fail, but since in this I erre  
 To all my Sex, I would to women kneel.

47.

Yet happy were our Sex, could they excuse  
 All breach of Modestie, as I can mine,  
 Since 'tis from passion which a Saint might use,  
 And not appear less worthy of a shrine.

48.

For my brave brother you resemble so  
 Throughout your shape, who late in Combat fell,  
 As you in that an inward Virtue show,  
 By which to me you all the world excell.

49.

All was he which the Good of greatness see,  
 Or Love can like, in Judgement march'd by none;  
 Unless it fail'd in being kind to me,  
 A crime forbid to all, since he is gone.

50.

For though I send my Eyes abroad in hope  
 Amongst the Streams of Men still flowing here,  
 To find (which is my passion's utmost scope)  
 Some one that does his noble Image bear.

51.

Yet still I live recluse, unless it seem  
 A liberty too rude, that I in you  
 His likeness at so high a rate esteem,  
 As to believe your heart is kind and true.

She

52.

She casts on *Ulfmore* a sudden look,  
Starts like a *Mountebank*, who had forgot  
His Viol, and the cursed poison took,  
By dire mistake before his Antidote.

53.

Pray'd *Golto* that his friend may straight forbear  
Her presence, whom (she said) resembled so  
Her noble Brother's cruel Murtherer,  
As she must now expire, unless he go.

54.

*Golto* still gravely vain, with formal Face  
Bids *Ulfmore* retire, and does pretend  
Almost to know her Parents, and the place,  
And ev'n to swear her brother was his friend.

55.

But warie *Ulfmore* (who beauteous Truth  
Did never but in plainest Dress behold)  
Smiles, and remembers Tales to forward Youth  
In winter Nights by Country Matrons told:

56.

Of *Witches Towns*, where seeming Beauties dwell,  
All hair, and black within, Maids that can flie:  
Whose Palaces at night are smoaky Hell,  
And in their beds their slaughter'd Lovers lie.

57.

And though the Sun now setting, he no Lights  
Saw burning blue, nor Steam of Sulphur smelt,  
Nor took her two black Mereon Maids for Sp'rites,  
Yet he a secret touch of Honour felt.

58.

For not the craft of Rivalship (though more  
Than States wise Rivals study interest)  
Can make him leave his friend, till he restore  
Some cold Discretion to his burning breast.

59.

Though to his fears this ease now serious shows,  
 Yet smiles heat his solemn loving Eye:  
 For lust in reading Beauric seldom grows,  
 As old *Physians* in *Anatomy*.

60.

*Goltbo* (said he) 'tis easie to discern  
 That you are grave, and think you should be so;  
 Since you have bus'ness here of great concern,  
 And think that you this House and Lady know.

61.

You'll stay, and have your Sleep with Musick fed,  
 But little think to wake with Mandrakes groans,  
 And by a Ghost be to a Garden led  
 At midnight, strew'd with simple Lovers bones.

62.

This *Goltbo* is enchantment, and so strange,  
 So subt'ly false, that whilst I tell it you,  
 I fear the Spell will my opinion change,  
 And make me think the pleasant Vision true.

63.

Her dire black Eyes are like the Oxes Eye,  
 Which in the *Indian Ocean* Tempests brings:  
 Let's go before our Horses learn to flie,  
 Ere she shew cloven Feet, and they get wings.

64.

But high rebellious Love, when counsell'd, soon  
 As sullen as rebuk'd Ambition, grows  
 And *Goltbo* would pursue what he should shun,  
 But that his happier fate did interpose.

65.

For at the Garden gate a Summons, loud  
 Enough to shew authority and haste,  
 Brought cares to *Dalga's* Brow, which like a Cloud,  
 Did soon her shining Beaurie over-cast.

Like

66.

Like Thieves surpriz'd whilst they divide their prize,  
Her Maids run and return through ev'ry room;  
Still seeming doubtfull where their safety lies,  
All speaking with their looks, and all are dumb.

67.

She, who to dangers could more boldly wake,  
With words, swift as those errands which her heart  
Sends out in glances, thus to *Golto* spake:  
My Mother, Sir, Alas! You must depart.

68.

She is severe, as dying Confessours,  
As jealous as unable Husbands are,  
She Youth in Men, like Age in Maids abhors,  
And has more Spies than any Civil War.

69.

Yet would you but submit to be conceal'd,  
I have a Closet secret as my Brest,  
Which is to Men, nor Day, no more reveal'd,  
Than a closs Swallow in his Winters Nest.

70.

To this good *Golto* did begin to yield,  
But *Ulsinore* (who doubts that it may tend  
To base retreat, unless they quit the Field)  
Does by Example govern, and descend.

71.

And now his Eyes ev'n wake with longingness,  
Ready to break their strings to get abroad,  
To see this Matron, by whose sole access  
*Dalga* in all her furious hopes is aw'd.

72.

And as he watch'd her civil *Mercurie*,  
The hopefull Page, he saw him entrance give,  
Not to a Matron still prepar'd to die,  
But to a Youth wholly design'd to live.

73.

He seem'd the heir to prosp'rous Parents toyls,  
 Gay as young Kings, who sue in forreign Courts,  
 Or youthfull Victors in their *Persian* spoils,  
 He seem'd like Love and Musick made for sports:

74.

But wore his clothing loose, and wildly cast,  
 As Princes high with feasting, who to win  
 Are seldom us'd, shew'd warm, and more unbrac'd  
 Than Ravishers oppos'd in their design.

75.

This *Ulfinoe* observ'd, and would not yet  
 In civil pitie undeceive his friend;  
 But watch the signs of his departing fit,  
 Which quickly did in hushfull silence end.

76.

To the Duke's palace they enquir'd the way,  
 And as they slowly rode, a grave excuse  
 Griev'd *Goltbo* frames, vowing he made this stay,  
 For a discov'ry of important use.

77.

If Sir (said he) we heedlessly pass by  
 Great Towns, like Birds that from the Countrey come  
 But to be skar'd, and on to Forrests flie;  
 Let's be no travell'd Fools, but roost at home.

78.

I see (reply'd his friend) you nothing lack  
 Of what is painfull, curious, and discreet  
 In Travellers, else would you not look back  
 So often to observe this House and Street.

79.

Drawing your Citie Map with Coasters care,  
 Not onely marking where safe Channels run,  
 But where the Shelves, and Rocks, and Dangers are,  
 To teach weak strangers what they ought to shun.

But

80.

BUT, *Goltbo*, flie from Lust's experiments,  
 Whose heat we quench much sooner than asswage,  
 To quench the Fornace-lust stop all the vents,  
 For give it any Air the Flames will rage.

F I N I S.



## P O S T - S C R I P T

## To the Reader.

**I** Am here arriv'd at the middle of the  
 Third Book, which makes an equal half  
 of the *P O E M*; and I was now by de-  
 grees to present you ( as I promised in the  
*Preface*) the several Keys of the main Build-  
 ing; which should convey you through  
 such short Walks as give an easie view of  
 the whole Frame. But 'tis high time to  
 strike Sail, and cast Anchor (though I have  
 run

## Post-script.

run but half my Course ) when at the Helm I am threatened with Death ; who, though he can visit us but once, seems troublesome; and even in the Innocent may beget such a gravitie, as diverts the Musick of Verse. And I beseech thee (if thou art so civil as to be pleas'd with what is written) not to take it ill, that I run not on till my last gasp. For though I intended in this *P O E M* to strip Nature naked, and clothe her again in the perfect shape of Virtue, yet even in so worthy a Design I shall ask leave to desist, when I am interrupted by so great an experiment as Dying : and 'tis an experiment to the most experienc'd; for no Man (though his Mortifications may be much greater than mine) can say, *He has alreadie Dy'd.*

It may be Objected by some (who look not on Verse with the Eyes of the Ancients, nor with the Reverence which it still preserves amongst other Nations ) that I beget a *P O E M* in an unseasonable time. But be not thou, *Reader*, ( for thine own sake, as well as mine ) a common Spectator, that



## Post-script.

that can never look on great Changes but with tears in his Eyes: for if all Men would observe, That Conquest is the Wheels of the World, on which it has ever run, the Victorious would not think they have done so new, and such admirable actions, as must draw Men from the noble and beautiful Arts, to gaze wholly upon them; neither would the Conquer'd continue their wonder, till it involve them in sorrow; which is then the Mind's incurable Disease, when the Patient grows so sullen, as not to listen to Remedie: and *Poesie* was that Harp of *David*, which remov'd from *Saul*, the Melancholly Spirit, that put him in a continual remembrance of the revolution of Empire.

I shall not think I instruct Militarie Men, by saying, That with *Poesie* in *Heroick Songs*, the Wiser Ancients prepar'd their Battels; nor would I offend the austeritie of such, as vex themselves with the mannage of Civil Affairs, by putting them in mind, that whilst the Plays of Children are punish'd, the plays of Men are but excus'd under the title of Business.

But

## Post-script.

But I will gravely tell thee (*Reader*) he who writes an *Heroick P O E M*, leaves an Estate entayl'd; and he gives a greater Gift to Posteritie, than to the present Age; for a publick benefit is best measured in the number of Receivers; and our Contemporaries are but few, when reckon'd with those who shall succeed.

Nor could I sit idle, and sigh with such as mourn to hear the Drum; for if this Age be not quiet enough to be taught Virtue a pleasant way, the next may be at leisure: Nor could I (like men that have civilly slept, till they are old in dark Cities) think War a noveltie: For we have all heard, that *Alexander* walk'd after the Drum from *Macedon* into *India*; and I tell thee (*Reader*) he carry'd *Homer* in his Pocket; and that after *Augustus*, by many Battels had chang'd the Government of the world, he and *Mecænas* often feasted very peaceably with *Horace*: And that the last wise Cardinal (whilst he was sending Armies abroad, and preparing against civil Invasion) took *Virgil* & *Tasso* aside under the *Louvre* Gallerie,

## Post-script.

Gallerie, and at a great expence of time and Treasure, sent them forth in new Ornaments. And perhaps, if my *P O E M* were not so severe a representation of Virtue (undressing Truth even out of those disguises, which have been most in fashion throughout the World) it might arrive at fair entertainment, though it make now for a Harbour in a Storm.

If thou art a malicious Reader, thou wilt remember, my *Preface* boldly confessed, That a main motive to this undertaking, was a desire of Fame; and thou mayst likewise say, I may very possibly not live to enjoy it. Truly I have some years ago consider'd, that Fame, like Time, onely gets a reverence by long running; and that like a River, 'tis narrowest where 'tis bred, and broadest afar off: but this concludes it not unprofitable; for he whose Writings divert Men from indiscretion & vice, becomes famous as he is an example to others endeavours: and exemplary Writers are Wiser than to depend on the gratuities of this World; since the kind looks and praises of  
of

## Post-script.

of the present Age, for reclaiming a few, are not mentionable with those solid rewards in Heaven, for a long and continual conversion of Posteritie.

If thou (*Reader*) art one of those, who has been warm'd with Poetick Fire, I reverence thee as my Judge, and whilst others tax me with vanitie, as if the *Preface* argued my good opinion of the Work, I appeal to thy Conscience, whether it be more than such a necessarie assurance, as thou hast made to thy self in like Undertakings? For when I observe that Writers have many Enemies, such inward assurance (me thinks) resembles that forward confidence in Men of Arms, which makes them proceed in great Enterprise; since the right examination of abilities, begins with inquiring whether we doubt our selves.

*Comes. Castle in the Isle of  
Wight, October 22.*

1650.

WILL. D'AVENANT.

F I N I S.

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